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HINDUISM—ITS TRUE INWARDNESS.

ONE of the stock arguments against Hinduism is that its follower is almost entirely lost in a network of meaningless rules and canons woven for him by selfish or illiterate Brahmins of old. His complete dependence in all social matters on the mysterious words of the Shastras has, it has been alleged, paralysed his reason and fettered his will. His blind and boundless faith in the truth and efficacy of the teachings of the Rishis is held responsible for the state of coma which makes him insensible to the civilising influences of the West. The prevalence of such and similar notions is the root of many disabilities to which the sons of the soil are subjected, and to which may be traced an extraordinary amount of bitterness silently felt or sharply expressed. The atmosphere of misunderstanding which has brought or is bringing about this result is itself due to the almost impenetrable veil of aloofness which obscures the actions and puzzles the critics of orthodox Hinduism. To uplift the veil, to expose her rules and institutions to observation and criticism, and mend or end them if necessary in the light of present experience, is the first and foremost duty of a Hindu, which he owes to the land of his birth, if India is ever to win for herself a niche in the comity of nations.

It is as true as it is natural that during successive stages of prosperity and adversity through which hoary Hinduism has passed, it has dissipated some of its vital forces and gathered some noxious matter to itself. But still it is a living force, and refuses to be swallowed up in the surging ocean of proselytism. Surely, then, it must be containing within itself some vital integral features which have enabled it to defy and survive force, persuasion and ridicule. What are these features? How do they happen to possess such prolonged or continuous vitality? It may be hoped that these questions

will best be answered by a sympathetic observation, undimmed by preconceived ideas or over-zeal, of the inner life as lived by a Hindu.

But for an accurate observation of the life of an orthodox Hindu in any one of its aspects, it is necessary to postulate Duty and Deity, instead of Right and Self, as the bases of the whole social fabric of Hinduism. A Hindu is advised and enjoined to do his duty without paying any regard to consequences. He has to efface himself and give up all hopes of gain before the stern commands of duty. "Deserve, but do not desire," that is the pith of the teachings of Shri Krishna. The great Rama did not shrink from accepting a long term of banishment from his country and kingdom, and did not waver in his filial duty to his uxorious father, despite the entreaties of mother, wife, and brothers. The gallant Arjuna fought and won the bloody battle of Kuru, not because he courted kingdom or glory, but because it was his duty to stamp out oppression and misrule. To a Hindu, life is nothing more nor less than the fulfilment of duties. If, in the proper discharge of his duties, he incidentally reaps some benefit, he welcomes it more as a gift from God than as a fruit of his own exertions. If, on the other hand, he suffers losses, he accepts them as a result of his past misdeeds or as purifiers of his soul. Prosperity and adversity are, according to his creed, illusory phantoms of his egoistic fancy, and ought never to be allowed to affect the serene equanimity of his higher self, or his firm devotion to duty. This stern sense of duty, without any corresponding right, is in some cases carried to an extreme that is at once pathetic and disastrous. The condition of child-widows, the position of the lower classes, and similar other disabilities are all traceable to this principle of duty carried too far.

Self having no place in the calculations of orthodox Hinduism, except as an object of purification and development by crucifixion, a Hindu is taught to do his duty for the sake of his God. And his God is symbolised in marble or metal (Pratimā), manifested in Nature (Saguna Brahma), and realised in consciousness (Nirguna Brahma). As a novice, when and so long as his intellect has not expanded, he is advised to do homage to symbolic gods. The homage itself is a rehearsal of the respect and reverence which a Hindu is bound to render to the Universe—representing his Saguna

Brahma. In the next stage, when his intellect has taken a wider view, he is initiated into the worship of God in Nature or Saguna Brahma of which he himself is a unit. It is this worship which embraces an infinite number of duties to be performed at various times to a variety of units and in varying ways. This is his Dharma. In other words, as a member of Society, for the preservation and progress of which he is responsible with the rest, he is bound to perform all the duties that appertain to the life of a citizen. In the third stage, when he is sanctified by sacrifices in the form of duties done, he is entitled to take the widest and yet the most minute view of the whole, when separate individuality merges into the universal identity, and duality into unity.

These, then, are the three well-defined and distinct stages in the life's journey of an orthodox Hindu. At first he is a neophyte, then an actor, and finally a spectator. Unfortunately, inequality of knowledge and intellect, absence of experience and instruction, and the removal of the guiding hand have allowed these stages to overlap each other, and thus to create a confused medium that screens the substances from the shadows. But still the principles of duty and devotion remain as fresh as ever. A Hindu gives his tithes, because a gift of the tenth part of his income is prescribed as a duty to his God: he does not pause to consider that the God in this instance is the Saguna Brahma or the Universe, whose members profit by his annual charities. He covets no rights by these gifts, and imposes no conditions on them. He has done his duty as enjoined by the Shastras; let others do theirs. The indifference commonly shown to an abuse or misuse of such charitable gifts by dishonest managers who cunningly transform a trust into an inheritance, is attributable to this repugnance of the average Hindu to the imposition of conditions, or the creation of rights in the discharge of his duties.

A Hindu lives a plain and simple life, not because he has an aversion to ease and comfort, but because he has a greater regard for the well-being of his large family, which begins from home and embraces the whole world. He amasses wealth for the payment of his debts to society of which he is a member; and he curtails his wants to a minimum so as to be able to do his duty to his God immanent in the Universe, without being hampered by dependence on ephemeral pleasures and unreliable things. The majesty of man

is vindicated in him by a complete emancipation from the thralldom of inanimate things. But even simplicity may be carried too far ; and the habit of tolerating the obscene and offensive sights of wandering ascetics clad in nothing or mere loin-cloths, bathed in ashes or oil, and practising force or fraud, is derivable from this reverence for simplicity.

Duty and Deity, then, are the two rocks on which the sages of old have based and built up a fabric of codes for the guidance of Hindus. Whether there were harder strata ensuring greater permanence to the codes at their disposal or within their ken, it is not the purpose of the present article to discuss. It is enough to say that they have endured, and that they govern the everyday life of a large section of humanity. It is beyond the duty or the power, or even the right of the State to enact and enforce a variety of rules on all possible and impossible contingencies arising out of manifold activities of passing generations. It would be felt as a serious inroad on personal liberty, for instance, if the State were to enforce the rule, by heavy penalties, that no person should expectorate on a place of public resort. And any attempt to prohibit the objectionable practice would be certain to prove futile, if not obnoxious, so long as the man in the street is ignorant and unable to control himself. And yet expectoration in a public place was then, as it is now, considered a nuisance. Indeed, it has been seriously asserted in these scientific days that expectoration of a person affected with tuberculosis is contagious and ought to be disallowed on roads and public places. Similar other practices, trivial in appearance but fraught with dangerous consequences, cannot be stopped by the State acting alone, without the intelligent co-operation of the people themselves. But intelligent co-operation presupposes the education of the masses ; and education of the masses is generally long in coming. The Indian sages of old have apparently not thought it proper to wait, in the initiation of reforms, for the happy realisation of the ideal of a universal education in all the various branches of life's activities. Instead, they would seem to have accepted the world as they found it, and proclaimed their rules and canons by three different methods, calculated to ensure a willing compliance by persons of various temperaments and unequal enlightenment.

The first method is adopted in the Shrutis, which send forth fiats, plain, unvarnished, and to the point, with the conviction of their being easily understood and willingly obeyed by an intelligent and educated public. This is the *Paternal Method*. The Smritis, on the other hand, have followed the second, or the *Maternal Method*, in which is invoked the aid of a fiction of punishments and rewards for the instruction of selfwilled members. The confident and assertive tone of the father, who gives orders and sees that they are carried out, is melted down here into the coaxing persuasions and transparent devices of the fond mother intent upon the well-being and safety of her ignorant children. The Puranas, again, have introduced the third, or the *Wifely Method*, in which instruction or amusement are blended together for the edification and uplifting of wayward and inconstant man. Fascinating fables, apposite and elevating, are invented or discovered, and related with a fullness of detail and wealth of imagery which rivet the attention and direct the morals without so much as a show of authority.

Thus, fiat, fiction, and fable were the three channels through which the sages of old intended their wisdom to reach the vast ocean of humanity. Proud in their independence of worldly things, basking in the sunshine of knowledge and conscious of their dignity, they yet stooped to conquer the fickle foibles of mankind and clothed their sermons in garbs suited to the taste or fancy of the objects of their disinterested love. If, in the employment of means to achieve an end, they have established the autocracy of God over the autocracy of man—a sort of *imperium in imperio*—they have done so evidently with a full knowledge that the idea of God is inseparable from the human mind—at all events in a majority of cases. They may have been right, or they may have been wrong: at any rate, they were sincere. In all their teachings they seem to be animated by one great desire—to ensure and perpetuate the welfare of mankind by inducing every unit to do its duty either through knowledge or through love, or even through fear. And after all, *salus populi suprema est lex*.

But were their teachings good and beneficial to mankind? If not, they have, with the best of intentions, left a legacy of superstition and stupidity, and deserve much of the obloquy that is heaped upon their heads by ignorance or prejudice. But if they have

succeeded where others failed, and have inculcated doctrines at once healthy and vital, then justice demands that they and their followers should be pronounced not guilty of the charge of charlatantry or silliness.

Let us take the science of Hygiene, and find out how many of its dictates are daily followed by an orthodox Hindu in compliance with the rules made for him by the sages of old. Sanitary science is comparatively of recent growth and has hardly yet attained the position which its importance deserves. At best it occupies the place of a handmaid to the healing art. Nevertheless it often obviates the necessity or minimises the importance of the latter, if its dictates are properly obeyed. The Hindu sages hardly exaggerated its importance when they gravely declared the impossibility of the purification of the soul, without the purification of the body. The first duty of a Hindu, thus, is cleanliness. •

Immediately after leaving bed, in the early hours of the morning, an orthodox Hindu attends to the cleansing of his teeth and tongue, the washing of his hands and feet, and the rinsing of his mouth and head, with water. He cannot break his fast, nor even take his morning medicaments prior to the performance of these necessary preliminaries enjoined by the Shastras. He cannot be induced to swallow anything through a channel which has not been thoroughly cleared of its impurities, and is horrified at the idea of taking a cup of tea in bed. Immersion in water, followed by a complete change of apparel, is his second duty. So far the dictates of hygiene and the teachings of the Shastras are in perfect agreement.

The next duty of an orthodox Hindu is the worship of his God. This worship consists, among other things, of the placing of flowers, the burning of incense, and the making of genuflexions for the propitiation of the household deities. The gods made by the ingenuity, imagination and art of man, and sanctified by the faith of the masses, may be allegorical or mythical, and quite incapable of appreciating the service. But the effect of the performance of this part of duty is none the less potent in disinfecting the house, refreshing the brain, and invigorating the body. And the efficacy of faith in the control of passions and emotions cannot be lightly passed over. Here also, what is preached by science in the name of health is prescribed by religion in the name of duty.

As in the West, so in the East, every member of a family is bound to wash and dress for dinner. The use of silken or hempen clothes at the time of dinner, has apparently its origin in this duty of "dressing for dinner." Climate, taste and means, no doubt, make a difference in the quality and quantity of the costume, but the hygienic principle of cleanliness and warmth seems to have found ready acceptance here as elsewhere.

The ordinary dress of an orthodox Hindu, meant for everyday use, is neither costly nor elaborate, but it has the advantage of being washed and kept clean. The only apparel which is used daily and yet escapes being scrubbed in water, is, like the western hat, his headgear—though even that has to undergo the process of being dipped in hot water and hotter dye at least once or twice in a twelvemonth. His costly garments such as shawls and scarves, and his bedding, are all sunned and aired many times in the year to purge them of their impurities, or in scientific language, to disinfect them.

The dwelling of an orthodox Hindu is neither sumptuous nor imposing, but it is kept scrupulously clean. It may be innocent of stuccoes and frescoes and dadoes and cornices, but its mud-plasters are free from soil or stain and bear eloquent testimony to the sanitary instincts of its occupier. It is always dusted, and never dirty, because, being the place over which his gods preside, it cannot be allowed to accumulate dust or dirt. It is not adorned with creepers and plants, but it is never destitute of the sacred basil plants that grow in pots under the religious care with which they are nursed and nourished. The walls are washed or white-washed, and the floorings are smeared at least once during the Diwali holidays, when even his live stock and dead stock, and his cash and jewellery cannot claim or obtain, on the ground of valour or value, immunity from being cleansed with clay, acid and water. These are the days which primarily belong to the powerful female trinity of Mahalakshmi (goddess of wealth), Mahà Saraswati (goddess of knowledge), and Mahákālī (goddess of time), which is a great leveller and enforces its truths on God and man alike. The occurrence of an eclipse, again, gives another opportunity for thoroughly washing the whole house and clearing off all impurities. Thus cleanliness of the house is as imperative on an orthodox Hindu as cleanliness of the body. That

this obligation of cleanliness is derived from or supported by superstition, makes very little difference in the ultimate results. On the other hand, the fact that even superstition, born of ignorance is made to subserve the purposes of sanitation is an indication of the importance attached to hygiene by the sages of Hinduism. They do not seem to have invented disinfectants, or indeed brought to bear the lessons of chemistry on the science of hygiene. But the agency of heat, air, water, and earth, which they have enjoined to employ for the purification of body, house and belongings, is always within easy reach, costs little, and is rarely found to fail in its effects.

On the outbreak of an epidemic, or on the occasion of death, an orthodox Hindu puts into practice many of the theories that modern science declares to be necessary for the purification of air. He lights sacrificial fires and burns incense for the propitiation of his enraged goddess, hardly realising that thereby, he is really propitiating outraged nature. On the breaking out of an epidemic he leaves his house with his family, and passes the day in fields under shady trees, for the gratification of particular spirits of the disease, and practically follows the sanitary principles of evacuation. He is even ordered, on pain of incurring the severe displeasure of the goddess in case of disobedience, to cease from mourning, to remain cheery, and to keep faith in the benignity of God, even though death may have claimed the nearest and the dearest. This order sounds like the advice of the modern doctor to keep up the heart which is liable to stop by excessive grief or fear, or even a sudden shock. Calmness, hopefulness and faith, these are the three medicines prescribed by the sages of old to keep up the heart, instead of stimulants and injections.

An orthodox Hindu hardly understands, and perhaps rarely takes the trouble to think, that decomposition and consequent stagnation loading the air with noxious germs, begins in a body with the end of life, and that in the early disposal of the dead rests the safety of the living. But he hastens the cremation of a dead body as a point of religious duty. This is not all. He must not only purify himself by a bath—he must also disinfect all things directly or distantly connected with the sick-room or the death-chamber through the agency of water, fire or air; moreover, the occurrence of death in a house is invariably the occasion for the segregation of

the inmates for full ten days. The means and the method adopted for this purpose are not exactly the same as those suggested by modern science ; but still the principle is there, and may with tact and patience be adapted to modern requirements in case of need.

There is no lying in state for the dead body of a Hindu. His kinsmen, friends and admirers do not fail to have the last loving look at him before the spark of life is extinguished. But the dissolution of the subtle combination of spirit and matter is, to a Hindu, the severance of all ties with the earthly remains of a friend or a relative. Even a touch of the body, which some hours ago had been the object of loving care and solicitude, is considered unholy and ought to be expiated by a bath. Here, even sentiment, which dies hard and not infrequently overpowers reason and common sense, has to give way to the inexorable decree of religion acting as the mouthpiece of hygiene.

An orthodox Hindu is not without his exercises and amusements, homely and primitive, yet exhilarating and wholesome. He has his swimming races in the month of Shrawan (July—August), his moonlight dances and excursions and often-times horse-races in the month of Ashwin (September—October), his harvest-home in the month of Kartik (October—November), his tournaments in the month of Falgun (February—March), and so on. He has his picnics, and his gipsy-dinners, known as “Anna-Goshti,” which, although tinged with a sense of duty, the Hindu enjoys with zest and relish. He has not his favourite club-house or recreation-ground of the sort his brother of the West has ; but he has his temple where all his confreres congregate in the evening for the avowed purpose of paying their obeisance to their common God. And excepting those that are beset with penury or besieged by growing population, all Hindu temples are, as a rule, built in open spaces and with commodious squares within the compound. These squares are shaded by rows of trees and occasionally studded with plants that are supposed to have won the good opinion of the presiding Deity, and are consequently taken as consecrated. Here, under the shade of his favourite trees, the Hindu passes his leisure hours in various ways best suited to his age, occupation or temperament. Here he quietly carries on instructive conversation with a select body of friends, or indulges in badinage at the expense of some innocent

victim : discusses the gossip of the day, and handles national or local politics with a freedom that is astonishing and refreshing to an uninitiated observer ; or, if the fancy is on him, he discourses on the virtues of deceased forefathers or declaims on the decadence of the present generation. He tells or listens to stories relating to the golden age gone by, or referring to the magnificent mythology of old, and he may often be heard reciting songs in honour of his gods, or celebrating the deeds of the heroes of his country. Fresh air is his tonic, and sweet water his stimulant. His numerous perambulations round the shrine of his God serve the purposes of a constitutional and propitiate the stomach and the liver, if not the Deity. It will be evident, therefore, that all his acts of duty and devotion have after all some hidden utility in them, and are marked by economy and simplicity. And neither economy nor simplicity are credited with the exercise of any depreciative effect on healthy recreations.

An orthodox Hindu rarely, if ever, undertakes pleasure-trips to the Continent : instead he goes on a pilgrimage to the shrines of his God. And all the famous shrines are situated on tops of mountains, on the seashore, or by the side of rivers, with plenty of natural scenery and historic associations. If, in the performance of his duty, a pilgrim fails to expiate his moral sins, he has yet the consolation of being purged of many physical impurities, which life in the city has brought on him. The bracing climate, the fresh air, the changing scenes, constant motion, and thrilling episodes are as useful to a tourist as to a pilgrim. Nature is impartial, and knows no difference between a pleasure-trip and a pilgrimage.

Many of these places of pilgrimage were sanctified by the habitations or visits of great men—men who declared startling truths, evolved great policies, and enacted beneficial laws. Narada beheld and described the sublime grandeur of ever-youthful Nature—his immortal God—from the heights of Badrikāshrama. Bādarāyana propounded his deep philosophy in the serene solitudes of the Himalayas. Even the resourceful Shri Krishna had to forego the pleasures of wealth, wine and women in his capital, for a quiet retreat on the mountain-peak of Girnar, when he had to evolve a policy for the subjugation of the incorrigible Shishupāla. Buddha, the great and good, did not find the key to happiness under the

gold-laced canopy within his palace at Kapila-Vastu, but had to seek the uncertain shade of a fig-tree on the banks of the Ganges. Are not these and similar other places recommended as treasure-houses of health and workshops of policies by modern civilisation? Do not the Nilgiri and the Omkareshwar even now attract the pilgrim, the pleasure-hunter, and the worker, by the magnetism of their never-fading beauty and never-failing utility? It seems that blessed peace, born of sweet communion with nature, will not be denied to the devout pilgrim simply because he has freed himself from the desires of the pleasure-hunter or the zeal of the worker.

It is to be hoped that these instances will, without further addition to their number, make it clear that many acts of omission and commission practised by an orthodox Hindu are beneficial to self and useful to society. They have their counterparts in other civilised countries, and if minutely observed will reveal a close intimacy with the laws of hygiene. In the rules of conservancy and sanitation preached by modern scientists, then, in the uniform adhesion to his practices by civilised man, and in the patent benefits from the performance of his duties, an orthodox Hindu finds the vindication of the rules and canons laid down for him by his wise preceptors of old. When he is told by an authority on sanitary matters, that the waters of the Ganges or the Jumna or the Savayu are more or less free from dangerous bacilli, or when he is advised to keep an aperture in the centre of his habitation from roof to flooring for the rays of the sun to pass through for the destruction of all infectious matter, he instinctively feels that, after all, his old preceptors were not wrong in celebrating the sanctity of these rivers, and in declaring the necessity of keeping an open square in the house. He does not pause to consider if the declarations of the sages were the deductions of science, but invests them with supernatural prescience, which must have enabled them to propound rules which modern scientists discover after infinite trouble and repeated failures.

In the absence of authentic history, it would be a piece of vain presumption to credit the ancient sages with a complete grasp of science as it is now understood and taught, but at the same time, it is something short of justice to condemn them for the inculcation of the very precepts which are now preached in the name of science.

If they adopted a different method for the discovery and diffusion of scientific truths, they had at least the discernment rightly to judge the fickleness of man, and the necessary limitations to State interference. That many of their teachings are hidden under a thick mist of superstition is indeed too true. They are like sugar-coated pills that effect the cure without offending the taste. That, some of them are either diluted by admixture, or defective in action is also true. But the remedy lies not in the summary rejection of all their teachings as unworthy of serious consideration, but in a critical examination of the whole and a selection of the best. It cannot be beyond the capacity or the resources of modern knowledge and intellect to extract pure and wholesome truths from the mass of fiction and fables with which they are alloyed. Surely, there are savants enough both in the East and in the West, who can, by a process of qualitative and quantitative analysis, dispel many misapprehensions about the substantial value of Hinduism.*

India is rapidly coming into close connection and closer competition with the rest of the world. The old position of splendid isolation and proud indifference no longer exists in the India of to-day. She is dragged before the great tribunal of the world, and is condemned because she would not explain. It is high time that she should reveal herself to the world exactly as she is, and not as others describe her. Let not judgment go by default. Enough of mystery and concealment, which, however useful at one time and for a time, do generally give rise to suspicion and contempt. Let us hope that a full view of India, as she was and as she is, will not fail to establish the fact that, if relieved of the super-imposition of religion, many rules and customs relating not only to hygiene but to the whole social fabric, which regulate the lives of her children, are not dissimilar to those practised by other civilised nations. Mistakes there must be, and there are; what is perfect in this imperfect world? But it behoves the sons of the soil boldly to acknowledge

* Is it then beyond the capacity of statesmanship to make these rules and canons the bases for the introduction of modern reforms as suited to the temper and genius of the people? The habit of moving in the old groove, aversion to sudden changes and attachment to custom, are common all over the world. Reforms initiated with the sanction of antiquity have a greater chance of being frankly and cordially received than those that are stamped as new. After all, progressive conservatism is safe in its working and sure in its effects.

and even expose mistakes, and try to rectify them in the light of modern knowledge. Let us defend, explain and uphold what is good in our institutions without being dazzled or depressed. Let us weed out the fungus growth that has beset old Hinduism ; and above all, let us convince the West that there is a sensible reason, an intelligible method and a rational meaning in the teachings of the old Rishis who had nothing to gain by practising a concerted plan of fraud on unborn generations. Let us also sternly avoid the opposite extreme of sheepish imitation of the customs of the West or dogged attachment to those of the East, simply because they belong to the one or the other. Let us select the best of both, and reject the worst of either. A fusion of the most wholesome teachings of the West and the East, if carried out with due judgment and discrimination, is sure to infuse a spirit of virile individuality in Hinduism. Both the civilisations are at our disposal ; if we are the rightful heirs of the one, we are also the free grantees of the other. Let us not, then, miss this singularly fortunate opportunity for the progressive and peaceful evolution of a nation, resolved to retain what is good in her past, but willing to assimilate what is good elsewhere, and animated by an overpowering sense of duty to the eternal Saguna Brahma which is its birthright.

DOLATRAM KRIPARAM PANDIA.

Nadiad.

THE PARTITION OF BENGAL.

THE Partition of Bengal has met with such vigorous and unmistakable disapproval in the province itself that it needs some courage to say a word in its favour. Yet I do not despair of being able to prove to candid and thoughtful readers of *East & West* that the agitation against the Partition is short-sighted, is selfish, and should be dropped with as little delay as possible, lest the agitators should give a handle to those who believe that the time has not yet come for the complete Indianising of the administration. No doubt the Congress has given the agitation its support because it believes that some real grievance, some real sense of wrong, must underlie so widespread and so outspoken a disapproval as has been manifested. But I venture to think, nevertheless, that the opposition to the Partition is due to a misconception of its history and its objects, and therefore I beg those who will do me the honour to read what follows to rid their minds of preconceived prejudices, and to give me an impartial and attentive hearing. I have absolutely no personal interest in the matter. It is seven years since I left the service of the Indian Government, and if I venture to write now, it is simply as one who takes a friendly and affectionate interest in the welfare and prosperity of the provinces of Assam and Bengal, where I spent the twenty-five years of my official life. I could wish that the task had been undertaken by some one whose experience of India is more recent, by someone who could speak with greater authority. But, after all, the personal element may be disregarded, since I rely solely on the strength of the arguments I hope to adduce—arguments whose cogency seems to me so great and so obvious that I can only wonder that they have not been set forth before.

In the first place, I would remind your readers that by the so-called Partition the province of Assam, with its five millions of

inhabitants (half of them Bengalis) has been raised from the status of a non-Regulation province to the much higher constitutional position of a Lieutenant-Governorship with a legislative council of its own. It seems to me that every such step forward in political progress is a matter which concerns and benefits not only the tract affected, but the whole of India. It affords one more opportunity for Indians to show their political capacity, their independence and patriotism, their power of expressing their needs in constitutional language. Surely, the promotion of Assam is a matter which should be borne in mind as well as the much-discussed dismemberment of Bengal.

But the improvement in the constitutional status of Assam is not the only benefit which the province derives from the Partition. And here I must very briefly and summarily give some account of the fortunes of Assam under British rule. We all know that the kingdom of Assam was finally annexed in 1826. An attempt was made to continue indigenous rule under British supervision, but for reasons which will be found in the history books, the attempt was a failure. Assam was made into a Commissionership under the province of Bengal. But as time went by, it was found that reasons very similar to those which induced Lord Curzon to create the North Western Frontier Province made it necessary to relieve the Bengal Government of the charge of the then much harassed and troublesome North Eastern Frontier. These considerations were strengthened by the discovery in Assam of the wild tea plant and the rapid growth of the tea planting industry. Special laws were passed for the regulation of coolie immigration into Assam and of the relations of tea-planters with their labourers. It was held that the care of the Frontier, with its perpetual raids and necessary reprisals, together with the difficult and responsible work connected with the tea gardens, justified the creation of a Chief Commissionership. And thus it was that in 1874, under Lord Northbrook, Colonel Keatinge was made the first Chief Commissioner of Assam. In the new province were included not only the six districts of Assam proper and the three districts of the Naga, Khasia and Garo hills, but the two important Bengal districts of Sylhet and Cachar, which were severed from the Dacca division. Those who know Assam will bear me out in saying that the new province proved a conspicuous

success, and nowhere more so than in Sylhet and Cachar. From an administrative point of view those two districts, like other permanently settled districts of Eastern Bengal, had been neglected. The reader in Western India will hardly believe me when I tell him that even so late as 1880 the district of Sylhet possessed no roads, no mofussil dispensaries, no tahsils for the convenient collection of revenue, no sub-divisions. The whole of the official business was concentrated, as in the Moghal times, at the town of Sylhet, distant more than a hundred miles from outlying parts of the district. All that has now been remedied. Even more important results followed on this first Partition, in the political sphere. The Frontier has been reduced to order, so that it has been possible to reduce the garrison of the province to such a minimum as would have seemed foolhardy fifty years ago. On the whole, there has been marked progress, and not merely in the directions indicated in my rapid survey. But there were some drawbacks other than the obvious one which I have pointed out just now, namely, that a non-Regulation province, however efficiently it might be administered, belonged to an obsolete type and was not educative. The Bengalis of Sylhet, Cachar and Goalpara did not resent their separation from Calcutta. They still remained under the Calcutta High Court, as does the new Lieutenant-Governorship. But attached to Cachar, in those days, was the political control over the Northern Lushais, while the Southern tribes were under the supervision of the Commissioner of Chittagong. The Southern border of Sylhet lay along the Tippera Hills, the Political Agency of which was in the Commissionership of Dacca. Even at that time, therefore, there were reasons for regretting that the Lushais and Tipperahs, to say nothing of the other wild tribes living along the Chittagong frontier, were not a part of the Frontier province, especially as plans had already been made for the Assam-Bengal Railway which was to link the port of Chittagong with Dibrugarh near the furthest North-Eastern limits of India. But there was a more important and pressing disadvantage in the administrative arrangements of the province. It was manifestly too small. Including the Political Agency of Manipur, it comprised only twelve district charges, only one commissionership, and one judgeship. It was impossible to locate a separate provincial cadre out of so small a number of posts, and it became necessary to borrow officers

for a period of five years from Bengal. I need not dwell on the obvious disadvantages of such a system. Some men took a liking to the charming scenery and singularly attractive population of Assam, and stayed on after their five years were concluded. But the province was remote and unhealthy, and living was expensive. There was little scope for the ambitions of men who were not specialists in frontier administration, and it was soon felt that the province must be enlarged. Especially was this the case when the quieting down of the Frontier and the improvement of means of communication diminished the responsibilities and labours of the Chief Commissioner and his staff. Finally, the opening of the Assam-Bengal Railway, which made Chittagong the port of the Assam tea-gardens, rendered it inevitable that the Chittagong division, if not that of Dacca, would have to be added to Assam, as Cachar and Sylhet had already been added. But the Chittagong division, owing to its geographical position, is one of the smallest in Bengal. It contained only three collectorates, the Chittagong Hill Tracts, and the political charge of the Southern Lushais. Its addition to Assam would hardly justify the creation of a Lieutenant-Governorship and a Council, and thus, long before Lord Curzon went to India, it was clear that either Assam must simply be returned to Bengal, or else a larger area than the Chittagong division must be added to Assam. I mention this in passing because some of the more intemperate opponents of Partition have asserted that it was the personal and individual work of Lord Curzon, and was intended, in some mysterious way, to injure or annoy the Bengali race, with whom, as we all know, Lord Curzon was latterly not very popular. It is only right to say, then, that, as a matter of fact, the expansion of Assam was a settled policy before Lord Elgin left India. Nor can it be said that Lord Curzon adopted this policy with any indecent haste. We all know that the Partition was finally carried out at the very end of his reign.

I have said above that the opposition to the Partition was largely due to misunderstanding. I have personal reasons for thinking so. In 1898 I was Magistrate and Collector of Chittagong, when a large and influential deputation of European and Indian inhabitants of the district presented a petition to the Commissioner against the inclusion of the Chittagong division in Assam, and, as

an old Assam officer, I was directed by the Commissioner to meet the petitioners, many of them personal friends of mine, and to ascertain what their precise objections were. Well, we dwellers in India, Indians and Anglo-Indians alike, are a conservative folk, and dislike unnecessary changes, and I was not surprised to find that my friends' objections were mostly due to misunderstanding ; nearly all feared that the proposed change would remove the division from the jurisdiction of the Calcutta High Court. The zemindars thought that the transfer would bring about the abrogation of the Bengal Tenancy Act, which was not at that time in force in Assam. I need not say that a mere change in administrative boundaries could not affect the laws in force. The tea-planters feared that their estates would come under the provisions of the Assam Immigration Act which had ceased to be in force in Chittagong. Others, with more justice, resented a transfer from the Bengal Board of Revenue to the tender mercies of what they regarded as the backward and "jungly" administration of a non-Regulation province. Others pointed out that Shillong would be a much less accessible and convenient headquarters than Calcutta. There were other similar objections, which I do not trust my memory to reproduce. I have no doubt that such grievances as these have added fuel to the flame of opposition which has blazed in Calcutta, and to a less degree in Eastern Bengal itself. I trust readers of *East & West* will have no difficulty in seeing that, taken separately, not one of them is a valid objection except as an indication of the natural conservatism of the Indian and Anglo-Indian mind, and of a gratifying confidence in existing institutions.

I am aware, of course, that these are not the objections which are now put forward. The principal grievance is that the unfortunately named Partition is a division of the Bengali race, and, it has even been said, a blow to the development and progress of the Bengali language and literature. But surely this is attaching an exaggerated importance to the effects of mere administrative boundaries upon the life of the people. Few provinces are coterminous with linguistic or ethnical areas. For instance, it has never been a grievance that the Hindi-speaking people are found in several provinces ; that Ganjam, an Uriya district, is in the presidency of Madras ; that the Delhi division is incorporated in the Panjab. We

all recognise, outside of Bengal, that mere administrative boundaries are just as much or just as little important as the areas of counties in England or of departments in France ; they are simply arrangements for the more convenient disposal of administrative business. It is more than usually unfortunate that the opposition to the administrative rearrangement of Bengal and Assam should have occurred at the present time. Those of us who are interested in the political advancement of India as a whole have noticed the remarkable growth of a feeling of Indian patriotism which overleaps not merely the artificial boundaries of administrative divisions, but the ancient and natural lines between the races and languages of the Peninsula. Again, at a time when we are all anxious that every possible concession should be made to the political ambitions of the people, it is indeed discouraging to find that merely local prejudices and conservatism should ignore and even resent the fact that Assam has at last received a legislative council of its own. Am I not right in asserting that the agitation against the Partition has been short-sighted and selfish and should be resisted by all who desire the political advancement of India as a whole, and the encouragement of the political aspirations of Indians of all creeds and all races ?

But, it will perhaps be said, if Partition there must be, why were not Behar and Chota Nagpore separated from Bengal, Assam being at the same time restored to Calcutta ? I am extremely loth to say anything against this alternative, since it has the approval of Sir Henry Cotton, whose experience as Chief Secretary in Bengal and Chief Commissioner of Assam gives his opinion a very great weight. But the argument in favour of this Partition is a merely sentimental one ; and if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean the creation of new provinces all over India, so as to make administrative boundaries coincide with the divisions between race and race, between language and language. This would be to take a singularly retrograde step, to insist on the importance and validity of divisions which, we all hope, will be less and less significant as India becomes an organic whole, knit together by sentiments arising out of, but more important than, the common government of Simla and Calcutta, the common use of the English language. The separation of Behar from Bengal was duly considered and was deliberately rejected. I need not repeat from memory the reasons for this decision, which

anyone interested in the subject may find in the printed papers. I need merely say that there were valid reasons why the important settlement operations in Behar should not be removed from the jurisdiction of the Calcutta Board of Revenue. But it is no part of my purpose to go into official details with which I am only imperfectly acquainted. My argument is simply that the opposition to Partition on the ground that there are now two Bengali provinces where there was formerly one, is short-sighted. Formerly, the Bengalis only formed half the population of Assam. They now constitute a crushing majority of the population of the new province. It has been urged that the preponderance of Mussalmans in Eastern Bengal may be harmful to the interests of the Hindus. I can only say in reply, if this argument is seriously put forward, that the Hindus of Eastern Bengal always held their own with their Mahomedan neighbours even in the days of the Moghal Empire, when Dacca was the headquarters of a separate province. But, in any case, ought we to listen to an argument which deliberately recognises and encourages an antagonism of interests between Hindus and Mussalmans? As a matter of fact, there is less misunderstanding between the two religions in Eastern Bengal than in any part of India, for reasons which it would take too long to state here, but which are perfectly well known to those who are familiar with the province.

Personally, I regret that the second Partition was not carried out when the question was ripe for solution before Lord Elgin left India. The task was undertaken by Lord Curzon at a time when, owing to causes which are familiar to us all, he had become unpopular among educated Bengalis. I can sympathise with and understand the conservatism which objects to any change in institutions which are working well. I am glad to believe that the inhabitants of Eastern Bengal were satisfied with the administration as it existed, and resented any change. But the interests of Assam and its people have also to be considered, and one of the most important political lessons our people have to learn is that local prepossessions and prejudices must give way to the needs, especially the political advancement, of India as a whole. I am aware that many Bengal officers for whose opinions I have a sincere respect were opposed to the Partition. I believe that that only shows once more

how subtly yet strongly the Anglo-Indian is influenced by local feeling. That is a circumstance which I cannot regret. It is one of the things that has made our bureaucratic system possible and, within its limits, successful. But if India is to rise to higher things and more popular institutions, we must all, Indians and Anglo-Indians alike, rise superior to local prejudices, especially in a case like the present, where the issue involved was the promotion of a province of an obsolete type to the highest form of administrative efficiency we have as yet succeeded in inventing. That Bengal should have two provincial capitals and two councils is surely a matter for congratulation rather than regret and recrimination.

I have said nothing of the vested interests of Calcutta, of the loss to owners of house property by the removal of officials to Dacca, of the possible competition of Chittagong and Narainganj with the port of Calcutta. The representatives of such vested interests as these have abundant means of making their views known, and it is not these views which have given rise to the agitation which, I am grieved to find, the National Congress has shown some tendency to support. As one whose interest in the question is wholly that of a benevolent looker-on, I beg for an impartial consideration of the arguments I have tried to put on paper as concisely and clearly as possible. I do not claim to have dealt with all the arguments for and against the Partition. I merely beg that the Congress and others interested in the matter will regard the problems of Partition in a large and statesmanlike fashion. I do not deny that there is a very real and strong feeling against the creation of the new Province in some parts of Bengal. But since the change has been effected, surely political prudence demands that it should be given a fair trial. The agitators believe, and no doubt honestly believe, that various untoward consequences will follow. If such should prove to be the case, their arguments will be strengthened, their agitation will be justified. If, on the contrary, as I venture to believe, the people of Eastern Bengal and Assam, and especially the inhabitants of Dacca and Chittagong, shall benefit by having a Lieutenant-Governor and Council of their own, the continuance of the agitation will merely furnish a reason for over-ruling other and perhaps better-grounded manifestations of public feeling.

Let me add that if I could bring myself to believe that the

Partition would inflict any injury on the Bengali race and its remarkable and admirable literature, I would be the last to say a word in its favour. Imperfect as my studies of Bengali literature have been, I have a sufficient acquaintance with the novelists, the essayists, the poets and the dramatists of Bengal to have an admiration for their writings a full expression of which might hurt the local patriotism of readers in Bombay. I was born in Bengal, I spent the busiest and happiest days of my life in Bengal and Assam. My feelings towards the two provinces and their inhabitants are entirely affectionate and loyal. If I could honestly have supported the agitation against the Partition, I should have been naturally inclined to do so, simply because I dislike all unnecessary changes which are unpopular. But in this particular case, I venture to believe that there has been a real and most unfortunate misunderstanding, which I hope these too hastily written lines may help to dispel.

J. D. ANDERSON

I. C. S. Retired.

P. S.—I forgot, in writing of the arguments for and against the Partition of Bengal, to mention one matter in which less than justice has been done to Lord Curzon. The Secretary of State for India said in the House of Commons that no change was ever carried out with so little tact or sympathy. Quite the reverse is the case. We have only to remember the transfers of Oudh, of Saugur and Nerbudda, of Delhi, of the North-Western Frontier Province, and to compare the procedure in those cases with what took place in Eastern Bengal. No Viceroy went to these places to talk to and explain to the people what was going to be done. Lord Curzon went to Dacca, to Mymensingh, to Chittagong, listened to objectors and carefully and most kindly and sympathetically explained his policy and his objects. But it was all in vain, and local prejudices were too strong for his arguments. Can we wonder that Lord Curzon thought it a waste of time to consult the people of Rajshahi as to the cession of their division ?

The whole agitation has been a mistake, and should be dropped. It attaches an exaggerated importance to a mere change of administrative boundaries. It ignores, selfishly and therefore unwisely, the political advancement of the people of Assam, who,

for the first time, have a share in a Council of their own. It furnishes arms to those who argue that the people of India are not yet ripe for representative institutions. It overlooks the growing unity of India, which renders provincial boundaries of less importance than ever. As for the proposal to separate Behar from Bengal, that is obviously irrelevant, and has an air of wishing to draw a red herring across the track and of creating a diversion to distract men's minds from unanswerable arguments. As the administration of Bengal grows in complexity and importance, it may yet be necessary to create a third province and a third council. But surely, it is best to wait till the results of the experiment in Eastern Bengal become known. The arguments for the separation of Behar from Bengal would necessarily be quite different from those which induced the Government of India to consent to the expansion of Assam, unfortunately known as the Partition of Bengal.

I am aware that the line I have ventured to take will not commend itself to many of my Indian friends in Eastern Bengal. I can only beg them to give my arguments a fair and impartial consideration. I hold no brief for Lord Curzon's administration. I left India before he succeeded Lord Elgin. When I was at Chittagong I made no secret of the fact that I heartily believed that the separation of the district from Bengal would be a great benefit to a neglected and bankrupt port, on whose development sufficient money had never been spent. One of the most conspicuous defects of our Indian coast is the small number of harbours which can be used by ocean-going ships. Chittagong, as the terminus of a railway which taps the greatest tea and jute growing districts in the world, ought long ago to have been provided with all the modern conveniences and improvements. That will now be done, without too sensitive a regard for the natural but selfish jealousies of Calcutta. Calcutta will not suffer in the long run. We all know that its capacity as a port barely suffices for the traffic which passes through it, and, in any case, the Assam-Bengal Railway was bound to have its own terminal port.

• It may yet be the port, not only of Eastern Bengal and Assam, but of Arracan, now so curiously isolated both from India and Burmah proper. The new province has, I firmly believe, a great

and prosperous future before it. I trust that its development will not be hindered by an agitation which is, I am convinced, based upon a complete misapprehension. I only regret that these arguments of mine do not appear above the name of some one who could speak with more authority. But I trust that the reader will look to the force of what I say rather than to the personality of the writer or to the style he employs, for the question is one of far more than local importance and interest, and its right settlement concerns the political progress of the whole country.

J. D. A

Ealing,
London, W.

BECAUSE OF DREAMS.

Because of dreams our hearts are full of care.
They beckon, shine and vanish : call and flare
 And fade : and when we grasp them there is naught.
We waken on a dreary world distraught
With useless longing and the old despair.

And yet the lands a robe of glory wear,
A nimbus glints above them, of the air
 With golden day and silver evening fraught—
 Because of dreams.

From corridors of flaming dreams we tear
The sacred fire that gives the will to dare :
 In tranced stillnesses 'of vision caught
 We reach the threshold of exalted Thought,
And cross, and climb the heaven-invading stair. . . .
 Because of dreams.

ETHEL WHEELER.

Herne Hill,
London.

NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE mellow light of the moon fell on the field of battle with all its natural serenity and calm; the Shiraz wine gleamed in crystal urns and cups in the court of Prince Salim, who was holding high festival, happy in the thought of returning to his beloved, forgetful of the lives blighted and hearts desolated for ever in the murderous harvest of the morning. Happy in his own good fortune, he did not feel the heavy air tainted with human agony, as it swept the plains, soaked and reeking with blood. The softest strains of music and song were heard in every tent mingling with laughter and gaiety, unmindful of the moans of the sick and the wounded who lay unattended and deserted in the field.

"What a grand victory," exclaimed Prince Salim as he raised a cup of ruby wine to his lips, "God has been merciful to me."

"Sire," said a courtier, "God himself shines out in you. The wretched Rajput speared the driver and brought misfortune on himself; the fiery elephant trampled his men to death as he carried your Highness to victory."

"Nay," said the Prince generously. "Rana Pertab is as bold as a lion. It would be a good thing to have him as a subject and an ally."

"There are thousands like him," added another courtier, "eager to touch the dust of your feet. It was sheer madness on the part of the Rana to think of opposing your Highness."

"He has left all his men in the field," said a third courtier, "and has gone alone to drown himself in the holy Ganges."

"To take a short cut to heaven," laughed the Prince, "I wish him God-speed."

"Amen," said a devout Moslem, "he has gone to burn himself in the fires of hell."

"I will tell His Majesty," said Prince Salim humorously, "your notions about heaven and hell."

"Pray, don't," said the Maulvi, falling down on his knees with hands folded, "that knave of a man, the heretic son of Mubarak—Abul Fazal—and that cursed jester Bir Bal, have led His Majesty away from the religion of the prophet, but they have had their day," and he added in a low tone, "the day of retribution cannot be very far."

Prince Salim was about to make a reply when a page entered, and kneeling down respectfully, said, "A messenger has come from Agra with a letter and requests an audience of your Highness."

"Tell him to wait," said the Prince shortly, "I will see him to-morrow."

"Sire," said the page, making another bow, "the man says that he has urgent business and must see your Highness at once."

"Enquire whom the letter is from," said Prince Salim; "we need no instructions now from the court, for the victory has been gained; pass round the cup," he added, turning to the boy who served the wine, "and pour the nectar sent by God for the cure of all sins and selfishness."

"Boy," exclaimed a young courtier, "with the light of wine enkindle this empty cup. This cold breeze is withering up my blossoming heart."

"Wine, wine," cried Prince Salim, "look—the hail drops on the tulips and the heavenly breeze comes from the flowery beds, the rose shines out on its emerald throne; pour out the fiery ruby, tell the holy shaikh to fill up the cup with wine, the daughter of grape, if he desires everlasting life: tell him to moisten his lips in this heavenly vintage if he seeks the trace of the waters of life. Tell him to drink on river banks when the Muazin calls for prayers."

"The rose in the bosom," exclaimed another young man, "wine in the hand and my beloved by my side; on such a day the world's Sultan is my slave; we require no candle, for the beloved face of the loved one shines upon us. My ear drinks in the music of the ~~reed~~ and the harp, my eyes on her ruby lips amid circulation of the cup; to the *mukhtasib* utter not my crime, for he too, like me, seeks

the pleasures of peace ; Hafiz, sit not a moment without wine and the Beloved ; 'tis the season of the rose and of the jessamine and gaiety."

The wine flowed freely, the Prince and his companions were half-drunk, when the messenger was admitted again to the presence of the princely carouser.

"Ho—who are thou?" exclaimed Prince Salim.

"Your most humble servant," murmured the page. "The letter is not from his Majesty, but a billet from a lady who directed that it must be delivered in your Highness's hands alone."

"Will you read the letter?" asked a courtier respectfully.

"Letter?—which letter," said the drunken Prince, reeling, for he was now beginning to see double ; "a curse on this messenger, say I, am I always to be bothered with business when I have just won a grand victory?" The other courtiers added their remarks and drove the page away amid peals of laughter. It was in the small hours of next morning that the Prince was carried to his bed, and his friends and companions dragged themselves to their tents, or were carried away by their personal attendants.

The shadows of the noonday sun had deepened when the Prince, unable to steep his consciousness in slumber any longer, his head still swimming, raised himself from his recumbent position and discovered his favourite page standing by the bedside as usual.

"Fill up the morning cup," he said, as he yawned, "my head aches and I feel so drowsy still."

The page at once poured out delicious wine into a golden cup-cooled with perfumed sherbet and ice. The Prince emptied the cup and it seemed to revive him wonderfully ; he threw the bed sheet aside and sat up in his bed, and then asked :

"What news? Have they been able to find the Rana?"

"No, Sire," replied the page, "our men have returned and report that they could not overtake him."

"Ah!" said the Prince, "so he has escaped again. Anything else that you wish to say?"

"There was a letter for you from Agra from some great lady which I brought to you last night, but your Highness was—"

"Too drunk to read" said Prince Salim, "no matter ; it cannot be of much importance, bring it to me now, it will perhaps divert my thoughts."

The page made a bow and disappeared, and after a short while placed the note in the hands of the Prince. The Prince lazily opened it, but as his eyes glanced over the scented little paper, his cheeks flushed and paled again; he jumped out of his bed, read the note carefully again and then exclaimed, "I will shake the empire to win back my beloved." He paced the tent with great agitation, now and then stopping to take an oath or declare eternal revenge upon his enemies.

"Look you," he cried, shaking by the shoulders Mirza Ibrahim who had just entered with other courtiers, "they are going to marry Mihar-ul-nissa to Ali Kuli Beg. My father seems to connive at their proceedings, but call me not Salim if I don't shake his throne."

"I am so sorry," said Ibrahim with sincere expressions of sympathy, "that this has happened so, but how came your Highness to know that the marriage has taken place? His Majesty, I am told, is away from Agra."

"Why, here is a letter from my beloved herself, telling me that it may take place any day," answered Salim. "For aught I know it may have taken place already."

"Ah; there is yet hope," said Ibrahim, "why not send a message to His Majesty?"

"A truce to your counsels," said Salim impatiently. "Does not His Majesty already know that I love her. No, it is no use writing; order my forces to march on Agra. I will snatch her from my enemies and settle down in the Punjab as an independent king. I cannot be at the beck and call of anybody."

"Why should your Highness not take what is yours by right?" asked a courtier. "The empire will be divided only for a time to be united under you again, and even his Majesty may allow you free action."

"I can brook no fetters," said the Prince, "I have made up my mind to march on Agra at once and enter it before the return of his Majesty to the capital."

"What about Man Singh," said Ibrahim, "that grim chief may not like to go with us. I think we had better leave him here to kill his own brother; the infidels will wield for us the sword of Islam. What is the use of stopping here without mirth, music and maidens?"

"You speak well," replied Salim, "we die of gloom here, and

there waits for me the prettiest maid in the world. Order horses at once."

"But what about Man?" suggested Ibrahim again.

"Summon him hither," said Salim.

"My Prince," said Ibrahim, "it may be disastrous to our plan."

"To the devil with danger, thy plan and thyself; I must and will act as becomes my position."

Raja Man Singh was called in and entered agreeably to the summons of the Prince.

The Prince rose and received the Raja with great courtesy. "I gave you this trouble," he said with the dignified courtesy which he knew so well how to assume, "to thank you for yesterday's victory and to ask you to carry your conquest home. I am sorry pressing affairs call me back to Agra."

"My Lord," said Raja Man Singh, "it will not be possible to carry on operations against the Rana alone, and then—His Majesty."

"I know my business," interrupted the Prince, "and you can stay and do the bidding of your king. I am my own master."

"True," said Raja Man, "yet I would your Highness would request His Majesty's permission for this journey. There will be much displeasure."

"Mean you displeasure against yourself or against me?" asked Salim.

"Your Highness can do what you please and can follow your own inclinations; I can only entreat your Highness. But for your own sake—"

"Of my own interests I am the best judge," interposed Salim. "Good morning to you, my Lord."

Raja Man slowly retired and entered his tent, and calling his nephew Suruj Singh said:—

"I don't know what to do. The Prince thinks of marching back on Agra and wants me to stay here. He may do something rash, and then Akbar's anger will be such as no man has ever been able to stand. The Prince thinks of rebellion."

"Why not put him under restraint at once," suggested Suruj Singh, "and take him to His Majesty?"

"That may be right or it may not," said Raja Man. "His

Majesty loves him so and may not like such strong measures, and moreover, it would not be wise to set the heir-apparent against us."

"Then what think you would be the best plan under the circumstances?" enquired Suruj Singh. "For we must act one way or the other at once."

"I would quietly retire to my own province in Bengal," said Raja Man, "and wait for orders from His Majesty. I am told Abul Fazal has gone to the Deccan; I would consult him in the meanwhile."

The camp broke up the same evening, and the Prince with such forces as were under his own command marched on to Agra, while Raja Man wisely stayed behind with the rest of the army.

Arriving at Agra, the Prince found the gates barred and the ramparts manned. He bade his trumpeters advance with one of his captains, imperiously to demand admittance.

"We have orders," replied Quilij Khan, the chief of the town guard, "to admit no one who bears arms, flags or trumpets. Let the Prince dismiss his train and he is doubly welcome."

"Whose are these insolent mandates?" asked the captain. "Mine," boldly replied Quilij Khan. The captain returned to the Prince with the tidings. The rage of the Prince was indescribable. "Go back," he cried, as soon as he could recover his voice, "and say that if the gates are not opened to me and mine, the blood of the arrogant chief will be on his own head." The envoy delivered the message but received only a stern reply. The Prince, trembling with directed his followers to force open the gate: the forces of the Prince rage, dashed against the iron wall. Their valour was of no avail against the fire of the guns from the ramparts, and they fell back from the gate. As soon as the Prince regained his composure, and his forces had recovered from their disorder and dismay, a hasty council was held at which various and contradictory opinions were loudly urged, some for marching on to Lahore, others for dispersing and entering peaceably and then uniting and taking the town.

"I am not a thief to enter the town stealthily," cried Salim, greatly incensed, "and it will be useless to march on the Punjab. If I go so far away, how am I to rescue my Mihar-ul-nissa who, they say, has already been married?"

"Why not take Allahabad?" suggested Ibrahim, "There we will have all the treasures and also time to mature our plans."

"A message from the Empress," cried a page, coming forward.

"What have you to say?" angrily asked the Prince.

"Miriam Makani, your Highness's grandmother, has sent me to you to say that she is rather surprised at your passing near her mansion and failing to visit her, but her Majesty is herself now coming to lighten her eyes by seeing her grandson."

"She wants to influence me," exclaimed the Prince. "No I won't see her." So saying, he at once jumped into a barge and sailed to Allahabad, and the old lady, disappointed, returned home. Arriving at Allahabad, the prince entered the fort, took possession of the treasures, and struck coin in his own name.

Akbar was informed of all that had taken place, but his patience was not exhausted. He hated to spill blood and wanted to conquer his rebellious son by love; he ignored his hostile intentions and calmly directed him to take charge of Bengal; in the meantime, he sent for Abul Fazal, hoping that his sweet words would win back the Prince to the path of obedience and love.

The Prince, to drown his grief and disappointment, had given himself up to dissipation and drink, and when His Majesty's messenger arrived, he was eager enough to make peace. He sent a cunning letter asserting his innocence, and declaring his intention of repairing to court, but Akbar could be firm, as well as loving, and so wrote that if he were earnest in his wish to pay respects, he ought to prove his confidence by repairing to court alone, and dismiss his adherents to their homes and jagirs.

The Prince was afraid to disobey his father; his boon companions could not hold out any hopes of carrying out the rebellion successfully, but the idea of waiting for the throne was intolerable. He at last left Allahabad with a view of paying homage to his father, and begging his forgiveness; he had gone only a stage from Allahabad when he was informed that Abul Fazal was coming from the Deccan to join the court.

For some time the Prince appeared silent and moody, nor did his companions disturb him in his reflections. He raised his head at length and said: "My father loves a joke, and he will take this frolic of mine no more seriously than it deserves—a fit of youth, with which he will deal as he has with others, but Abul Fazal will contrive

to turn it into crime, argue connivance a great mistake, forgiveness a bad example."

"As for this wrong-headed man," said Koka, "the devil of sophistry by which he is possessed, he will argue it out as he likes, but why should he be allowed to do so?"

"What do you mean?" enquired Salim.

"I mean that he should never join the court and be despatched on his journey towards heaven, which he pretends to know a great deal about."

"Is there any man who will do the deed?" asked Salim. "I will raise him from the dust to the skies when I ascend the throne."

"I will," said Bir Singh Deo, a robber chief who had joined the Prince. "I will only return with the head of your enemy at my saddle-bow."

"Go, then," said the Prince, "and may God help you in your noble enterprise."

The robber left for the Deccan, while the Prince slowly entered Agra and laid his forehead at the feet of his father, who received him kindly and lovingly, forgave him his indiscretion, mildly remonstrating and telling him not to be hasty, since the empire must come to him at no distant date.

Abul Fazal, eager to meet his sovereign and friend, was returning with only a few followers. As he was nearing Gwalior, he left his camp early in the morning to enjoy the fresh morning breeze. He was dreaming of the fusion of heterogeneous India into a united nation, though Salim's dismal star seemed to shed ill-boding rays as to his ideals, when suddenly a party of horsemen fell upon him and pierced him with swords and lances. As he fell on the ground, Bir Singh Deo came and said mockingly, "The mighty Lord has sent for you courteously." The Shaikh proudly turned away his face. Bir Singh promptly cut off his head and putting it in a kerchief, slung it on his saddle bow and marched away.

When the news reached Agra, none dared to break it to Akbar. At last the agent of Abul Fazal presented himself with a black kerchief round his hands.*

"What does this mean," exclaimed Akbar, when his eyes fell

*According to an old Moghal custom, when a prince died, his agent presented himself with a black handkerchief round his hands.

on the agent of Abul Fazal, "what has happened to my beloved Shaikh?"

"The wise Shaikh is no more," sobbed out his agent, "he was waylaid and beheaded at Antri."

"Waylaid and beheaded," cried Akbar, sinking down on the throne, and crying out, "my Shaikh! my Shaikh." "Bring me back my Shaikh," he rose and exclaimed; "if Salim wished to have the empire, he ought to have killed me and spared Abul Fazal." Recollecting the days they had spent together, formulating new ideas and working for the good of the people, seeking the truth in diverse mansions and strange tongues, working out plans for a just rule, he gave free vent to his grief. At last Akbar rose to retire, reciting, "When my Shaikh, eager to meet me, turned towards my court in his eagerness to waste no time, he came without head or dress." The Emperor shut himself up in his palace and for days would see nobody and speak to no one. But even Akbar was now approaching the time when he had himself to lay down his body, and so was not able to avenge the murder of his best beloved friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

There like a wrecked ship lay mighty Akbar, on his bed, in the large upper chamber, looking to the rising sun, a solitary and pathetic figure. Of those who once surrounded his throne like sparkling gems almost all had already passed into the darkness of death. Todar Mal, the sturdy oak, Faizi, the charming bulbul, the gay and quick-witted Bir Bal, and the learned Abul Fazal who received his confidence, shared and stimulated his aspirations and his triumphs, cheered him in defeat and sustained and prolonged his career, were no more. Younger generations had risen whom he knew not. What had time spared him but the hope for the continuance of his work, the order which he brought out of chaos, the unity of action and aspiration which he had inaugurated, the awakening of a national feeling which he had engendered? But even the lofty dream upon which the best part of his life had been spent seemed to be dissolving already. Salim had rebelled and pledged himself to a reactionary movement. It is true that he had apologised, but that did not mean that he would change his ways and gird himself up for his arduous duties. There was, of course, Khusru, the son of

Salim, who attended his grandfather with untiring devotion but would Salim consent to his ascending the throne? If not, it might lead to civil and internecine feuds, bring back the chaos which Akbar thought he had once for all conquered. Thoughts such as these haunted the dying sovereign as he tossed upon his bed, though with a calm and clear mind, still working for the redemption of his people. There were still round him a few trusty friends. Hakim Ali, his physician, Aziz Koka, his foster brother, Raja Man Singh bound to him by marriage ties and loyal and long service, and Cader Jehan Mufti, the jovial comrade of many a happy day. Akbar knew that his last wishes would be carried out by his friends even if they sacrificed themselves in the attempt.

Outside the palace ebbed and flowed a crowd, tense with mingled curiosity and sympathy, while the excitement in the other rooms of the palace was growing.

A certain grandeur overspread the moving scene as every one poured out his reverent aspiration, men and women of every communion offered up earnest prayers for Akbar's recovery, as tears trickled down their cheeks, and choked with emotion they asked for the news at the door.

"May God preserve him," cried a devout Hindu, "may he ever live to look after his children! He awakened all ambitions, rewarded all merits and enlarged the borders of glory."

"He is an avatar" (incarnation of Deity), added another. "He is a father to his people, forgiving like a God, and loving like a mother."

"I would give up my life to save his," added another, "but alas! death accepts no substitute."

"Alas! the drunkard Prince will now ascend the throne," said a passer-by, "and afflict the land with his licentiousness."

"He may change, and follow in the footsteps of his father," added another; "he can be a very good man when he wishes."

"There," said the first spokesman, "would he wish it, would he change pleasure for toil, would his companions allow him to think of anything higher?"

"God who watches the destinies of nations," said the passer-by, "would give him strength to break the fetters which hold him, and awaken him to his duty."

"Pardon me," said the second spokesman, "but the ways of

God are wonderful. There does not seem to be any continuity in His actions, otherwise we would never have a drunkard for a king."

"We transgress the law and suffer," said the devout Hindu, "and blame God for our own shortcomings. He sends us divine rulers, but alas! we are not prepared for their coming and appreciate not their work, and so we must learn through suffering."

"It may be so," said the unbeliever, "but look at Akbar; he comes, he finds a country in chaos of ignorance, superstition and misrule, slowly evolves order out of it, and works for the well-being of his people, and now all of a sudden it seems that all this grand structure was built on a foundation of sand, to crumble away when the magician who raised it disappears. A mere brilliant bubble on the streams of time."

"He is like a single drop flung far ahead by the advancing wave," said the second speaker. "He shows the way, but the world is not yet with him, and though he disappears now and the visible structure of his work may crumble to dust at any moment, his influence will endure for ever."

While the crowd before the gate were praying and chatting, Prince Salim in his own apartment in the palace was anxiously waiting for the happy news—the news of his loving father's death.

"We shall know in a moment" the Prince was saying, with evident joy. "I sent Khaja Sharif to glean the news, for he is the only person in whom I have confidence."

"There he comes," said a companion, "and see how rapidly he walks. I congratulate your Majesty; he surely brings some happy tidings."

"May no catastrophe intervene now, for it will be a real misfortune," exclaimed Salim, as his heart beat violently under his vest. "The old man seems to have a great deal of vitality, and may yet revive. Unhappy Khusru has thrown in his lot with him. I am in a frightful anguish."

"Oh! Your Highness will act and triumph," cried the courtiers.

"I am ready to do anything," exclaimed Salim, "I won't allow the youthful and unthinking boy to consummate the ruin of true religion by his foolish actions."

"You are the preserver of true religion," exclaimed his companion. The Emperor never nominated him as your successor.

Was not the omen itself in your favour when your elephant drove his elephant away in the very presence of his dying Majesty ? ”

“ True, His Majesty was a little annoyed,” said Prince Salim, “ at my not allowing His Majesty’s elephant to help that of his proud grandson, but even then he said, ‘ All elephants will soon be his.’ ”

In the meantime the Khaja, perceiving the Prince waiting for him, threw aside dignity and broke into a run ; and plunging into the doorway below, he climbed the stairs with great rapidity, and rushed breathlessly through the ante-chamber to the apartments of the Prince.

“ We shall know now, we shall know now,” cried Prince Salim as the secretary rushed into the room. There was asking of questions and exclamations, raising quite a hubbub over the news which the messenger was delivering.

“ His Majesty passed a bad night,” the messenger was saying, “ he could scarcely sleep ; he may be carried off in two hours. Hakim Ali holds out no hope.”

“ The Hakims never know,” said Sallim, “ what a misfortune if death is deferred for a few days.”

“ He cannot live long,” the messenger added, “ he passed such a sleepless night and his strength is fast ebbing away.”

“ Ah ! but we must act in the meanwhile,” said Prince Salim, “ our faithful followers ought to be all about the palace to take charge of it and close it when the blessed moment comes.”

“ It cannot be far off,” replied the messenger, “ the throne awaits your Majesty.”

“ Well, well,” said Prince Salim, “ the old man cannot keep me from my right very long. He has had his day and has no right to linger on now.”

A mournful and oppressive silence reigned in the room where Akbar lay on his bed, which the bright winter sun filled with such a delightful warmth and radiance, but it seemed unable to cheer up the inmates of the sick chamber. Man Singh and Mirza Aziz talked aside in muffled tones, while Hakim Ali sat beside the bed of the Emperor, mixing up some powerful potions, in the vain hope of effecting the impossible, but Akbar seemed to be in deep slumber ; his eyes were closed and his chest swelled with but faint breathing,

the soul which seemed aflame with heavenly fire seemed already to have quitted its earthly tabernacle.

"Brother" said Khan Azim, "His Majesty cannot live long. God knows what may be in store for us. Would to Heaven we had quitted this earth before him, like so many other devoted friends."

"Destiny has preserved us for some uncommon end," added Man Singh mournfully. "The habits and ways of Prince Salim are well-known, and unless he changes a great deal, our career has come to a close."

"Ah ! If we could quietly retire," murmured Khan Azim, "and pass our days at home till we are called in."

"Impossible," said Raja Man, "we cannot leave Sultan Khusru in the hands of his enemies."

"True," said Khan Azim, "he is a promising young Prince and may be a worthy successor of our beloved Emperor. Why should not we help him to the throne ?"

"I am willing to do my best for Sultan Khusru," said Raja Man Singh, "as for Salim, even His Majesty does not like the idea of his succeeding, and except a set of libertines, Salim has no following."

"We can easily manage it," said Khan Azim, "we can put Salim into a prison and declare Sultan Khusru, his son, as Emperor."

"It is not a bad idea," said Raja Man, "and it may save the country from misrule and anarchy which must follow the rule of Prince Salim, but there will be some bloodshed at the outset which may lead to civil war. It is true that Prince Salim has no following, but let me assure you that all those turbulent spirits who were held in check by His Majesty, the fanatic Mahomedans and others, our own enemies, would soon flock to his standard."

"Of course that must be taken into consideration," Khan Azim replied ; "by arresting Prince Salim by a bold *coup* we may quench the flame of insurrection once for all, for it will be a melancholy thing to close the reign of good and mighty Akbar with bloodshed."

Hakim Ali had administered some medicine which seemed to revive the dying Akbar wonderfully. Akbar opened his eyes and beckoned Khan Azim and Man Singh to approach and then said in a firm though feeble voice:—"Friends, the words that passed between

you both have reached my ears ; for days and days, lying on this bed I have been thinking of the same things, and I at last leave my work in His hand whose instrument I have been. He can use His tools as He wishes, and it is useless to think of that which is not in our hands. Do you the same. Salim is my rightful successor and you too acknowledge him your sovereign. Fain would I set my beloved Khusru on the throne, but I don't wish to set a father and son fighting. Call in all the chiefs, Prince Salim, and all the dignitaries that I may see them before I close my eyes for ever."

"Your commands will be obeyed," said Man Singh as tears rolled down his cheeks. "Why desert us thus ? Whither shall I hide myself, for the world seems to dissolve and I remain companionless, among new men, strange faces, and new minds darkening my years ?"

"Friend," said Akbar, drawing a thicker breath, "the old order changeth, giving place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways. Comfort thyself. We have lived and done our work and He will do what is best."

Man Singh and Khan Azim, unable to control themselves, burst into tears, while Akbar looked at them with infinite love and compassion.

In the meanwhile, Prince Salim and Sultan Khusru with the chief dignitaries of the State respectfully approached the bed. Akbar once more opened his eyes and signed to Man Singh to invest Prince Salim with the turban and robes which had been prepared for him and to gird him with his own sword. As Akbar made a sign as he bowed his head before his successor, all the others prostrated themselves on earth and acknowledged Salim as their sovereign ; but just at that moment the heart put forth its last convulsive effort and ceased to beat. Nature outside—wood and wide lawn and cloudless far-off sky—shone at her fairest. Salim hurried out of the room, while Man Singh and Khan Azim stood as if struck with lightning, their cheeks withered, their hearts swelled up with emotion, forgetful of the bustle which went on around them, and then the seraglio gate opened and there poured into the room stately forms, with dishevelled hair, their garments torn, rending the skies with their cries and lamentations, and the fairest of them all, Akbar's favourite wife, the Rajput princess, laid his head upon her lap. "My Sovereign ! my Lord ! my Emperor !" she cried, "here I am

with you, now speak to me once again. We part not like this, I am coming to you if you won't return to me, we shall never part for ever and ever. Ah ! the delay is hateful. I cannot linger on earth without you. I am coming, I am coming," she laid the head gently on the bed and then ran out of the room to her own apartment.

"Ah ! bring me my jewels, my ornaments," she cried, "and my best clothes ; this is my last wedding day, and lay them on the pyre that there be no delay. I am already with my beloved under the bridal canopy. Hasten, girls, hasten, you will not be lazy in doing me this last service."

She put aside her torn clothes, she bathed herself in the waters of the Ganges, dressed herself like a new bride, and, with a smile upon her lips, she mounted the sandal-wood pile which the maids had prepared for her, placed Akbar's sword in her lap, and then cried, "Here we are together again," and without a sign of anguish or pain fell dead upon her fiery bed ; a flame lit up the pile as if put there by invisible hands and was soon consumed, while the maids rent the sky with their lamentations as they showered flowers on the burning embers.

In the meantime the body of Akbar lay solitary in his chamber, two or three moulvies recited the Quran beside it, while the courtiers and others were busy in trying to win favour of the new Emperor. Those on whom Akbar's bounty had heaped every luxury now crowded round the newly organized court of Salim, who was happy in the thought of his at last coming to the throne after a weary waiting. Then they bathed Akbar's body in perfumed waters, wrapped it in a white sheet, covered the body with costly shawls, and placed it in the coffin, and carried him out of the Ninety-nine Gates to the Bihisht Bag or Garden of Paradise, some six miles from Agra at Sekandra, where Akbar had built his own mausoleum, and as they bore him to it a great crowd poured in from all sides to follow the sacred remains of their mighty Emperor. Hindus and Mohammedans came from all directions, from all ranks of society, solemnly following the mighty monarch to his last resting place. As Akbar was unique among his contemporaries, so was the place of his burial ; there gleamed in the morning sunlight the slender minarets and shapely domes of white marble rising above the

luxuriant foliage. The red sandstone wall girdled the garden, within which rose the fairy castle, with its amazing wealth, gracious variety and solemn majesty, ready to receive its imperial tenant ; waters murmured over the artificial waterfalls, beautiful fountains sent up their splashing waters as the breeze swept across laden with perfume from fragrant flowers, which sparkled like gems in the emerald green. Slowly they carried the body to its last resting place in the burial chamber underneath, lighted by a small loophole and unadorned ; gently they placed the body into the tomb ; his face towards the rising sun in contravention of the Mohammedan custom which turns the face to Mecca. The Hindus performed their own burial ceremony and recited their last hymns, while the Mohammedans offered up their prayers ; a Moulvie and a Pandit took their station near the tomb when all retired, and even now their descendants guard the mighty Akbar's tomb, and one feels therein the rare spirit of him whose last remains it shrouds.

(To be continued.)

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JOGENDRA SINGH.

KUTALLAM.

— — —
Trikuta, let me sing of thee,
A little spot, a little song,
A little sojourn 'neath thy cliffs
Will right a little world gone wrong.

For ever to thy pillared shrines
The peasant seeks the rocky road,
And simply leaves his simple sins
Beneath thy purifying flood—

A flood of sorrow o'er a cliff
Black, sheer and sudden as distress,
Yet nestling in the riven rock
A little house of holiness.

Lo ! a poor pilgrim from the West,
Aweary of the dusty way,
Would grip thine iron altar rails
And bow his head beneath thy spray ;

Among the children of the world,
A child again, he too would stand
And cling to God's appointed rock
Or grasp the peasant's friendly hand.

And when the mountain storms had sent
A flood so heavy none could bear,
The firmer would he grasp the rail,
The humbler tread the slippery stair,

Till, when the steep was safely climbed,
The holy temple gained at length,
The pilgrim glowing from the wave,
Would bless his God for new-found strength ;

Would see as with the hermit's eyes,
Agaze on God the livelong day,
And share the *sadhu's* ecstasy
Who flings the jingling world away.

So, though around the fields are green,
And lotus tanks are rosy red,
And bamboos wave a welcoming,
He seeks thy rugged mount instead,

Three-peakéd, holding aye aloft,
Above the verdant plain of days,
The Godhead bodied forth in rock,
Divinity in stony ways.

R S. L.

Trivandrum.

AN INDEPENDENT UNIVERSITY.

THERE has been not a little discussion during recent months as to the feasibility and desirability of establishing a Mahomedan University in India. The writer of this article, being but a stranger and a sojourner in the land, has made no serious attempt to follow the various turns of the debate, or the arguments, national, religious and educational, which have been advanced on either side. He has had, however, the misfortune to be connected, though only for a brief period, with the teaching work of the University of Bombay, and this has induced him to put on record a few comments on the Indian University systems, which, while containing, no doubt, errors due to comparative ignorance and inexperience of the country's needs, may yet be not entirely without value. As a student and teacher in different parts of the world, he has been brought into touch with the requirements of no less than half a dozen universities' programmes, and has studied them with no little interest.

How far it is possible or desirable to establish, in a country like India, a University of the European type, giving instruction in Western literature and science, is an interesting speculation. The Government of India has attempted the task and has failed ignominiously. Lack of funds has had something to do with it, no doubt, but yet not everything. In a country where living, for the Mahomedan and the Hindu, is so extraordinarily cheap, there ought to be no difficulty in supplying a great number of teachers, as in Germany, devoted to their work and content with little pay. That no such body of teachers has sprung up or is likely to spring up, may not be due to the University system alone. But under the present system, no such body could spring up.

An independent University, as a possible centre of culture and science, should be welcomed by all who look beyond the immediate need of a body of partially educated clerks to fill minor posts in the

Government service. Whether the culture should be oriental or occidental is, after all, a question of secondary importance. What really matters is that *some* school of higher learning should somehow be called into being.

Judging from the University of Bombay (which may or may not fall below the level of other Indian universities) a careful observer is inclined to infer that the object of the present system is to promote and perpetuate a sort of memory competition between rival cramming institutions. In the course of a discussion concerning its shortcomings, a suggestion having been thrown out that the University might do well to introduce the system of testing students in their knowledge of subjects rather than of books, the principal of one of the larger of these colleges urged, in all seriousness, the objection that it would handicap unfairly the smaller institutions, "whose teachers would not know sufficiently accurately what the examiners would require." To the proposal to bring the History curriculum a little more up to date, the same gentleman replied that men like Professor X., having prepared their courses of lectures on the books at present prescribed, would be unwilling to "get up" any more modern books.

Here, then, I think, we have the keynote of the system. The University exists for the sake of fair, unbiassed competition between colleges striving against one another for the distinction of preparing successfully the highest percentages of students capable of reproducing the contents of a set of text books, which may or may not be accurate and up-to-date, but which must at least be lengthy and difficult. It is much as if the University should request Government to deport summarily all lecturers possessing qualifications above a certain level, or to disqualify colleges that attempt to acquire any unfair advantage through engaging such professors. Instead, the University contents itself with endeavouring to strangle such teachers in endless folds of red tape, and, by its particular form of examinational competition, levelling the strong colleges down to what, I suppose, should be called a sportsmanlike equality with the weak.

No objection is here raised to the system of external examinations as such, or even to the theory of an educational system dominated entirely by examinations. The writer sees no evil in such a

system, provided only the examinations are of a high type. Under the Indian University system, the examinations fall almost inevitably to tests of a very low type.

By a low type is not meant an easy standard. On the contrary, the examinations of the University of Bombay are exceptionally severe. Few first-class Oxford or Cambridge men could reach without much additional effort the first-class level in History or Philosophy. But the Bombay University examinations test practically nothing but memory, and memory often of things not worth remembering. By the system of testing students in their knowledge of the contents of a few set books, this University encourages what other Universities earnestly combat (though admittedly only with partial success even under the most favourable circumstances). To the students, if any there be, who could score 100 per cent. in the B. A. History examinations, the writer of this article would like to repeat Herbert Spencer's remark to the young man who beat him badly at billiards: "Sir, your phenomenal ability is only too evident proof of a mis-spent youth."

Under the present system the examinations must almost necessarily be held by professors engaged in actual teaching work. Now, Government requires of its professors, usually, twelve hours' teaching work per week. To do this thoroughly the professor must in the beginning devote his whole energies to the task, and neglect almost entirely his own intellectual pursuits. When, after a few years' experience, he has at last reduced the work of preparation to routine of the same mechanical nature as dressing and shaving, and at the same time has given to the delivery of his lectures the exquisite finish of a gramophone performance, he is free to turn his real strength to his own studies, treating his professorial emoluments as the equivalent of the income from an Oxford or Cambridge fellowship. All his natural instincts then work in the direction of preventing alterations and improvements in the University curricula. For none but men of Herculean strength and great force of character could deliver twelve lectures a week in subjects which were being kept up-to-date by the controlling influence of outside examiners each interested in his own special department of academic work. And men of such calibre are not likely to be attracted into the present Indian Educational Service.

Thus, the whole system almost inevitably stultifies itself. The Government pays high salaries to English University men to come out and undertake the task of shovelling rubbishy facts down the parched throats of industrious examinees, though it could find any number of board-school masters to perform the work much more efficiently at half the cost.

If, then, an independent University—Mahomedan or other—is ever established in India, it is to be hoped that it will not destroy its possibilities of usefulness by asking individual scholars, even though they be of the highest standing, to undertake single-handed the work of whole departments; that it will not discourage its teachers from independent thought by subjecting them to the continuous ignominy of acting as mere examination coaches; and that if examinations play any part at all in the system, it will see that they do not degenerate into competitive tests of physical endurance on the part of teachers and students.

There can be no high standard of culture in a University unless the professors are themselves students, devoting themselves with a whole-hearted intensity to the advancement of learning. And a generous zeal for independent study and research, though stimulated rather than checked by a moderate amount of teaching work, inevitably succumbs before a twelve hours' weekly lecture programme. Let the supporters of an independent University see that at least they do not put their trust in a group of twelve-hour professors.

Competition between rival institutions can be made to serve the most diverse ends. Its main object should be to *level up* the lower to the higher. In the Bombay scheme it achieves the result of *levelling down* every competing college to the standard of the lowest. A narrow range of books must be prescribed lest the teachers in certain institutions (honest and well-meaning institutions, no doubt) should not "know sufficiently accurately what the examiners would require." Could anything be more ridiculously futile?

The various curricula may be more wisely drawn up in other Indian Universities than in Bombay—the writer has not looked into the matter closely enough to say so definitely. The programmes in mathematics and science may be less obstructive of good work than those in history, economics and literature—his range is not

sufficient to enable him to judge. But that the Bombay curriculum is in the main a positive hindrance to the work of the genuine student, there can be no doubt.

As things stand, no undergraduate has time to study any of his subjects. To read widely is to waste his time. He *must* master the contents of the books prescribed. To do so he is driven to attend, on an average, from four to six lectures a day, a time-table which leaves him no leisure or energy for anything but passive absorption of facts. How can he afford time to *think* consecutively for an hour at a time on any of the problems suggested by his reading? His English literature has to be got up from text books in which the words of the author are swamped beneath floods of voluminous notes. The writer remembers once having to teach an English classic in an Australian school with the help of an Indian professor's annotated edition. It was with the utmost difficulty that time could be found for the class to read the work which served as an excuse for the annotator's remarks. Through lesson hour after lesson hour the class wallowed in endless "notes"—an experience not easy to forget. The notes themselves have long since been forgotten—by the teacher, if not by the ill-used class. But if he should ever be asked, suddenly, to name the chief exports of India, his first instinct would almost certainly be to answer, absent-mindedly, "Notes—Notes—Notes."

Here, then, are some of the evils which an Indian University established under happier auspices should aim at escaping: competition that levels down and not up; excessive demands on the time of those who should be devoting their whole energies to maintaining a high standard both in the class-room and on the examination programmes; searching examinations on single books which hold the student from studying his subject and discourage the teacher from giving of his best (seeing that he dare not turn aside to illuminate his subject by digressions into allied fields and by thorough treatment of points which he is capable of treating thoroughly).

No University can hope to be perfect. But the grotesque blunders which force themselves on the notice of the most casual observer of Bombay University conditions can without difficulty be avoided. To establish another institution with similar defects would be to set the hands of the clock back for another space of

years ; while a small college, characterised by humble aspirations honestly pursued without regard to outside appearances, would be, in the Presidency of Bombay, at least, a veritable oasis in a Sahara of barren learning.

LEONARD ALSTON.

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SHALLOWS.

What curious shallows has the human heart !
 What subtle intricacies in them lie !
 What complex woven webs of finest art,
 What possibilities that make one start !
 Cobwebs of rubbish and mere vanity.

What one will think and what another say ;
 A moment's admiration to be caught ;
 To cap some slight with acid words that flay ;
 Some trifling boredom to be brushed away,
 And life is wasted on mere senseless nought.

A joke at the expense of some dear friend
 A passing whim that has got nothing in't ;
 Things made important that can serve no end,
 But have an ugliness that will not blend
 With higher thoughts, and had been better stint—

These are the sorts of things that make the play
 Of figures in the shallows of the mind ;
 That catch and in its course distort the ray
 That falls into its bosom from bright day,
 And else had shone in truer, clearer kind.

Happy the minds, and happier the hearts
 Whose shallows are in sympathy with deeps
 To which the living ray of heaven imparts
 Clear views and freedom from distorting arts,
 Where, far removed from storms, the soul its vigil keeps.

JOHN CLELAND.

Glasgow.

EMILIE DE MORSIER.

(Concluded from our last number.)

II.

IF one undertakes to peruse without prejudice the collection of addresses which Mme. de Morsier delivered, in order to direct and defend the *Humanitarian Mission of the Modern Woman*,* one will quickly be surprised at the weakness of her proofs, the insufficiency of her documentation, the almost constant faults of reasoning. As a rule, this public speaker, whose influence was nevertheless indisputable—and presently we shall see why—neglects to prove the theses which she advances. Her profound conviction, no doubt, caused her to think that it was sufficient to enunciate her propositions in order to demonstrate their validity. That is a somewhat hasty procedure, and the rules of sound logic, from Aristotle downwards, claim more preparation.

Thus, Mme. de Morsier thought she had discovered that "it is by their imagination that women divine the beautiful and the true in whatever form they may be clothed."† The opinion seems at least debatable, since down to the present day, the imagination has not enjoyed too good a reputation among moralists of all confessions, who have not felt any constraint in calling it a Will o' the Wisp, and to lay at its charge the worst errors of feminine frivolity. This paradox therefore needed proof. A few sentences before, the speaker had indeed insinuated that imagination only became a defect through abuse or misuse. That is not sufficient. It was necessary to distinguish, analyse and explain. There is nothing here, nothing but, so to speak, a paragraph-mark, and we pass on to another subject.

When by chance her reasoning is stated in terms, it is not very much better. The syllogism was never a success with Mme. de Morsier. She would say without hesitation: "Prostitution being

* Vol. 1. Fischbacher, Paris 1897.

† "Review of Progressive Morality," December, 1887.

considered necessary is authorised, therefore it is encouraged by the governments,"* which in good logic is an example of bad reasoning. Any manual of logic will tell you that the conclusion must not be stated in more general terms than the premisses, because the *greater* cannot be contained in the *less*. Independently of these formal rules, the attentive reader will notice that when affirming that the idea of authorisation contains that of encouragement, the speaker propounded a theory without evidence. When a government *authorises* the liberty of the press, does it follow that it *encourages* the articles which will endeavour to bring about its downfall?

I am the less willing to insist on the bad logic of Mme. de Morsier because this was due not to her intelligence, which was very great, but to an education sadly lacking in philosophical training. If only this woman had been born fifty years later, and had been able to attend our universities, it is certain that by familiarising herself with mental gymnastics, she would easily have succeeded in deducing her theses better and in proving them by a more exact method; but would she then have contrived to give them a more persuasive eloquence? . . . In a word, in these addresses, what comes from her mind often appears hazarded and unsafe; what comes from her soul is always definite and definitive. Rarely has theory seemed more dead, rarely more verdant the golden tree of life! If the ratiocination of Emilie de Morsier is at fault, her heart, her admirable heart, is in the right, for

A tear-drop simply falls, and cannot lose its way! . . .

Her lectures, her sociological studies, her private letters and the leaves of her diary are illuminated with burning phrases which reveal the profound and palpitating life of those who greatly love. She will exclaim, for example, when thinking of the ceaselessly menaced peace of her family circle: "When one loves passionately, this mortal life is terrible! . . .", and elsewhere, as a woman warned by experience of all possible and probable dangers: "To be a mother is hell! . . ." During the nine days that her father, so tenderly loved, lay dying, her hand could only trace the outline of a cross on the nine pages of her journal, a cross with the single word, "Pity!" Then on the 12th she wrote, "At last, deliverance! . . .", on the 13th, "He is gone away in the white snow,

* Address at the Paris Penitentiary Congress, July, 1895.

covered with flowers," and on the 14th of February, 1895 : " Everything is finished for me ! "

In another respect, too, she was fond of giving this sentimental reason for her humanitarian activity. " What would you have ?—it is only the unhappy that interest me, the others bore me." And did she not also proclaim with significant energy that " Egoism is the vice of respectable people ? " Although Swiss by birth and marriage, she would readily speak of her heart as being that of a French-woman. If one expressed surprise, her reply was this : " Forgive me for forgetting the country of my birth, but a poet has said,

On est toujours du pays que l'on aime !

Your native country is the land you love ! "

In another place there is the following utterance of her deep-seated love of humanity : " We women find our native land wherever there is suffering ! " . . . And so many, many other phrases that by their impassioned resonance compel the reader to pause and consider, to be found on every page of her books, in every hour of the life of this noble and tender-hearted woman !

It was enough to have met Mme. de Morsier, to have felt the charm of her glance, the magic of her voice, to form some idea of the depth of her sensibility. For my part I saw but little of her and that in the autumn of her life—but how much more charm had this autumn than so many springs ! . . . As soon as a discussion was started, Mme. de Morsier's looks were more convincing than her arguments ! . . . At a distance of twenty years I remember having heard her defend certain little-known books—for the cause of those unknown to fame was always dear to this disinterested advocate—with such radiating warmth as to make me fear they were unappreciated masterpieces. But when the opportunity offered to peruse these volumes, I found in them, alas ! none of the qualities attributed to them by the inexhaustible generosity of this most generous heart. So that if certain authors have a permanent place in the memory of some of us—for my case was certainly not unique—it was solely because they had the good fortune to be defended by Emilie de Morsier.

Further, her powers of persuasion were less due to the sense of her words than to the quality of her voice, a voice that was not to be forgotten, a rich, deep mezzo-soprano, almost an alto, with something metallic in its tone which gave it a touching, penetrating

quality. It seems that in her early years Mme. de Morsier was fond of singing. "What was necessary," relates one of her admirers, "to prevail upon her to interpret a page of her favourite composers, Gluck or Schumann, was congenial surroundings and a certain state of exaltation. Then her whole being vibrated; she became a human lyre quivering in all its strings. This emotional power was a great gift and also a temptation." At one time this born musician thought of devoting herself to music. There was in her, perhaps, the making of a great singer. But, as the same friend explains, "Those who are claimed by the pity of humanity or summoned by the problem of eternal Truth, are forced to bid a dolorous farewell to Beauty!"

Up to the end, however, her musical tastes were among those she was most willing to gratify. One should read her impressions on first hearing *Parzival*, at the time of her first visit to Bayreuth. "A certain physical distress, caused by emotion and the fear that it would be too much for me, somewhat spoilt the commencement of the piece, but this feeling was quickly dispelled. I cannot tell why it was that, at the moment of the entry to the *Graal*, there took place within me an overwhelming burst of feeling; I broke into tears and had to bite my handkerchief in order to resist" She takes pleasure in remarking the solicitude of the theatre-attendants on seeing her cheeks bathed in tears. In her excellent treatise on *Parzival, or the Idea of Redemption*, Mme. de Morsier generalises her first feelings of emotion as follows: "The effect is so unlike everything else that one nearly loses consciousness. The *ego*, crushed and annihilated by the revelation of this music which makes it live, in a single instant, through the mystery of eternal life, sinks down into nothingness before the Infinite, the Ineffable Splendour, God!" *

The reader may now begin to perceive the reasons—reasons principally of sentiment—which induced this large-hearted woman, sometimes to the regret of her Genevan family, to denounce the greater number of the conventional lies of society. If she had obeyed the severe dictates of practical common-sense, would she have thrown doubts upon the justice of the law on adultery? Or would she have refused to allow that all sexual relations outside of marriage are to be condemned? She considered that her instinct of

* Vol. I, Fischbacher, 1889.

humanity was the surer guide, and thus it was that she did not hesitate to declare—I take at random this paradox on love—“There are some people living together in free union most honourably, because in their heart and conscience they consider the law on marriage to be too immoral and unjust to be submitted to.”*

One would only have to turn over the leaves of her addresses to draw up a complete creed of opinions just as subversive. Her courage was in every respect as great as her pity; if women's weakness found her always defenceless and at its mercy, she was always without any indulgence for those who seek to profit by this weakness. The sins committed *in the name of Love* moved her compassion, and to the same degree the sins committed *against Love* roused her indignation. With what contempt did she pose the question, for instance, “Where is the man who will admit that when, in no matter what class of society, he cleverly lays his snares to seduce a woman, he is no better than a crimp, a kidnapper?” Her sprightly fancy turns to mordant satire when she shows that Don Juan is still well-received in a society that has the pretension to call itself democratic. But frequently she had to be more inexorable—I do not select a passage, I quote at random: “Down to the present time public opinion has only stigmatised woman in the matter of prostitution, it is time now that it should apply the lash to man, who is just as guilty, and even more guilty, because he too often joins hypocrisy to vice. After being the accomplice of the woman, how can he pretend to become her judge?”

Through one experience after another, what might be called the moral socialism of Emilie de Morsier was developed, perhaps unconsciously. But however far she went in her acquaintance with sin, she never—such was the superiority of her heart over her mind—never ceased to hold that humanity is capable of perfection nor to believe in the immortality of the Good. “So from generation to generation, throughout the ages, will germinate, grow and reproduce itself that little seed you sowed on the day when you held out

* Against the conventions of the law on adultery, see the address to the French committee of the *Federation*, in February 1882, and against conventional ideas on marriage and free love, see the Open Letter to the Director (?) of *Women's Rights*, dated the 26th May, 1882.

your hand to the poor prisoner of St. Lazare. And I say to you, that even if we should have no other proof, this is a proof of the immortality of the Good !”*

On the 15th of January, 1896, in the Protestant church at Passy, before the bier of Mme. de Morsier, the Reverend Benjamin Couve pronounced these words : “ In this woman there was something heroic and chivalrous ; she loved difficult things, causes imperilled, movements that had to be fought for, imprisoned souls, as she also loved lofty thoughts, adventurous quests, explorations and conquests in the unknown ! ”

III.

“ *Explorations and conquests in the unknown !* ” This psychological outline would be incomplete if we did not indicate the investigations which Mme. de Morsier pursued and the results at which she arrived in the domains of religious Faith and Hope. The four clergymen in Paris and Geneva, asked to pronounce what might be called her funeral oration, finding that Protestant usage is opposed thereto, stepped very carefully in skirting this difficult subject. Two of them, however, belonged to those advanced Protestant sects which hold that religion is possible without mysteries, miracles and dogmas. Therefore the independence in religious matters of her whose moral character they were to eulogise gave them no cause for alarm. Yet neither of them judged the moment a propitious one to mention that although Mme. de Morsier was born, baptised, confirmed and married in the Protestant faith, and had also remained a Protestant in her religious observances, her reason had long ceased to admit and her heart had long ceased to practise the Calvinistic faith of her youth. †

* Address by Mme. de Morsier to the General Meeting of the Society of St. Lazare, January 27, 1884.

† It would be revealing a very poor knowledge of Buddhism to be astonished that Mme. de Morsier was able without hypocrisy to continue to join in public worship in a faith which she no longer held. It will not be superfluous, after calling to mind that the teaching of Buddha Gautama is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of complete tolerance, and that it is one of the few religions that has never persecuted or suppressed the adherents of another faith, to point out that the Buddhist Catechism (paragraphs 143-145) recommends the repetition of sentences, the reading of the scriptures, the hearing of sermons, all the spiritual exercises, in short, which lift up the believer and incline him to meditation. We even read that “ External religious observances all pursue the same aim. Therefore they are all important and indispensable for the worldly votary.”

M. Ferrière alone, that pastor who, through his excess of the analytical spirit, has come to be no longer anything but a religious psychologist, dared to remark that "Mme. de Morsier had broken completely with traditional doctrines, but she had retained both their moral substance, which is charity, and what I might call their religious substance, that is to say, a firm hope in the hereafter."

But no hesitation is admissible, and the real confidant of this beautiful soul, M. Edouard Schuré, will state in precise terms that "Mme. de Morsier turned away from Christian ideas, and it was in the Hindoo doctrine of the evolution of the soul through progressive existences that she was able to assuage her thirst for spiritual life and understanding. This doctrine seemed to her the only rational form of immortality according to the analogous laws of universal life, and she always retained a lively feeling of emotion for the Buddha, who seemed to her the most touching incarnation of universal meekness, embracing the whole universe, even to animals and plants, in his gentle compassion and in his brotherly arms."

The subject becomes so delicate that it will be preferable as far as possible to let Mme. de Morsier explain her creed herself henceforward.

The past and future of our individual conscience, of human and immortal conscience, were always among the problems that her thoughts would centre themselves upon. She was not thirty years old when she translated from the English a book of imaginary theology, of which the title, *Half-opened Doors*, will suffice to make one understand what were these redoubtable doors, and upon what extra-terrestrial world the audacious hand of Miss Elizabeth Phelps endeavoured to partly open them. This interest in the conditions of immortality (whether with the Christians we say of *our soul* or with the Buddhists of *our ego*) continuing to pre-occupy her, and as her social activity increased her knowledge of life, she soon came to think that there might be a connection not only between the present existence and the hereafter, but also between the present state and a previous one. In other words, she refused to admit that there was in our destiny anything fortuitous or accidental. "There are chance events in life," wrote she, "which are perhaps no other than the accomplishment of laws still unknown, and sincere good-will is as

sure to meet the elements of which it has need as are our meadows and fields of receiving showers and sunlight."* When she pronounced these words in 1884, Mme. de Morsier was not unaware that the Buddhist Catechism states (paragraph 125) : "There is no chance. . . . If our vision were sufficiently wide we should recognise that all facts in appearance accidental are in reality bound to us by a long series of effects which determine both their manner, their time and their place."

However this may be, the idea pursued her, and five years later this seeker after the Ideal thought herself able to draw the following conclusion as to immortality : "There are many strange and mysterious things in this life which will be explained elsewhere, for earthly life is too short for the history of souls to be written on it in its entirety."† Mme. de Morsier, then, had become one of those who think that "the drama of individual existence is not played to the finish on this earth."‡ "What a strange mystery is destiny !" she would write more explicitly in one of her family letters. "How should one not live in the constant thought of death when one is struck by so many blows ? And yet we ought to live for life, without taking any thought for this accident, which indeed stops nothing. So that it is not because we have to die that we must live a good life, but because we live for ever, without interruption, and because *the road that we do not cover here, will be left to do elsewhere !*" The same thing is said in the *Dhammapadam* : "*Neither in the distances of immeasurable space, nor in the depths of the vast oceans, nor in the bowels of the stony mountains, shalt thou find a refuge to escape from the fruit of thy misdeeds.*"

Hitherto Mme. de Morsier had never explained her theology, or rather her religious philosophy, since, to be exact, Buddhism has no theology, and let it be said in passing, it is *that* no doubt which has enabled it to win over the third part of terrestrial humanity and to be for Christianity the only really formidable adversary. It is therefore impossible to define up to what point her theories of

* * Address by Mme. de Morsier at the General Meeting of the Society. . . of St. Lazare, Jan. 27th, 1884.

† Address at the same, Feb. 10th, 1889.

‡ *Idem.*

reincarnation, the *ego*, the *Karma*, and *salvation*, or to employ Buddhist terminology, *nirvana*, are in conformity with the pure doctrine of the royal son of the tribe of the Sakyos. From two notes in her study of *Parzival* we can conclude with great probability, especially when remembering what precedes, that Mme. de Morsier considered "the soul to be as it were the living nucleus of human personality in formation and in evolution through numerous existences." "This Oriental conception seems to apply in a general way," she says further on, "to a succession of lives in the limits of form and space, such as we are able to imagine them now, but it does not specify whether this return ought of necessity to take place on our planet. *As we leave off worn-out garments to take new ones, so the soul leaves the worn-out bodies to wear new bodies*, says the *Bhagavad Gita*. Yet this word *body* does not necessarily or solely apply to our earthly body!"

Having arrived at this disputable yet reasonable point of Buddhist faith, it was to be feared that the mind of Emilie de Morsier, guided here as in all her undertakings by its excessive sensibility, would seek, and try to cross, the first bridge of hope that seemed to her to join the visible world of the beings that exist, to the invisible world of the beings that have been or are yet to be. And so she was likely to take for truths the hypotheses of occultism, like a misguided Buddhist who wrongly lends his ear to the venturesome speculations of the philosophers of China and Tibet.* "You know I am sceptical as regards spiritistic phenomena," she writes to a lady friend, "but I am a believer in the mysterious spiritual life which brings souls together in spite of the separation of death."† Hence her great friendship for the Duchess of Pomar, whose conversations with the soul of Mary Stuart have served as a laughing-stock for the public, and the important share—perhaps little understood—which she took in the labours of the *Theosophical Society*.

* The Buddhist Catechism expressly states (paragraph 156): "The Buddha has not announced any secret doctrine, but the road of deliverance for all; brahmanic clandestinity, mysticism, occultism and esoterism, these refuges of superstition and deceit were absolutely disapproved of by him." And in *suttam* 129 of the *Anguttaranikayo* we may read: "Three things, oh disciples, contain dissimulation and not frankness: women, priest, false guides!"

† Letter in 1886, to a friend.

Emilie de Morsier did not indeed consent to follow this romantic duchess into the land of dreams which she was pleased to call the *circle of the star of Christ*, except, as a reasonable confidante of these not very reasonable fantasies remarks, "in order to find an opportunity to dissipate certain errors, to combat a number of prejudices; in a word, to arouse consciences!" If appeals were heard of advantage to moral progress and necessary charity in the gilded salons of the Champs Elysées, where the public of the *fronde* crowded together as if to see a play—this European Buddhist was the person from whom they came. It was her way of showing her gratitude—and let who will blame her, I have not the heart, however remote from hers may be my point of view—her gratitude to those who had revealed to her the way to rise in spirit up to the new land of the beings who have quitted our planet. At all times, by the way, this necessity had possessed her, of remaining in spiritual communion with the dead. In 1882, she wrote in a private note-book, on the occasion of the death of a brother: "In order to meet our lost ones again, we must believe them to be still alive. It is not they who descend from the radiant spheres of the ethereal world to our sad earth; it is we who ascend, drawn upwards by their love into the radiation of their spiritual life. They are not lost for those who know how to go to them." * But the influence of the Duchess of Pomar on Emilie de Morsier was more considerable still, and that is why it seemed impossible to finish this sketch without naming this modern Armida, whose chief fault seems to have been her claim to practise enchantment in an age little inclined to favour magicians! It was, in fact, by her agency, whether accidental or providential, that Mme. de Morsier was enabled to make the acquaintance and ask questions of the Brahmans who, on different occasions, visited the theosophists of Paris. Thus was revealed to her the world of Buddhist philosophy which her education had ignored; complementary studies instructed her curiosity. Let us leave Emilie de Morsier to express the faith which sustained her in her ascent towards the Light and towards Truth :—

* "No, the Saviour is not an external being, a personal being, having appeared on the earth once only. He is living, and

* To my brother. *Nec ardua sestunt.* October, 1882.

has been living since the beginning of the world. He is the life of the world itself; all spirituality comes from him. He is God, being progressively incarnated in humanity. Similarly, the redemption is not performed once for all, but it is being incessantly accomplished by the action of soul on soul. Every man may virtually become a Saviour if he accomplishes in its perfection the law of love. Thus will be overthrown the egoistic notion of individual salvation obtained by a belief of the understanding alone. Man cannot be saved, that is to say, live as spirit, except by giving himself constantly for all ! ”*

It does not seem to be incumbent on me to judge Mme. de Morsier's religious beliefs any more than I have discussed her social theories. A portrait in order to be exact ought to make us think of a mirror. In face of the extraordinarily beautiful image which this one reflects, let us avoid any indiscretion. If any of my readers wished for another conclusion, let him draw it himself in accordance with his own personal *Credo*. At most it will be permissible to add that Mme. de Morsier ventured into the countries that border on dreams, and that it will seem natural to hear her, at the end, chanting her faith, like a true poetess :—

“From the threshold of the eternal spheres our spirit perceives new truths, truths which at times in their dreams the inspired poet, the philosopher, the scholar, partly see. Divine flowers which God sows across the worlds ! . . . And it is to gather them, near the fertile springs which in the boundless ether flow towards the harbour, that he has given wayfaring man Death.”

And now that by her death Emilie de Morsier has crossed the threshold, may it be hers to have found the truths she hoped for by her faith, and may it be hers to cull them as she sings, near the quiet fountains, in the changeless azure. Her life of sacrifice and courage, her soul devoted to Pity and the Ideal, seem to have deserved such a reward.

ERNEST TISSOT.

Paris.

* Let us point out for the last time that these grave declarations extracted from the volume on *Parzival* are in reality only close paraphrases of the Buddhist Catechism (see paragraph 104) : “No man can be set free by another, Each must save himself. The Buddha has only shown us the way by which each can become his own redeemer.” And see in the *Sutta-pitakam* the *Sermon of Benares*.

RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY IN ENGLAND.

IN the history of reform in Bengal no name stands out so prominently as that of Ram Mohan Roy. Indeed, he was the first to show the way, and others trod in his footsteps. What Ramanand was in Upper India, Ram Mohan was in Bengal. He held forth the torch at which those that came after him lit their candle. But for him there would have been no Debendra Nath, no Keshab, no Protap. He led the vanguard and these only followed him.

Religious reform was the first subject that engaged Ram Mohan Roy's attention. Having found idolatry rampant in the land, he levelled his battering ram against its Port-Arthur-like citadel. He laboured hard against it and his efforts were crowned with unique success. On the 20th August 1828, he established the first theistic church "for the worship and adoration of the Eternal, Unsearchable, and Immortal Being, who is the Author and Preserver of the universe." Thus was laid the foundation upon which the grand Brahmo Cathedral has since been built. But religious reform was not the only important matter which attracted Ram Mohan's attention. Some social evils which had taken deep and firm root and had assumed formidable shape were also warred against by him. Of these evils none was more painful and revolting to reason and common sense than the cruel, heartrending rite of *Sati*. He took up this matter in right earnest, and as he found a willing and earnest helper in that good and great ruler, Lord William Bentinck, succeeded in getting a Regulation passed by Government, abolishing that heinous and horrible practice. This salutary reform, however, was not at all liked by the orthodox Hindu community, and it was therefore not surprising that they rose up in a body and moved heaven and earth to get the Regulation repealed. They carried their complaint even to the foot of the throne of his Majesty the King.

Ram Mohan, who never did anything by halves, thought it necessary to proceed to England so that he might be in a better position to frustrate the efforts of the orthodox party. But this was not the only matter that induced him to visit the Far West. Indeed, civilised Europe, of which he had read and heard so much, had a great fascination for him, and he had long cherished an ardent desire to visit it, with the view of obtaining, as he says in one of his letters, "by personal observation a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religious and political institutions." But however strong this desire was, he could not direct his mind towards gratifying it before he had given a local habitation to his reformed church and shaken to its very foundation the edifice of social evils; and, as a matter of fact, it was not till he had achieved all these with more or less success that he wistfully turned his eyes towards that distant *Eldorado* which no native of India had ever before visited or even ventured to do so. Luckily for him, a glorious opportunity now presented itself, and he lost no time in availing himself of it. This was afforded by the titular Emperor of Delhi, who wanted to send a representative to the King in England, for the purpose of "bringing before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company." His Imperial Majesty, rightly thinking that he could not expect to find an abler and better man to advocate his cause, gladly fixed upon the great Hindu, and conferring upon him the then very rare title of Raja, deputed him as his agent to England for that purpose. Besides representing the Imperial grievances, Ram Mohan had two other objects in view, namely, *first*, to be present at the approaching discussion in the House of Commons at the renewal of the East India Company's charter, upon which the future Government of India, whether for good or for evil, largely depended; and *secondly*, as we have already hinted, to present memorials in favour of the abolition of *Sati* which he took with him from India, and to counteract the agitation* carried on there by the power-

* It appears that the orthodox party had made an appeal to the King in Council in the matter of the abolition of the Sati rite, against which they had made such a strong protest. The appeal was, as a matter of fact, preferred in due course, and was heard and determined in the regular way as provided by law and procedure.

ful orthodox leaders of Hindu society. Ram Mohan Roy sailed* for England on the 15th November, 1830, accompanied by his beloved foster-son, Rajaram Roy, and two Hindu servants. They sailed in the *Albion*, which was bound for Liverpool. While the ship was steering its course over the wide Indian ocean, it was overtaken by a terrible storm and was thereby placed in such a critical position that most of the crew and the passengers had given up all hope of life.

But, at last, the storm subsided and the sea resumed its normal state. The dreaded "Kalapani" † (*black water*), against the crossing of which Hindu custom and superstition had placed an almost insuperable barrier, was passed in safety. Surely, this was no ordinary feat for a Hindu of rank and position like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, and we cannot but admire his wonderful moral courage for having performed it in the teeth of such strong opposition. By this time Ram Mohan had established his reputation as a scholar, philosopher and reformer. He had written Bengali works on the *Vedanta*, translated into English some of the *Upanishads*, worsted

* Mr. James Sutherland, editor of the *Bengal Hurkara*, and subsequently professor of English literature in the Hooghly College, was a fellow passenger with Raja Ram Mohan Roy and his party in the ship. The particulars of the voyage have been thus graphically described by him: "On shipboard Ram Mohan Roy took his meals in his own cabin, and at first suffered considerable inconvenience from the want of a separate fireplace, having nothing but a common earthen *chula* on board. His servants too fell desperately sea-sick, (though, as if his ardour supported him against it, he himself never felt this malady at all), and took possession of his cabin, never moving from it, and making it, as may be easily conceived, no enviable domicile; in fact, they compelled him to retreat to the lockers, but still the kindness of his nature would not allow him to remove them. The greater part of the day he read, chiefly, I believe, Sanscrit and Hebrew. In the afternoon and the evening he took an airing on deck, and always got involved in an animated discussion. After dinner, when the cloth was removed, and dessert was on table, he would come out of his cabin also, and join in the conversation and take a glass of wine. He was always cheerful, and so won the esteem of all on board, that there was quite a competition who should pay him the most attention, and even the sailors seemed anxious to render him any little service in their power. During a gale of wind he would be upon deck, gazing at the foam-crested surges as they roared by the vessel and admiring the sublimity of the scene. On one occasion I brought on deck the 'Ocean Sketches,' and read to him the first piece, entitled the 'Breeze.' He at once recognised the fidelity of the picture, although not much given to poetical reading."

† What was said of Emerson by his countrymen might well be applied by the Hindus to Raja Ram Mohan Roy. "He cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and the glory of blue water."

many missionaries* in religious controversies, and established the Theistic Church. He had also given his hearty support to the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck of blessed memory, for the abolition of Sati,† or the burning of Hindu widows on the funeral pyre of their husband. He had also earned the warmest regard of that prince of Indian missionaries, Dr. Alexander Duff,‡ and had, as a matter of fact, achieved a world-wide reputation. When such a remarkable man, the great "Apostle of the East," whose name and fame had long preceded him to Europe, reached the shores of England, which he did on the 8th of April, 1831, it is no wonder that he should have received a most cordial reception from the great men of that blessed land of freedom. The Raja landed at Liverpool, and took up his lodgings at one of the hotels there. His arrival in England excited a considerable degree of interest. No sooner was his advent known in that famous city than almost every man of distinction in the place hastened to call on him. One of the first visits he received was from the three sons of William Roscoe, the celebrated historian of the Medici. They came, not merely on their own account, but to convey to him the "affectionate greeting" of their distinguished parent, whom paralytic affection had for years confined to his apartment. Ram Mohan lost no time in calling on Roscoe, who, though forbidden by his doctor to receive any visitor, made an exception in favour of the great Indian with whom he had before corresponded. The interview was deeply affecting, as it was their first and last meeting on this side of

* The Rev. W. Adam, a Trinitarian Christian missionary, who had come to India to propagate evangelical christianity. on being convinced by the strong unanswerable arguments of Ram Mohan Roy, that the doctrines of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and Atonement by the vicarious sacrifice of Jesus, were against the teaching of the Bible renounced Trinitarianism and became a Unitarian Christian. Ram Mohan and his friends used to attend Unitarian worship regularly, and it was only in 1828, when Adam's Unitarian church failed, that the Theistic church was founded.

† Referring to the abolition of *sati* by Lord William Bentinck, Ram Mohan fervently exclaimed, "May God load him with blessings!" (See Mary Carpenter's "Last Days of Raja Ram Mohan Roy," p. 95) The Regulation abolishing *sati* was passed on 4th December, 1829.

‡ It was with Ram Mohan's active co-operation and help that Dr. Duff's school was opened on the 13th July, 1830. Ram Mohan not only induced his friends to send their children to the school but also attended it himself regularly for some months to give it his countenance and support.

eternity. Ram Mohan heard of Roscoe's death while he was residing in London."

The first public place Ram Mohan attended at Liverpool was Dr. Grundy's Unitarian chapel. The sermon was *apropos* to the occasion—an exposition of the duty of unlimited charity in our judgments of the creeds of other men, and of their principles of belief. He listened to it with the utmost attention, and afterwards expressed himself to be very much pleased with it. After the sermon was over, the congregation, instead of dispersing, thronged up every avenue to get a near view of him; and it was not till they had heard him address them in their own language and shaken hands with him that they could be prevailed upon to allow him to return. After staying a few days at Liverpool, Ram Mohan started for the metropolis. On his way thither he halted at Manchester to see the great factories. The machinery, which seemed to live, and breathe, and move before him, attracted his attention and extorted his admiration; but the scene that followed at the great centre of manufacturing industry was curious and interesting. All the workpeople, men, women and children, left work and rushed in crowds to see the "great king of Ingee." After shaking hands with many of the "great unwashed," he turned round and addressed them, "hoping that they would all support the King and his Ministers in obtaining reform." His appeal was cordially responded to with loud shouts of "the King and Reformis for ever."

On the very night he reached London, Mr. Bentham, the great philosopher and law reformer, leaving his lonely hermitage where he had ensconced himself, in order that he might, to quote his own words, "consecrate every moment of his life to the service of mankind," came all the way round to see him. Thus, a very warm friendship sprang up between these two great men, which lasted until it was dissolved by death. The Englishman was proud of his Indian friend and gladly addressed him as an "intensely admired and dearly beloved collaborator in the service of mankind." But the venerable founder of the Utilitarian school was not the only great man that paid the Raja the honour of a visit. In fact, many of the most distinguished Londoners sought his friendship; and what to him appeared very remarkable, many of the so-called "Nabobs," whose *Huzurs* did not condescend to take any notice of

him in India, and who would not have allowed him to wait upon them at their *Kacharies* without being slipshod, were all eager to claim the honour of his acquaintance. Though many of the distinguished people wanted only to lionise him, yet there were several men who appreciated him and sought his company with a view to acquiring information about India. Among these were Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham, Sir William Horton, Sir Henry Strachey, and Sir Charles Forbes. With Brougham, then only known as the great advocate of popular education and of the abolition of slavery, Raja Ram Mohan was on terms of the closest and most confidential intimacy. But not only was the Raja honoured by the learned, he was honoured even by royalty itself. He was duly presented * to the King who gave him a cordial reception, and at the grand ceremony of the Coronation he was assigned a place by the side of the ambassadors of the Crowned Heads of Europe. On the opening of London Bridge, a splendid monument of engineering skill, he was invited by His Majesty to the dinner which was given in celebration of that event. The Court of Directors, though they refused to recognise his embassy and his title, treated him with honour. They entertained him at a public dinner on the 6th July in the name of the Honourable East India Company at the London Tavern.†

The Raja, active and energetic as he was by nature and habit, kept himself very busy while in England. He gave his evidence‡ before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Revenue and Judicial Systems of India; presented petitions to the House of Commons in the matter of the abolition of *Sati*, and had the satisfaction of being present in the House when the

* This very pleasing and agreeable office was performed by Sir T. C. Hobhouse, the then President of the Board of Control.

† Miss Carpenter thus speaks of the treatment which the Raja received in England: "Persons the most remarkable for their social standing and literary eminence sought his society, and highly esteemed the privilege of intercourse with him; he was received into our English homes not only as a distinguished guest, but as a friend, and when he was prostrated on the bed of sickness and of death in a foreign land, he was surrounded with the most loving attentions, tended with the most anxious solicitude, and finally laid in the grave surrounded with true mourners, who felt him akin to them in spirit if not connected with him by the ties of earthly relationship." See *Last Days*, (1875), pp. 52, 53.

‡ His evidence has since been embodied in a volume entitled "Exposition of the practical operation of the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India and of the general character and condition of its native inhabitants."

Appeal against such abolition was rejected on the 11th July 1832. Thus he succeeded in attaining the two minor objects of his mission, though he failed in achieving the main one for which he had gone to England, namely, the restoration of some provinces in the vicinity of Delhi to the Emperor ; but this failure, be it observed, was mainly due to the weakness and indecision of the aggrieved party himself.

From England the Raja passed over to France, which a few years before had no equal in power, wealth and magnificence. In that romantic land he received a most cordial reception, so much so that even the sovereign himself condescended to invite him to dinner. The Raja stayed at Paris for a few months, when, his health failing, he returned to England, but returned only to lay his bones at Bristol.

Thus passed away in a foreign land a very remarkable Indian, who, while living, was regarded as a prince among men, and though now dead long ago, still receives almost divine honour for the rich legacy of good and lasting work he has left to mankind.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

Hoogly, Calcutta.

A REMARKABLE PAIR.

THERE have lately appeared in these pages two appreciative articles on the poetic writings of the late Mrs. Malcolm Nicolson. The author of them seems to have known her chiefly through these poems, and, if I remember right, he has expressed a hope that someone might come forward who knew her personally and say something about the authoress of the "Garden of Kama."

The present writer can claim a short but very interesting acquaintance with General and Mrs. Nicolson, whom he met some twelve years ago at a certain military cantonment in India.

In outward appearance the General was a man who would command attention in any company. His towering stature and powerful face, with keen eyes that could annihilate at one moment and soften so luminously tender the next, made up a personality one is more apt to meet with in novels than in real life. Of his iron nerve and contempt of all danger those who knew him in his younger days could, if they would, tell many a fascinating story. When I knew him, much of his leisure thought wandered in the direction of psychology and transcendentalism, and it was curious to find that Mrs. Nicolson was absolutely identified with him in this strenuous longing to probe the mysteries of the unknown.

Well do I remember on one occasion, after we had had a long talk together as to the possibilities that existed along these lines, how he raised his clenched fists above his head and in an agony of eager longing cried out for some power whereby he might be enabled to lift one little corner of the veil that shrouds the unseen world from mortal eyes.

Just as eager, and even more so, was Mrs. Nicolson. In her nature there was no place for the ordinary conventionalities. Slim and girlish, with a sweet oval face and inquiring blue-grey eyes, with her brown hair falling loose upon her shoulders, you would have more readily taken her to be his daughter than his wife.

A strangely mated pair, but how bound together by close ties of thought and aspiration ! Unconventional, yes—think of it. She had never even a nod to spare for the goddess of Fashion before whom most of us fall down either willingly or unwillingly. She was most at her ease when, with a couple of cushions for support, she reclined on the floor of the room, and in her quick, impetuous, inquiring way would put eager questions upon all subjects that interested her. And, be it said, the ordinary conversation of men and women was not hers. Consequently, few there were who understood her or could appreciate her.

She went her own way and so did her husband, indifferent to the opinion of the great multitude who are so readily shocked by outward unconventionalities and eccentricities, and who cannot look deeper and see two souls, struggling for something more permanent and satisfying than the ephemeral gossip and banalities of society.

Truly, this harmonious pair were at one in their contempt for most things that common folk lay such store by. Were they wrong ? Each according to his own stature may be trusted to answer that question.

Mrs. Nicolson was deeply read, and that is not all. She would take a piece of canvas, a board, a japanned tray, or whatever was handy, and in an hour, out of her imagination, would paint a picture which, I make bold to say, the Committee of the Royal Academy would not have refused to hang. A genius, indeed, and 'Modesty' was her name. But she was restless and unhappy. All souls who are making definite progress must suffer, even as the physical body suffers the pains of its growth. It is only the ignorant who are happy. In the middle stages comes the realisation of the purpose of our evolution. And this man and this woman suffered this pain, and the pain was worth more than all the so-called pleasures of the multitude, who as yet cannot understand. "Just a little proof, one little sign," she would cry, "to quite convince me of that which I intuitively feel must be !" And afterwards, she wandered into strange places seeking for a sign. Of her adventures I know very little, but when we met again in London she told me something and she seemed to have found a partial answer.

Then to the world she gave the fruits of her pen.

Who shall understand the complexities of human nature ! The psychology of the mind is a study in everlasting possibilities. Desires unsatisfied often lead to religious ecstasies. In Mrs. Nicolson the crowning principle of Love found expression in passionate lyrics, which, alas ! have become so liable to misconstruction. There is the ideal and the real, and language finds it hard to express the ideal without materialising it to some extent.

Each reader will read his own nature into these poems, but that will not affect the writer. The predominant colours of her life were not reds and greens, but blues and radiant yellows. This, from what I personally know of her. A rare genius whom the world little understood.

* * * * *

And then, her death.

Her marriage was a marriage of souls. The affinity was very great, much more than exists between ordinary mortals. Why did she seek release from her body ? I know not, but can only guess from what I knew of her. She desired intensely to be with her twin soul, and she desired more eagerly than it is possible to put on paper to probe the secrets of life and death. Some suffering must be hers, poor soul, as the price of premature knowledge thus acquired, but may it be soon achieved ! Meanwhile, we may rest assured that these two lives will again find themselves together at some future time on this earth more and more perfectly equipped to run the race that is set before humanity in its long evolution towards perfection and final emancipation from re-birth, or in other words, until each one of us has conquered death.

Peace be theirs for a while at least !

W. BEALE.

Rajko.

COLONEL MEMORY, B. N. I.

I.

COLONEL MEMORY, though a married man, frequently dined at Mess, being anxious, as he said, to keep in touch with all his officers. But on a certain evening in the beginning of November, 1856, he was not present. Everyone knew why. He was expecting his daughter Catherine from England.

A certain amount of excitement prevailed at the Mess table. The different characters developed themselves with some especial emphasis. There was Major Plumptre, stout and iron-grey, who was so well-up in General Orders that the regiment universally declared his proper place to be within confidential reach of the Adjutant-General. This gentleman indulged in business letters, but shrouded himself and his affairs in a complete reticence, and his comrades thought the fact signified shares and Company's paper. Captain Lovegrove was held to be sage in sporting matters, and well posted in racing information. He could, indeed, himself ride a flat race with distinction, and sometimes with success. He affected general reputation, and liked to be spoken of as Joe Lovegrove, not even minding if the epithet "old" was prefixed. Another Captain named Milsom was understood to have some private means, dressed well and was particular about his hair and boots; and to him was entrusted the chief representation of the corps in society. The subaltern Vincent, a good-looking youth, with rather a bewildered expression which somebody had said was dreamy, was considered exceedingly clever. He quoted Byron, was often seen reading French novels, and did whatever jocose or satirical work was required by the regiment. The old doctor, Fripp, had a Liston face of humorous ugliness, and those who had seen him in low comedy when theatricals were to the fore, declared he was killing.

These figures are thrown on the sheet, as if from the slide of an old magic lantern, not to detain or divert the reader, but merely to impart to the word "Mess" some reflection of the human interest it then possessed as the symbol of a social group. Dinner was over and cheroots had just been lighted, when the horn of a stage carriage was heard. All eyes

brightened, calm gestures changed into animated ones, and regardless of grammar, all mouths cried "That's her!"

"Happiness to the fair Catherine!" proposed some gallant voice and glasses were filled and emptied with enthusiasm.

"She will be Kate, however, I expect," remarked Vincent, "not Catherine, except on Sundays."

And afterwards, when there was a move to the billiard-table, groups were formed, and the new arrival was discussed with great respect, but also with the freedom incident to a small station in India.

Vincent who, if encouraged, could be oracular, and on this occasion was flushed, declared in a veiled, important voice, "If she falls to the regiment, should mamma have her way, it will be Plumptre, and if the girl has hers, I should say—Milsom." This was confided to a slender ring not including, of course, the parties alluded to, but of which the popular Joe Lovegrove was one. He outs with his notebook and pencil, and is prepared to record a bet on the subject.

The personal appearance, too, of the stranger was conjectured. "She ought to do. Her mother must have been an uncommonly pretty girl when she was young."

"And the Colonel has capital features."

Old Surgeon Fripp at this point cut in with the observation, "You cannot be sure that looks will descend from parents. Mine were handsome."

This sally created much laughter.

The regiment commanded by Memory was one of the best in the Sepoy Army, and bore the title of Moore's *pultun*, from a distinguished officer who had raised and led it, in our early struggles with Mogul and Mahratta. The corps had a number, but that is here withheld.

Memory was scarcely eighteen when he became Ensign Memory. Every early association he cherished, was connected with his military life. His boyhood, certainly, lay still further back on the happy shores of South Devon, where his family name has its habitat; but that was almost dreamland. He had been on leave to the Cape, and once for a short run home to see a dying father; but his relatives had since been scattered, and as his health was excellent, he had determined to stick to India as his permanent abiding-place. In due course, he had married Miss Herbert, the daughter of the then commanding officer, and as Colonel Herbert did not long survive, he came in for some money when he was only just a Captain. His wife had been a large, handsome girl, and soon matured into a typical *memsahib* or Indian madam, a term which carries with it, if

emphasised, a suggestion of management, forethought and intention. She agreed with her husband in believing India to be their proper sphere, and was quite willing he should embark her money in the Akbar bank—an institution he much affected, and in which he placed implicit confidence. The fruit of their marriage was a single daughter, who had been sent home to be educated by two old sisters of Colonel Herbert.

Memory was very proud of his regiment when he came to command it. He had seen a great deal of service ; he had been in the Gwalior business and both the Sikh wars, besides those constantly recurring little affairs which keep the Indian army in working order. He had seen his men fight repeatedly, and knew that they *could* fight if properly led, and he felt the mission of leading them a grand one. When he had been adjutant, if a British corps "lay" by them (to use a soldier's phrase) in a large station, he was all alive to pick up points of smartness and good form, if they were suitable for the different circumstances of his own regiment. But nothing would ever lead him to depreciate the Sepoys. Sepoys for the most part won the Empire, and it would be strange indeed if they could not help to defend it. The Colonel was a handsome man, rather of the old Roman type as shown in statues. His low-growing hair caused the brow to seem low, the features were massive, the jaw and chin powerful. But his eyes, dark grey in colour, were full of tenderness.

Moore's *pultun* was the only body of soldiers at the small station of S., and their band which played out once or twice a week, was the cause of the principal gathering of the residents.

The day after the arrival of the young lady was understood to be a *dies non*. She was resting, she was unpacking, rehearsing a dress, perhaps, before her mamma. But the second night the band played ; and just in the pause after the first piece, the Colonel's carriage drove up. The little station had sent all its representatives. An old married man was the principal civilian, but his wife was in England, and he was present in a youthful riding costume ; and feeling more independence without the admonitions of his spouse, he rather affected, in her absence, the progressive and the debonair. His two coadjutors were there also, but one was a student and the other a sportsman, and neither was much known in the ladies' world. Of course Moore's *pultun* was in strong evidence, and the miscellaneous departments had not failed. Roads, Opium, Salt were not behindhand, and the clergyman who came over once a month, happened to be present.

Catherine, or rather Kate (for Vincent was right, she was called Kate at once) was seated opposite her parents, and glad indeed was the Colonel to be able to watch a face he had allowed his fancy so often to

depict. He felt a perfect stranger to her, but hoped this effect of long separation would soon wear off in the new intimacy. Her mother had been home more than once. Of only average height, but of a pretty supple figure, the girl had delicate and regular features ; her hair a sunny auburn ; her eyes grey, like those of her father ; the mouth mobile and filled with the whitest of teeth. Blue was the colour she had chosen for a first appearance, and the style and taste of both dress and bonnet (girls wore bonnets then), were subjects of notice and approval. There was a peculiar charm in Kate, and it lay in this. She was absolutely free from self-consciousness ; took observations for exactly what they expressed, and answered quite naturally ; so that those who addressed her tried at last to abandon the banality of social talk, and say something natural themselves. At the same time she was quite alive to brightness and fun.

The scene presented a pretty picture. Red were the uniforms of the bandsmen, varied the colours worn by the ladies : the Colonel's carriage formed the centre of attraction, but there were other vehicles, and saddle horses held by their syces ; and a young local Raja who played extremely well at billiards, and was liked by the officers, sat in his showy Calcutta barouche, with a few of his tinsel attendants around him. Some of the audience of the Band passed in turn before the Memory group, were introduced to the " new spin " and moved on : others, again, retained their places, after due ceremonial, and clustered round the vehicle. Milsom was one, whilst Plumtre stood at Mrs. Memory's elbow. But Kate had created astonishment, by shaking hands with a stranger to all present, and expressing her surprise at meeting him. He was really in the Educational Department and had come over with the padre. His name leaked out as that of Arthur Spencer ; a tall, athletic-looking young man, with a dark complexion and rather Italian features. It became known that he had met Miss Memory at a garden party in England. He was, of course, up in subjects Kate was familiar with, but conversation was not easy, for Vincent had a great deal to say for himself. He was flushed in a notable degree, and the Colonel, though amused with his jokes, looked at him with a somewhat anxious expression. The general buzz around the carriage was chiefly of pleasure : the picnic to be given by the senior Civilian next week at Jan Ali's tank ; the ball long promised by the Colonel at Christmas ; morning rides, too, in prospect, and croquet for the evenings—this amusement having recently appeared ; nor were private theatricals unmentioned, nor anecdotes wanting of Dr. Fripp's successes in that line. A determination evidently existed to pelt the fleeting hours with nosegays, and beyond present enjoyment, hope looked

brightly ahead and dreamed of summer pleasures in the Hills. At length the opening bars of "God save the Queen" were heard, and all prepared for departure. Mrs. Memory, in her capacity of diplomatic mother, bowed with studied courtesy to the eligibles, and with light and easy patronage to the celibates, and amongst them to Arthur Spencer, when she had learnt his calling.

Kate could not but feel that her position was very strange; that of the temporary queen of all hearts. Transient pre-eminence, but flattering and exciting to a girl lately from school; one who had no experience of approval, except the clapping when she performed the *Cascade des Roses* at the concert concluding the term. But, though pleased by attentions, and very proud of her father, she was secretly a little afraid of India. Her Herbert aunts had brought her up very carefully, and had always encouraged culture; and she was anxious not to neglect improvement or to decline from cherished usages connected with knowledge and religion, against which she thought it possible the mingled listlessness and frivolity around her might militate.

But the horizons of the fair and young are short. What an evening it was! The air balmy and elastic, and so clear that the topmost branches of trees seemed traced on the sky with a delicate pencil. The sunset had been golden rather than richly coloured, for the damp of the rains had in a measure evaporated. And now the gold was fading. From the small native city which lay in its groves and gardens at the back of the parade ground, bells sounded in the temples; the cries of children were faintly heard, and the barking of dogs, whilst high over the emotionless landscape, flights of pigeons whirled in circles before they returned to their resting-places for the night. There was a smell of wood smoke, and when it died off at times, it allowed the fragrance of a group of Millingtonias (planted years before by a tree-loving commandant on the edge of the plain) to be pleasantly perceived. All seemed to prognosticate peace: and yet, slowly but certainly, was advancing an utter convulsion of society—an obliteration of all existing landmarks, bringing in its wake hatred and destruction, blood and death.

(To be continued.)

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THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF BURKE.*

THE Greeks have a story that Epimenides, a citizen of Cnosus in Crete, was one day sent by his father to fetch a sheep. In the noontide heat he turned aside from the road and slept in a cave for 57 years. When he awoke, fancying that he had slept only for a while, he went to fetch the sheep, but found that the sheep had been sold and the city, which he had left behind on his errand, was altogether changed and transformed. If, however, a contemporary of Burke could be supposed to have had a sleep longer than that of Epimenides, and to awake in our own days, he would find that though everything else had changed round him, the utterances of the great political seer of his day had remained unchanged in their truth and wisdom, and that the political principles which he had enunciated towards the end of the eighteenth century had not any the less value in the changed environments of the twentieth century. These political principles are not to be found methodically treated in any particular work from his hands; they are not digested and assimilated into a system of philosophy; they do not come to us fully armed and equipped like Minerva from the thigh of Zeus. They are rather to be found scattered in all the writings that he produced during the course of an active political and literary career; they lie embedded like so many pearls in the depths of a vast ocean, requiring all the care and patience of expert divers to bring them up into the light of the world. And though by this time all these pearls have been brought out and secured in literary museums where they may be said to have become the common property of mankind, the patient investigations of new divers are likely to be rewarded with the discovery of some neglected gems, all the more precious in an age of imitation diamonds and rolled gold ornaments.

These gems of profound wisdom are to be found buried in heaps of earth and sand, these beautiful flowers are covered over with a heap of rank weeds and vegetation; the patience of the reader is severely taxed in wading through the details of conflicts which have long since lost their interest, of occurrences which have become the dry bones of

* A paper read before the Students' Brotherhood, Bombay.

history, and controversies which have been finally laid to rest. It has been often remarked about "Paradise Lost" that while few general readers are tempted to the book, and fewer read it through, or often enough to grasp the beauty and the art which underlie it, those who have once mastered it never think they have read it too often. So likewise with Burke. His works are a never-failing source of delight and instruction to those who have caught the spirit of his teaching. They are like one of those sacred pools or springs of which we hear so frequently in the Old Testament, whose waters are ever clear and fresh and limpid, though surrounded by barren deserts and a monotonous wilderness. He was too much in advance of his times to meet with the success of those who truckle to fashion and swim with the current. His brilliant imagination and his wide sympathies enabled him to criticise all the political problems of his day from a standpoint too high for his contemporaries to reach. His intelligent insight into those problems led him to put forward solutions which the short-sighted vision of his official colleagues could never grasp. All his life through he contended for the cause of truth and right with a vigour and energy hardly ever surpassed, if not unequalled in the annals of statesmanship. But to what purpose? He fought in vain. Whether it was in connection with the constitutional and economic reforms for which he contended in the early part of his life or in connection with the American War, whether in reference to the Revolutionary propagandism or in connection with the trial of Hastings, he appeared to meet nowhere with success, his voice was a voice in the wilderness. When the great German historian of the house of Israel observed that the critic of a comparatively modern country and age would speak only to the winds, even though he spoke with the tongues of angels, he could hardly have been thinking of Burke; and yet the observation could not apply to any one with greater force. All his life long he spoke to the winds; his warnings were thrown away; the fruits of his profound wisdom were allowed to rot neglected in a corner, till the unprejudiced eyes of a later generation perceived their value and treasured them up with care.

In a paper like this, with the limitations of time and space to which it has to submit, it is not possible to give a comprehensive and detailed exposition of the political teaching of a writer like Burke; all that will be attempted here will be only a brief exposition and appreciation of some of the more salient points in that teaching, either of permanent usefulness to mankind or having a special interest for our days.

We will proceed with Burke's view on the nature of the State and its ends in the first place. "Without civil society man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it. He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed therefore the state; He willed its connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection." Such is the curt but significant manner in which Burke puts forward his belief in the divine origin of the State, in the course of his reflections on the French Revolution : and he emphasises the position in more passages than one. The consecration of the Commonwealth, he says, "is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination ; that their life should be full of immortality ; that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence, in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world." And Burke supplements this view of the nature of the State in that often quoted passage in which the ends of the State are so forcibly expressed. Society, or what is with Burke the same thing—the State—is indeed the result of a contract. Subordinate contracts, for objects of mere occasional interest, may be dissolved at pleasure ; "but the State ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence ; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art ; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born."

Such in brief was Burke's view of the State or of organised society. It has been often criticised, often made the butt of ridicule and unfounded sarcasm. It is in connection with this view that Mr. John Morley speaks of a certain mysticism which lay at the bottom

of Burke's thoughts. To Burke, he says, "there actually was an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies, in political obedience, in the sanctity of contract; in all that fabric of law and charter and obligation which is the sheltering bulwark between civilisation and barbarism. When history and reason had contributed all that they could to the explanation, it seemed to him as if the vital force, the secret of organisation, the binding framework must still come from the impenetrable regions beyond reasoning and beyond history." It was also in connection with this view that Fitzjames Stephen wrote sarcastically; "Did Burke mean to say that God gave two members to Old Sarum, and if not, what precisely does he mean?" From the times of Tom Paine in Burke's own days to our own times which have seen the triumph of the evolutionary hypothesis, the view of Burke we have just noticed has been held up to derision now and again as a product of a brilliant but prejudiced imagination. And yet when all has been said it will remain true that the folly of Burke was better than the wisdom of his critics, that the prejudice of Burke was a nearer approach to the truth than the dry light of his critics' understandings.

What is, then, the value of the doctrine that we have just mentioned? The connection in which the paragraphs we have just quoted occur deserves to be noticed in the first place. Burke is discussing the relation between church and state, and it is in that connection that he expounds his view of the nature and ends of organised political society. He is fighting against the school of thinkers who aimed at effecting a complete divorce between government and religion. He is fighting against the doctrine of secularisation of the state and the limitation or impoverishment of the aims which the state proposes to itself. As against this doctrine he maintains that the order of the world is a providential order, that the growth and development of organised society as a whole is influenced by agencies not within the means of man to control or change. Burke did not mean to say that God gave two members to Old Sarum; he was far from making the assertion that everything in the existing order of society is divinely appointed. His belief in the divine origin of the state was only another form of the belief in the moral government of the world, the belief that in the working out of the best life for man the state plays an important and indispensable part. Of the two distinct conceptions of authority—the sacred and the secular—Burke considered the former truer in itself and better for the life of human society.

The conception of authority as invested with sacredness was expressed by another thinker in a country which appears in our days to consider government and authority as a commercial transaction. Channing long ago repudiated in the United States the degradation of the body politic into a secular institution, and his words expound to us the wisdom underlying Burke's pragmatic thesis. "We are sometimes told," he says, "that Government has no purpose but an earthly one ; that while religion takes care of the soul, government is to watch over outward and bodily interests. This separation of our interests into earthly and spiritual seems to me unfounded. There is a unity in our whole being. There is one great end for which body and mind were created, and all the relations of life were ordained ; one central aim to which our whole being should tend ; and this is the unfolding of our intellectual and moral nature ; and no man thoroughly understands government but he who reverences it as a part of God's stupendous machinery for this sublime design. I do not deny that government is constituted to watch over our present interests. But still it has a spiritual or moral purpose, because present interests are, in an important sense, spiritual ; that is, they are instruments and occasions of virtue, calls to duty, sources of obligation, and are only blessings when they contribute to the health of the soul."

What Burke contended for in his theory of the divine origin of the state was not that each individual government on earth, much less the particular actions of that government, were the sanctioned instruments of a divine purpose, but that the state as such was an essential factor in the development of the moral and religious life of man. If, therefore, it could be established that the modern state exerts an appreciable influence for good or for evil on the moral and religious life of man, a more than sufficient vindication will have been made out for his theory ; it will have the sanction of history as being grounded on established facts. And one has not to seek far for proving that the modern state has essentially an influence on man's moral and spiritual life. There are certain ways in which every civilised state influences the character and ideas of its citizens. If it gives direct encouragement to culture, or art, or science, if it endows universities and establishes scholarships, if it maintains picture galleries and museums and undertakes the education of children, it uses its powers for the elevation of the people. If it enacts a poor law, it teaches to the prosperous classes their moral obligations towards the indigent and the poorer strata of society. If it opens Savings Banks in connection

with the Post Office, it teaches thrift. If it prohibits divorce or makes it difficult, it strengthens the feeling that the bond of marriage is too sacred to be torn asunder for trifling reasons. And if it passes laws against cruelty to animals and laws against indecency, it certainly goes beyond the physical interests of human beings. these facts would be more than enough to prove that the state is not merely a "partnership in things subservient to gross animal existence" but that it is likewise a "partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection." They vindicate for us the truth of the teaching of the world's greatest political thinker—Aristotle—who remarked more than two thousand years ago that the end of the state is not merely the production of virtue in its citizens but the production of virtuous action, that the state comes into being for the "sake of life" but exists for the sake of "good life."

And has not this teaching of Burke any value in our own days? Has not this Greek of old put forward before us a truth which we might well listen to and profit by? In times when the moral and spiritual guidance of men is passing away from the ecclesiastical classes to a large extent, when the vast flock is left without a shepherd and allowed to roam where it lists, led by the fancy to passing theories and flimsy systems, when the Vatican is separated and cut off from all connection with the Quirinal, in times when even in old-fashioned India the wave of innovation seems to be engulfing and sweeping away the old landmarks, would it not be advisable to sit at the feet of Aristotle and Burke and imbibe their lessons, and sanctify the only kind of authority that is left for us? Something of this type has been already done by the national churches of Geneva and Scotland in the past; and something of this type of state was realised during the reign of the late Queen Victoria, when the bond of the British Empire was embodied in the person of a virtuous, benevolent, loving sovereign. And later still the significant ceremony of the coronation of Emperor Edward VII. by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Abbey Church of Westminster was the proclamation to the Empire that the government of Great Britain was a sacred duty, and it was the official recognition of a sentiment so well expressed by Rudyard Kipling :

"God of our Fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,

Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

The coronation "was the visible attestation," in the words of Bishop Welldon, "in the eyes of all the world, that the citizens of the Empire acknowledge their corporate responsibility to Heaven."

From this lofty conception of society and its ends there naturally followed what is known as the doctrine of Prescription. In the "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents" Burke notices the 'alarming symptom that "rank and office, and all the solemn plausibilities of the world have lost their reverence and effect." How was the prestige thus shaken to be restored? The sacred phrase which he habitually opposes to the Rights of Man is *Prescription*. "Prescription is the most solid of all titles," he says, "not only to property but to government." There is a presumption in favour of an established order; the nation is not a mere artificial aggregate of units; it has a corporate existence in time and space. The constitution is formed by the co-operation of ages and generations; and far from being the product of conscious choice is slowly elaborated by the play of innumerable social forces. The individual is foolish; the multitude blunders at every given moment; but the species is wise, and when time is given to it, as a species it almost always acts right. Burke had thus fully grasped the conception of a nation as a living organism of complex structure and historical continuity.

It is precisely the absence of any such conception which vitiates all the contemporary political speculation. He had emancipated himself from the purely mechanical conception of politics. And the word "prescription" evidences his recognition of that element which the abstract theorists of his times had universally neglected. In appealing to prescription Burke is recognising the fact that ninety-nine hundredths of men's thoughts and instincts are those which they have inherited from their fathers, and of the corresponding doctrine that reform is impracticable in the sense of an abrupt reconstruction of society, and can only be understood as the gradual modification of a complex structure. Prescription in this sense is based on the presumption that every existing social arrangement has been developed by certain needs, and that, therefore, to destroy it abruptly is possibly to inflict a vital injury. Prescription, then, is but a legal phrase for that continuity of past and present, and that solidarity

between all parts of the political order, the perception of which is the essential condition of sound political reasoning. A combination of respect for existing facts was combined in Burke with a regard for new requirements. The central thesis of Burke's reflections on the French Revolution is the circumstance that the leaders of the movement paid no attention to the prescriptive rights of centuries, that they involved in one system of universal destruction all the ancient institutions of the monarchy, good and bad and indifferent. The men of 1789 endeavoured to create an irreparable breach, to open out an unbridgeable chasm, between the *Ancien Régime* and their own times, dreaming that they could begin by their own sweet arbitrary will a new era in French history, altogether independent of its past. And what was the ultimate result? History cannot afford a more telling and emphatic vindication of the doctrine of prescription than that of the failure of the Revolutionary dreams as witnessed by political France of our own times. More than a century and a quarter has passed since the outbreak of the Revolution, and the France of to-day is only a prototype of the France of the *Ancien Régime*. Its administrative machinery is the machinery of the Bourbon government; its judicial system is a continuation and completion of the policy of Turgot. Its centralisation in politics, in art, in literature in religion, is but a reproduction of the centralisation which the Bourbon Kings had so successfully endeavoured to carry out in their own days. The Revolution endeavoured to create a chasm, and it ended only in strengthening the bond of continuity between the past and the future. Facts were too stubborn for theories, and those who endeavoured to tear asunder the chains of tradition only rivetted them with all the greater firmness on their bodies.

It was Burke's great fortune to have flourished in times when the shallow, superficial, *a priori* reasoning of Rousseau and the French political thinkers in general was undermining the traditional ideas of men and endeavouring to raise constitutions and governments on the quicksands of democracy and numerical majorities. In almost all his works his attitude is an attitude of criticism and hostility to these thinkers, and his own positive theories come out incidentally, but with all the greater prominence in contrast with the political equations of his opponents. In this respect he was another Socrates, constantly exposing the hollowness of reasoning of the Sophists of his day, taking advantage of every possible opportunity to drag their follies into light, that men may see and beware, using every possible intellectual

weapon—logic, irony, sarcasm, withering denunciation—to overthrow the bugbears of democracy and mob rule. And like the positive teaching of Socrates, Burke's teaching comes out only incidentally in the course of his negative criticisms and polemical writings. One of the most remarkable of these doctrines of Burke is his theory of a "Natural Aristocracy." In his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," he remarks: "To be bred in a place of estimation; to see nothing low and sordid from one's infancy; to be taught to respect one's self: to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye; to look early to public opinion; to stand upon such elevated ground as to be enabled to take a larger view of the widespread combination of men and affairs in a large society; to have leisure to read, to reflect, to converse; to be habituated in armies to command and to obey; to be taught to despise danger in the pursuit of honour and duty; to be formed to the greatest degree of foresight and circumspection in a state of things in which no fault is committed with impunity; to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct from a sense that you are considered as an instructor of your fellow-citizens in their highest concerns, and that you act as a reconciler between God and man; to be a professor of high science or of liberal and ingenuous art—these are the circumstances of men that form what I shall call a *natural aristocracy*, without which there is no nation."

What Burke means is that the state of civil society *necessarily* generates an aristocracy. This is the universal and necessary and, therefore, the natural order. For the state of civil society is evidently more natural than the state of rude and savage life, the atomistic and incoherent life of the Red Indians or the aborigines of Australia, which is so much after the mind of Rousseau. It is more natural, for "man is by nature reasonable and he is never so much in his natural state as when placed where it may be best cultivated and most predominates." Civil society is his natural state. If we did not know that it was Burke who wrote in this strain, we might have naturally thought we were only reading the first chapters of the world-famous book—the *Politics* of Aristotle. So close is the resemblance in this point between Aristotle and Burke that their language even becomes common: and if it was Aristotle who first propounded the doctrine that the state is not merely a creation of human hands but is natural in the best sense of the word, it is only Burke in our times who has by the force of his genius brought into prominence the old and neglected paradox.

In civil society, as Burke says, an aristocracy must arise. Further, it is to the advantage of the remaining and larger body that it should exist, as its function is to lead, to guide, to govern for their good. "It is the soul to the body without which the man does not exist." When the many act together under this discipline of nature, act under the guidance of their natural leaders, then in both together we have *the people*, something that equals and ought to direct the legal sovereign. But once break up this harmony and order, we have then only a disbanded race of vagabonds, aimless units of existence that constitute the essence of mob-rule and democracy.

Here we have some of the wisest teachings of Burke, and they form his answer to Rousseau's doctrine of the sovereignty of the people and the doctrine of equality. A society, whatever it may have been originally, is not a number of similar and equal units, like an aggregate of wooden balls or even like a flock of sheep. Men never were nor ever are equal, in their physical, mental or moral qualities. Inequality of wealth arises through the original inequality of endowments, arises therefore naturally and inevitably, and it is good for all. The wiser, richer, braver should lead and govern the rest for their good or for the good of the whole society. The multitude are blessed in this divinely ordered rule and guidance. It is a beautiful system, the only truly natural system. Whenever men endeavour to break through this divine order, whenever the multitude rises in rebellion and shouts for equality, the hand of God makes itself visible in the terrible retribution that follows on such attempts, in the tragical end that completes the revolutionary drama. The more than oriental despotism of the Napoleonic Empire was the logical sequence of the endeavour of the revolutionaries of 1793 to shake off the trammels of all authority.

The point that Burke wishes to emphasise is that the mass of men must have leaders and governors for their own benefit. All cannot lead, and the people cannot govern owing to physical facts and mental defects. They must have leaders and guides, temporal and spiritual. These leaders should not be of the sort of the French aristocracy and priesthood against whom the nation rebelled in 1789—mere taxgatherers and oppressing landowners; they should be the natural protectors of the people's interests, able to command respect for their learning and dignity in society, capable of winning the affections of the people by their words and actions and bearing. That the English Aristocracy at any particular moment of its history ever fulfilled the ideal of Burke may be doubted; but looking to the influence that the English Aristoc-

cracy has always exerted on the development of the constitution, we might unhesitatingly observe that it has sided with liberty against despotism, with the cause of enlightenment against the darkness of intolerance, with the growth of individual self-development against the stagnancy of corporate self-suppression. And if the English Aristocracy in our own days has continued to hold its grip over the people, and to retain its influence and position in the constitution, it is because it has kept up its vitality by keeping its doors open for the infusion of new blood, it is because it is not merely an hereditary caste excluding all others and looking upon them with the contempt of inward superiority, but much more is an aristocracy in the true sense of the word—a corporation of the best, wisest, bravest, and most pious of Englishmen.

We may read in the light of these profound principles the history of the Revolution of 1789 and the causes that led to it much better than Burke himself was able to do, if we may venture to go so far. The temporal and spiritual guides of the French nation during the pre-Revolutionary period had abandoned their functions for a life of easy security and pleasures; the higher clergy, above all, had deserted the code of religion for a code of so-called honour, which allowed them latitude enough for a life of indulgence and social gaieties. The young and gallant Bishop of Le Mans, M. de Grimaldi, was only one among a hundred others who selected young and gallant comrades for their grand vicars, and who had a rendezvous for pretty women at their country seats. The nobility of France had equally devoted itself to a life of useless idleness and frivolities, a life of irreligion and moral indifference. D'Argenson wrote as early as 1753 that the new enlightenment which was spreading fast amongst the upper classes might at any moment lead them to abolish the priesthood and get rid of all revelation and mystery. Horace Walpole's letters bear ample testimony in the same direction. The educated classes, outside the pale of the nobility, consisting of the lawyers and judges—the *noblesse de la Robe*—were thoroughly imbued with the new-fangled politics of Rousseau, and the equally new-fangled materialism of Holbach and La Mettrie. The natural leaders of society in France were thus peculiarly unfit for the task of leading; and accordingly, when the barriers were removed, and the waters of anarchy flowed freely into the country, these incompetent leaders thought it possible for men and for Frenchmen in particular to acquiesce in a government of sheer force and brutality; they thought a despotism à la Philip II. would be the best means of attaining to the Millennium which was about to be realised. The failure of the Jacobin

supremacy of 1793 is the failure of a government which is wanting in the "natural aristocracy" of Burke. And history can afford no more brilliant illustration of the wisdom of Burke's principles.

Can we for a moment look to ourselves, to India, and think of the bearing of these lessons on our own problems? We are aware of the dangers of generalisations in history, and it is easy to invent similarities of situation where there exist none in reality. The differences may be greater than the resemblances, and it is easier to point to resemblances than to differences. And in the remarks we are about to offer allowances must be made for all these slippery pitfalls. With these allowances we may remark that the history of the Revolution so far as concerns the aspect we have just noticed, has an important bearing on the India of our own days. The spread of Western ideas and Western knowledge has raised amongst us a philosophical and literary coterie resembling the "Philosophes" of the *Ancien Régime*. The new illumination in India has analogies with the 18th century European illumination. The school of La Mettrie in France is represented here by a large class of educated men, who, enchanted by the marvels of science have been losing all faith in religion and turning materialists. The deism of Voltaire and Rousseau has its parallel in the Brahmo Samaj movements which endeavour to realise a purer conception of God than that proclaimed by the orthodox religion. India has its own worshippers of the goddess of Reason and its Theo-Philanthropists. What is more, the upper classes in the towns have been driving in direction similar to that adopted in France under the *Ancien Régime*. They are growing indifferent to their functions as leaders of the people, they look more to the privileges of social rank and position than to their duties they no longer command the homage and respect which are the appurtenances of rank and wealth. Like their brethren in France the educated classes are the only people to whom the masses naturally turn for support and guidance. But like their brethren in France they can speak glibly of politics and liberty, their country and their country's independence, and remain satisfied. As in them, the political ideas are not bottomed on any religious convictions; their ideas of liberty, as with the French philosophers, seem to be the one-sided abstractions of a false or true metaphysics instead of being the deeply rooted and well harmonised parts of a moral system. What is more, the crusade preached in France against the *Ancien Régime* institutions through a hundred different channels appears to have its analogue in something similar in our country. The new enlightenment in India is

a double-edged instrument, which on the one hand is employed for the extinction of all that is venerable and old, old customs and old prejudices, and on the other hand is directed against those very powers *de facto* which made it possible and gave it birth. Well might our country take the warning that Burke's teaching, as exemplified in the history of the French Revolution, gives! Such enlightenment cannot be the medium for the salvation of India, such a society with such leaders cannot go far without stranding on the rocks ahead! If the vessel is to be launched for a safe voyage it has to look to other pilots than these.

It has been frequently said that there is no consistency in the political teaching of Burke, and that he displayed in life the same shifting, halting policy which may be detected in his writings. This is not the place for entering into a discussion of this charge: suffice it for us to observe that Burke was consistent in his views from the first to the last, consistent not in the sense that he did not change those views with the changing conditions of the times, but in the sense that the standpoint from which he surveyed the political world of his times always remained the same—a respect for the past and a desire for reform in harmony with that past. The ideal which was always before his mind was liberty connected with order. "I flatter myself," he said in the *Reflections*, "that I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty." As John Morley observes: "The court tried to regulate liberty too severely; it found in him an inflexible opponent. Demagogues tried to remove the regulations of liberty; they encountered in him the bitterest of all remonstrants. He withstood to the face the King and the King's friends. He withstood to the face Charles Fox and the friends of the people. He may have been wrong in both or in either, but it is unreasonable to tell us that he turned back in his course; that he was a revolutionist in 1770 and a reactionist in 1790." It was because England was prepared by the historical antecedents reaching back to a remote past for the use of regulated liberty that he fought on behalf of that liberty in his early life; it was because France in 1789 was not prepared to exercise and enjoy the advantages of healthy liberty that Burke in his latter days launched forth his best powers and utmost eloquence against the proceedings of the Revolutionary leaders.

There is one more topic which we could not omit before we close this paper. It is Burke's conception of a British Empire as foreshadowed in his American speeches. "An Empire," he observes, "is the aggregate of many states under one common head, whether this head be a monarch or a presiding republic. It does, in such constitutions,

frequently happen (and nothing but the dismal, cold, dead uniformity of servitude can prevent its happening) that the subordinate parts have many local privileges and immunities." 'The British Empire for Burke was a miniature copy of the Kingdom of Great Britain; the power of the presiding and central authority was to be supplemented by the local self-government of the various colonies, and the hold of great Britain on her colonies was to rest on the close affection that resulted from similar privileges and equal protection. "Do not entertain so weak an imagination," he exclaims in his speech, "as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferences, your cockets and your clearances are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office and your instructions, and your suspending clauses are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your Government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even to the minutest member." The profound truth here expressed is that the love of the people is the ultimate foundation on which all government rests, whether the government of a tiny kingdom or the rule of a large empire. This may be taken as a supplement to the truth expressed in his ideal of a natural Aristocracy; the rule of the wise and the brave and the pious must be broad-based on the people's will. How far Burke's idea of a united British Empire has been realised in our days we do not pretend to determine; but as regards the relation of India to that Empire, we seem to be making but slow progress towards the attainment of that ideal, it may be on account of the inherent difficulties that stand in the way in India. And we want a greater than Burke amongst English statesmen and philosophers who could effectually appeal to English minds and English hearts in his own burning words, "*Sursum Corda*," who could exclaim in his words, "We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of the trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be." The full exercise of English privileges may not be possible, and is not advisable, in the present state of India's political growth, but that at any rate should be the goal

to which all endeavours might be directed, if India is to form an intrinsic part of Burke's British Empire.

It is only a few leading principles of Burke's philosophy that we have been able to deal with on this occasion, but they are more than enough to constitute him one of the greatest thinkers of the world. And his great contribution to the history of political thought is his incessantly repeated protest against the mechanical view of the state and of society which, originating from Hobbes and handed down through Locke, permeated the eighteenth century ways of thinking : the one great monster against which he fought all his life was the rationalistic individualism of the eighteenth century Philosophy. For that philosophy a nation was an aggregate of independent units, to be regulated by a set of absolute *a priori* maxims. For Burke a nation was a living organism, of infinitely complex structure, of intimate dependence upon the parts, and to be treated by politicians in obedience to a careful observation of the laws of its healthy development. In advocating this organic theory of the state, Burke showed his towering strength over his contemporaries, and proved himself a worthy disciple of the father of all political philosophy, Aristotle. The organic theory of the state enabled him to take up a midway position between two rival and false theories—the theory that the state is entirely a creation of human hands or a creature of laws, and the theory that it is entirely a creation of God, a physical fact, coming under the operation of infallible laws. These were the thesis and the antithesis, which Burke solved or resolved into a higher synthesis, that the state is an organism and above all a moral organism. It was the synthesis which Aristotle had hit on in the first chapters of the first Book of his Politics, the synthesis of *phusis* and *nomos*, of nature and law. The state is subservient to a divine plan, and so far natural, but it can be modified, moulded into various shapes, contrived into various forms for the satisfaction of human wants, and so far it is subservient to the operations of human agency. The political philosophy of Burke is thus, like the political philosophy of Aristotle, a reconciliation of the two most opposite schools of thought, a reconciliation of *phusis* and *nomos*, of free will and necessity, of right and might, of the theory which professes to trace the origin of the state in force and the theory which traces it to contract. And so likewise in his political thought, as with Aristotle, the deepest and profoundest principles are discussed, not in the abstract, not in the closet of a recluse, but in the field of battle, in the arena of contest, in their application to the most immediate problems of the time. His thoughts were like the song of

the skylark, sung in the most distant heavens but reaching down to the earth in all its melody and beauty, and he himself was a

“Type of the wise who soar but never roam
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

P. A. WADIA.

Bombay.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Peace and yet
No Peace.**

A country may be at peace with others : it is seldom at peace with itself. Peace has no triumphs : triumphs always pertain to war.

There are wars in which no swords are unsheathed, no powder is burnt : they are wars between ignorance and knowledge, between secretive Nature and exploring Science, between disease and the healing art, between conservatism and progress, between autocratic tendencies and constitutional aspirations, between the powers of Light and the powers of Darkness. There is no static repose in the heavens, where the spheres dance in harmony ; there is no equilibrium in the atom of the inert rock : the corpuscles therein constantly move with a velocity which would carry them five times round the earth in a second. There never was and never will be peace in Society. The Pindaree has melted his sword-blade and beaten it into a ploughshare, but every villager will tell us that the Pindaree with the quill-pen stuck in his ear is yet abroad. The Thug that strangled the body of his victim is suppressed : the Thug who pockets the bribe and strangles the voice of innocence walks in broad daylight and snaps his fingers at the world. The adventurer who pulled down kings from their thrones is no more : there still is the adventurer who builds a throne unto himself in the hearts of the misguided. All over India there reigns a peace such as Rome did not dream of establishing in her provinces. Blessed are the peace-makers, and blessed are they that enjoy peace, and yet one may hear vague questionings as to the utility of this peace, and the means whereby it is maintained. How is Pax Britannica maintained ? The foundation of peace in every country is the contentment of the people. But the foundation is not the whole of an edifice. The Arms Act, the Penal

Code, the Criminal Procedure, Code, and the Police Acts are among the pillars which support the edifice. However, these safeguards of the public peace, if not properly applied, may themselves engender discontent, and there is just now in India a disposition to question whether the zeal to preserve the peace does not sometimes outrun discretion. The people of this country, taken as a whole, are proverbially mild : they are not conscious of any proneness to take the law into their own hands. Hence Macaulay was of opinion that the right of self-defence should be allowed in a larger measure in this country than it is considered safe in England. An Hon. Member asked Mr. Morley from his place in Parliament, some time ago, whether he would wait to see the agitators in Bengal blow up prisons. The suggestion would be repudiated in Bengal itself, unless it was likely to frighten the Secretary of State into yielding to the agitation. In a country where the people believe themselves to be particularly submissive and law-abiding, and where, on the other hand, authority is generally associated with tyranny and an arbitrary exercise of power, the safeguards provided by the law and the policy of the State against disturbances of the peace are not appreciated at their proper value. The power of the magistrates is dreaded, but the reason of the law is not understood, except by the educated few, whose advanced views on the liberties of the subject lead them to regard the authority of the magistrates with jealousy. A place of pilgrimage attracts large crowds : the local priests, highly venerated, but not without human weaknesses, happen to be at loggerheads over some right of worship at the temple. Feelings run high, and it is apprehended that the more excitable and muscular of the pilgrims may take sides and cause a serious breach of the peace. The magistrate gives orders to the police to disperse all crowds of more than five persons, and the principal parties to the strife, holy in the eyes of thousands of pious worshippers, are threatened to be bound over to keep the peace, perhaps by a magistrate of an alien creed. The Hindus and Mahomedans yearn to carry their religious processions simultaneously through a narrow street, each wishing to keep to the wrong side of the road, because it is more honourable. Bricks and clubs are stored up in suitable places in private houses. The police get scent of the plot and refuse to allow any procession to pass without a license and

without a proper police escort, and a time is fixed for each procession to pass, to prevent a collision. The object of the law in such cases is excellent, but the interference is felt more as a piece of high-handedness than as a precaution adopted in the public interest. The position of the authorities where temporary factions prevail might remind one almost of the comparison of an unhappy couple to a pair of scissors. Two persons move in different directions round a pivot, but if a third party interposes he will regret his officiousness. The factions recognise that each fights for some supposed right. The police, unless their interference is invoked by both parties, are looked upon as intruders, whose powers are dreaded, but whose services elicit no thanks.

Educated men generally keep themselves aloof from all assemblies which are likely to result in an exhibition of physical violence. At any rate a strict regard to constitutional methods of agitation and to the restrictions of the law in the vindication of one's rights has hitherto been a conspicuous characteristic of the educated classes of this country. It has, however, been suspected, not altogether without reason, that a new school of political thinkers or agitators is arising in India. This statement has been openly made in the Indian Parliamentary Committee and by those who wish to advance Indian interests. Three principal reasons may be assigned for the change which is believed to be coming over the peaceful inclinations of the people of this country. In the first place, when public agitations bear no fruit for a long time, the disappointment must necessarily suggest a change of method. The abandonment of an agitation is not conducive to the self-respect of the leaders and others who have committed themselves to it, and when one method fails, it must be expected that another will be resorted to. Secondly, the example of agitators in European countries is believed to point in the same direction and to teach the lesson that constitutional agitation succeeds best when behind it there is a reserve of unconstitutional readiness to sacrifice the means to the end. Lastly, the admiration and respect which an Asiatic country like Japan has won by its successful physical contest with a European Power have inspired the feeling that a nation which seeks to be respected ought to kick about and exhibit some signs of physical restlessness and courage. These new methods of defiance of autho-

riety and collision with the police may be found combined with public mourning as an appeal to sentiment, and with refusal to take food as a means of enlisting the co-operation of friends. The Indian has a sympathetic heart, on which piteous appeals make a deeper impression than attempts to stir up the blood. So the heroic mood may be tried for extorting concessions from the Government, and the melting mood for enlisting the support of friends. The combination may seem somewhat incongruous, but the measures which are necessary to maintain the peace of a country do not depend upon the artistic side of the movements which endanger it. The new methods of agitation, thanks to the Arms Act, have not as yet necessitated the interference of the magistracy with the activities of the educated classes, similar to the powers exercised in suppressing religious riots and agrarian faction fights. However, the proceedings of the anti-partitionists at Barisal and the dispersal of the political Conference in that town suggest certain possibilities of the future. What must be the effect on the public peace of Conferences of thousands of men, unarmed though they be, excited, as the Commissioner of the Dacca Division has put it, "by hours of oratory and cheering, still further worked up by their own shouting, and probably comprising many bad or desperate characters?" Whether apprehensions of this sort were or were not justified in Barisal, the incident in that town has shown that political agitation, hitherto regarded as all talk and soda-water eloquence, may hereafter assume forms which increase the difficulty of maintaining the boasted peace which the British Government has secured for the people of this country; and the question for the future is whether the Criminal Procedure Code and the Police Acts will be found as efficacious as they have been in the past. Defiance of authority in the vindication, of a principle or the furtherance of a public cause is a higher act than a breach of the public peace in the assertion of a private right. The one makes martyrs, the other makes culprits, and the world has so long been accustomed to adore martyrdom and to detest persecution that the law, which is respected when it suppresses ordinary crime, is shorn of half its dignity when it condemns the martyr. When the peace of the realm is maintained, the peace of conscience is disturbed; and a civilised country enjoys no peace when the King's conscience is not at peace with itself. The old Indian

belief was that when the rulers fell from righteousness, then were their kingdoms visited by famine and pestilence. Science admits this relationship of cause and effect only in the sense that the effects of famine may be mitigated by the extension of irrigation, by promoting facilities of communication and by measures of relief, while pestilence may be mitigated by public sanitation. Unrest, as disturbing to the conscience as the prevalence of physical visitations, may result from the constant and earnest condemnation of a rule by men of unselfish character and high intellectual attainments who champion the public good. The public conscience receives no inspiration or prompting from a transcendental source : to the average man the voice of the people is the voice of God. And the voice of the people is determined often by the shrillest and loudest note that any one may raise. Harmony is the highest temporary good with which the common run of people are satisfied. It is usual to describe those who vote with officials in our Local Boards as *apkevaste* voters. But most voters in our popular assemblies may sometimes be seen surrendering their judgments to the will of a few. Conscience is not always the still small voice within, it is often the loud clarion voice without ; it becomes synonymous with consensus. In countries where the Government for the time being represents the opinion of the majority of the people, the dissentient voice of the minority does not disturb the peace of mind of the steerers of the ship of State. Where the opinion of the Government is formed independently of the opinion of the people, and the responsibility for Government is all on one side, the public opinion, in the first place, tends to run into anti-Governmental grooves ; and secondly, the will of the Government has to be supported and enforced by measures which are not acquiesced in by the people. As the rulers and their critics cannot exchange places, dissent is not corrected by experience, and a discord once begun is apt to perpetuate itself. Mr. Morley, harnessed to the India Office, is a different person from Mr. Morley, the critic of Mr. Brodrick ; and he is so far overcome by the responsibility of office that he objects even to advisory boards in the districts, because they will have no responsibility. But the responsibility of giving advice is heavier than the responsibility of criticism. Here we seem to have the only clue to the solution of the difficulty

which the absence — and, for the present, the necessary absence — of popular government has created in India.

If the responsibility which the present constitution throws upon the rulers is great, the responsibility which the Anglo-Saxon race has an innate constitutional tendency to take upon itself is greater. In his self-righteous moods the white man blames himself for carrying the burden of other people ; yet he is half afraid to lay it down. A typical Anglo-Saxon read in the events of the Far East last year the lesson that the white man has got into the way of carrying other people's burdens, and "it now looks as if the yellow man were going to object to our carrying his any further." This is the interpretation not only of the yellow danger, but of coloured danger everywhere ; and as long as the coloured man is asked merely to walk behind with erect head and swinging arms, while his baggage is carried by the white man, of course for a consideration, there will be no peace between the two. A portion of the burden—not necessarily the heaviest or the most valuable, but just valuable enough to be flattering to one's self-respect, and just heavy enough to moderate criticism —transferred to the shoulders of the coloured man, will improve the mutual relations between the two. But is peace the highest aim of statesmanship ? If absolute peace is unattainable in any community, and if, when one controversy is laid, another is bound to take its place, what can statesmanship hope to attain, except to avoid particular kinds of strife at particular junctures, keeping some higher object steadily in view ? The junctions of Government differ in different countries. They may not be in India what they are in England. Here the Government does not merely manage the affairs of the people according to the standards evolved by the collective intelligence of the people : it represents higher ideals of government, it has to introduce new systems and new knowledge, and to educate the people. Hence to govern in *all* respects according to the voice of the people would remove one of the justifications of the presence of the British Government in India. "To leave India permanently stronger and more prosperous," said Lord Curzon in his last speech in India, "to have added to the elements of stability in the national existence, to have cut out some sources of impurity

or corruption, to have made dispositions that will raise the level of administration, not for a year or two, but continuously, to have lifted the people a few grades in the scale of well-being, to have enabled the country or the Government better to confront the dangers or the vicissitudes of the future—that is the Statesman's ambition." And that is just the task which often disturbs the existing and wonted order of things, which injures vested interests, and which provokes opposition and leaves no peace. As the peace once disturbed takes a somewhat long time to be restored, in an age of newspapers and public discussions, and as the accumulated effect of frequent agitations must be to make the water more and more muddy, all that the Statesman can hope to achieve is to wait for the proper time for the proper kind of reform, to take the people with him as far as possible, and to reduce the unrest to a minimum. If the Government is sometimes converted, it also sometimes makes converts, and a surrender of its policy to the opposition may not always be advisable. A recent instructive example of the conversion of an opponent was afforded at the last meeting of the Supreme Legislative Council. The policy of restricting the cultivator's right of alienating his land was at one time bitterly opposed by the leaders of the school which seems to believe that the true measure of human happiness is liberty. Friends in England are not all of this opinion, and Mr. Samuel Smith and others have urged an extension of the very policy which was opposed tooth and nail when introduced by Government. We can well imagine how pleased and surprised Sir Denzil Ibbetson was when Mr. Gokhale, from his place in the Viceregal Council, pleaded for the restriction of the cultivator's right of alienation, as one of the measures for the relief of agricultural indebtedness. The Anglo-Saxon temperament does not shrink from strife, if strife is found necessary, and it will not slacken the reins for the sake of mere peace. What is called the vigour of the British administration is seen in the tight grip which it wishes to apply to every branch of the administration. If the education of the youth of the land threatens to pass into incompetent hands, or to cease to be subject to wholesome influences, the Government asserts its general supervising responsibility and interferes. Such was the policy of Lord Curzon's Government, and such is believed to be the object with which a Civilian has been temporarily appointed to administer the

Education Department in Bengal. The late Sir James Peile was for some time Director of Public Instruction in Bombay, and the Madras Education Department was at one time under the direction of a Colonel. Those were days of Professorial giants, but the notion was that a good Professor does not necessarily make a good administrator of the department of public instruction. The strenuous opposition to Mr. Erle's appointment by popular leaders in Bengal and by their spokesmen in Parliament is inspired, it would appear, by an apprehension that that temporary appointment is made with the express purpose of bringing public instruction under the control of officers who are responsible for the general administration. The result, is perhaps, one more faggot added to the fire of discontent, but here, as elsewhere, the question is whether peace is worth purchasing at any price. Each of these cases, where the policy of the Government is impugned, is not in itself of a serious nature: it is the cumulative effect of constant criticism, which is not neutralised by a corresponding proportion of appreciation or praise, where these are due, that is calculated to produce a temper which, if it finds vent according to the latest methods of agitation, may lead to unfortunate results. Simultaneously with the development of new methods of political agitation, one may observe dissatisfaction expressed at the exclusion of the leading and educated classes from military employment, and the restrictions placed upon the use of arms by the Arms Act. There is, however, as yet no wide-spread desire among the people of India, and perhaps not even among the educated classes, to see the use of arms allowed more liberally just at present.

A popular writer has recently told the British public, through the columns of an influential newspaper, that the educated Indian is a man with a grievance. The greatest grievance, according to him, is the treatment of Indians by Anglo-Indians as an inferior and subject class. Lord Curzon once, when he had occasion to speak of the "subject" population of India, apologised for the necessity of using that word, and Mr. Morley has reminded the House of Commons of the justice and expediency of recollecting the hoary civilisation of this country. These compliments, even when the Anglo-Indian treats his Aryan brother on a footing of equality and fraternity, will not permanently give us the highest measure of

peace which an equally well-governed country usually reaps. That goal can be approached only by following the clue already indicated. The white man should not exclusively apply his shoulder to the wheel: he must give his critical and equally ambitious brother a taste of that arduous labour. Men become comrades sooner in war than in peace. It is in the battle of progress, where all classes are enlisted for service, that the federation of the races will be cemented, and the peace of conscience as well as of the realm, be secured.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The result of the recent elections in Great Britain may not be quite so plain as at first sight appeared ; but this much may be safely assumed : the age of amateur politicians has terminated ; Mr. Balfour is probably the last representative of the dilettante statesman of the past. Noblemen and gentlemen brought up together at Eton and Christchurch have viewed public life as a sort of friendly game in which the stakes, though high, were not ruinous, and the losers might calmly bide their time in full assurance that their turn would come. It is more than probable that politics will in future take a different form : the present Liberals will assume a conservative attitude, desirous of preserving institutions under which they have prospered ; and their opponents will consist of the unprivileged classes, grimly desirous of mending their own condition, no matter at whose expense. Moderate doctrines may ultimately prevail, as may be seen by the present condition of the French Republic. After the lapse of a century the constitutional stability dreamt of by the Gironde seems firmly established, but those by whom it was originally planned were mostly guillotined.



A wave of sensation has passed over India. It had not the suddenness of the seismic disasters at Vesuvius and San Francisco. It was the result of a well designed and resolutely carried out plan for contesting the validity of the circulars in Eastern Bengal, prohibiting the shouting of what is called the Bengali national cry in the streets. The two sensational events were the arrest and punishment of Srijuta Surendranath Banerji — the Bengalis do not wish to be called "Babus" any longer — and the dispersal of the Provincial Conference at Barisal by the police. According to the official account of the occurrences, the leading gentlemen in Barisal, who were making arrangements for the Conference, were distinctly made to understand that there should be no Bande Mataram processions on the occasion, and they acquiesced. No additional police were, therefore, drafted into the town to preserve order in case the processions were held. Contrary to the understanding with the Barisal leaders, however, the Calcutta delegates, many of whom had come determined to contest the validity of the orders, persisted in raising

the cry while passing in procession, and the police had to disperse the ranks of those who acted in defiance of them. It is added that some young men, who had been dismissed from the public service for disobeying previous orders of a similar nature, had been drilling themselves, but what part, if any, they played in the fracas, is not clear. When force was being used by the police to break the ranks of the defiant spirits, Srijuta Surendranath came forward to accept the responsibility for the procession and asked to be arrested. He was accordingly arrested and taken before the Magistrate, who tried and fined him. It is alleged that no charge was framed against the accused and he was allowed no time to make a defence. The proceedings of the Magistrate are the subject of an appeal, and they cannot be discussed pending the disposal of the appeal. Magisterial irregularities are of frequent occurrence, and if such occurred in this case they possess no special interest. The grievance from the standpoint of the public is that the liberty of shouting a harmless patriotic cry was, without sufficient justification, denied. The official justification is that the district swarms with desperate and lawless men, and that Bande Mataram processions would presumably, and in the light of past experience, have led to a breach of the peace. This raises an important question of the constitutional rights of His Majesty's subjects. If the Magistrate prohibited the processions, because at the time when he received intimation about them there was not sufficient interval to make arrangements for the preservation of the peace, we can understand the Commissioner's justification. The Magistrate says in his report that a few days before the Conference, Rajani Babu asked for permission to have a torchlight procession in honour of the delegates, and he refused to give such permission, but we are not told why. If the Magistrate could not plead want of time to make the necessary arrangements, and if the Commissioner's justification be nothing more than that there are desperate characters in the district, his view comes to this—that peaceful citizens cannot hold processions, because lawless men are likely to disturb them ! A step further might land us in the position that a cultivator should not be allowed to stack corn if dacoits are likely to make away with it. Perhaps the real meaning of the Commissioner and the Magistrate is that the police had no time to prepare against a possible breach of the peace.

The dispersal of the Conference was a more serious act. The Magistrate received information from the police that at the close of the Conference the whole body intended to parade the town shouting the prohibited cry. The organisers of the Conference, when questioned about the truth of the report, would not deny its correctness, but they only replied that it was not stated in the programme

of the Conference that after the close of the meeting the members should parade the streets! The Magistrate did not grasp the distinction between an assembly met for one purpose and the same assembly after that purpose was fulfilled. An opportunity was given to the assembly to deny the truth of the report and to undertake to be quiet in the streets. No such undertaking was given. It was intended to hold the Conference till it was nearly dark, and as the police had no means of controlling a crowd, which already numbered between seven and eight thousand in the pavilion, and which might further swell in the streets after nightfall, the assembly was asked to disperse immediately. The dispersion of assemblies likely to cause a breach of the peace is not an unknown procedure, and it would not have caused so much sensation if it had not been a political assembly that had been dispersed. The law makes no distinction between one kind of assembly and another, the paramount consideration being the preservation of the peace. Mr. Morley has informed Parliament that he is closely watching events in Eastern Bengal and he sees nothing in the condition of the province calling for a special and urgent discussion in Parliament. It is difficult to see how he can interfere with advantage to the people of that province. He is not likely to send out a mandate for the rescission of those provisions of the law under which the Magistrate acted. He cannot correct the discretion of a Magistrate after it has been exercised. He may define some policy in vague and elastic words, which must necessarily allow ample discretion to the authorities on the spot. If he expresses his disapproval of the action of the authorities at Barisal, they will answer by a recommendation to augment the local police force. As a matter of fact the Commissioner has already made that recommendation, and it is just possible that a portion of the cost of the additional police will be charged on the people of Barisal. The Secretary of State may not entirely trust the men on the spot, but he has to take his facts from them.



We speak of a limited monarchy and the absolute sovereignty of Parliament. We are apt to forget how in practice, though not in the theory of the constitutional law of England, the sovereignty of Parliament too is limited. Mr. Morley is not the only minister of the Crown who has realised the practical limitations of his powers. When the War Secretary sounded his trumpet, the whole Empire pricked its ears. Many a reform is simmering in his brain, and he has dimly seen the great possibilities of the future in the direction of reducing expenditure and increasing efficiency. But he has to carry with him his expert advisers. If the Viceroy of India and his military advisers insist on certain qualifications which the British soldier employed in India must fulfil, the War Secretary has to modify his reforms accordingly. The Colonial Secretary began bravely, with

peremptory telegraphic messages to the Colonies. But the Colonies have shown that they have a will of their own. In Natal the local Government considered that a serious situation existed, and it proclaimed martial law under which a dozen natives were condemned to death for the murder of Inspector Hunt and a constable whilst engaged in enforcing the poll tax. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council declined to hear any appeal from the sentence of the court-martial. The Colonial Secretary thought he could interfere with the policy of the executive, but directly the colonial Prime Minister threatened to resign, he had to withdraw from the courageous stand he had made. Sir Edward Grey is in a different position. He need have no altercation with his subordinates: he has to steer through the rocks of foreign politics. He has made a firm stand against Turkey's encroachment on the Khedive's territory, and he is backed up by other Powers, among whom is not Germany. A conflict with Turkey would be regarded with the keenest regret in this part of the Empire, where millions of Muhammadans would watch the events with something like personal interest. The Sultan, however, has always the good sense to yield. Mr. Asquith, too, like the Foreign Secretary, is comparatively independent of his subordinates. His position in the Liberal party is almost equal to that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and it was at one time believed that he had as much chance of becoming the Prime Minister of the Empire as Sir Henry. But his budget is said to have fallen flat upon the country—how can the affairs of a state be entrusted to a statesman who does not know how to make the newspapers interesting? That is the test nowadays of successful statesmanship.

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THE STUDY OF INDIAN SOCIAL HISTORY.

I. THE SCOPE OF SOCIAL HISTORY AND THE PECULIAR CHARACTER OF INDIAN SOCIAL LIFE.

HISTORY has been defined as the biography of society ; and the course of events that forms the subject of history is marked by an essential unity. But the course of events of the life of society is capable of being viewed from different standpoints which reveal it in its different aspects. These aspects, when taken separately for literary delineation, constitute such divisions or branches of history as political history, economic history, religious history, and the history of philosophy and of knowledge. All these branches of history, though confining themselves to the different aspects of life, never lose sight of the common life of society as distinguished from the individual life. History, therefore, is nothing if it is not social, and social history means nothing more nor less than the general history of a nation.

But in speaking of Indian social history I use the phrase, "social history" in a restricted sense as dealing with the strictly social aspect of national life. Here, again, social life must not be understood in its European sense. In Europe social as distinguished from political life denotes the condition of the life of the masses as distinguished from the ruling classes ; and expressions like "social reform," "social progress," and "social legislation" have corresponding meanings. But in India the epithet "social" has come to be associated with all that relates to *varna* and *jāti*, or social divisions according to birth. And taking this particular aspect of national life as its province, social history may be defined as the history of the origin and development of social classes and of their connubial (nuptial), commensal (relating to the right of eating together), ceremonial

and contactual relations. It may be doubted whether such a restricted sphere of life tends itself to or deserves separate historical treatment. Does not social history as defined here rather form an integral part of one or the other of the recognised divisions of the general history? And would not its separate treatment amount to taking a narrow and one-sided view of that particular division?

The force of such objections may be admitted in regard to the social life of all other civilised nations excepting the Indians. Social classes or divisions into ranks and grades have existed among all the civilised nationalities; and the mutual social relations of the different grades have known vicissitudes everywhere. Concerning the restrictions on mixed marriages among European nations, Professor Westermarck writes:—

In Rome plebeians and patricians could not intermarry till the year 445 B.C., nor were marriages allowed between patricians and clients. Cicero himself disapproved of intermarriages of *ingenui* [ordinary freemen] and freed men, and though such alliances were permitted under the emperors, yet a senator could not marry a freed woman, nor a patroness her liberated slave. Among the Teutonic peoples, in ancient times, any freeman who had intercourse with a slave, was punished with slavery, and a woman guilty of such a crime might be killed. In the Scandinavian countries slavery came to an end at a comparatively early period, but in Germany it was succeeded by serfdom; and equality of birth continued to be regarded as an indispensable condition of lawful marriage. As late as the thirteenth century, any German woman who had intercourse with a serf lost her liberty. From the class of freemen, both in Germany and in Scandinavia, the nobility gradually emerged as a distinct order, and marriages between persons of noble birth and persons who, although free, were not noble, came to be considered as misalliances. In Sweden, in the seventeenth century, such marriages were punished.*

Class-endogamy or the prohibition of marriage out of the class is not unknown even in modern Europe. The same writer informs us:—

According to German Civil Law, the marriage of a man belonging to high nobility with a woman of inferior birth is still

* *The History of Human Marriage*, London, 1901, pp. 372—373.

regarded as *disparagium*; and the woman is not entitled to the rank of her husband, nor is the full right of inheritance possessed by her or by her children. Although in no way prevented by law, marriages out of the class are generally avoided by custom. . . . It is but faintly traced in England, though not observed. It is (or perhaps was) rather distinctly marked in the United States, through prejudices against the blending of white and the coloured blood. But in Germany certain hereditary dignities are still forfeited by a marriage beyond the forbidden limits, and in France, in spite of all formal institutions, marriages between a person belonging to the *noblesse* and a person belonging to the *bourgeoisie* (distinguished roughly from one another by the particle *de*) are wonderfully rare, though they are not unknown.*

Certain restrictions on commensality were probably as widespread at one time :—

There were customs of eating together at sacred tribal feasts from which foreigners were excluded; customs of not eating together with persons outside certain limits of relationship, except under special circumstances, customs by which an outsider could, by eating with men of a tribe, acquire certain rights of relationship with that tribe.†

Prohibition of the participation of the lower orders in the religious ceremonies of the higher ranks was also not unknown outside India. In ancient Rome the admittance of the non-burgess to a religious ceremony of the citizens appeared sinful to the orthodox Roman.‡ In Japan the commons and the serfs "stood originally outside the pale of the patrician [Shinto] creed." § But as regards restrictions on the simple right of touching or approaching one another between different classes the only people that rivalled the Hindus were the Japanese of old. Concerning the very exaggerated notion of pollution entertained by the ancient Japanese, Captain Brinkley writes :—

The necessity of avoiding pollution dictated grotesque rules of conduct. Thus, the mere fact of encountering a stranger, or of coming into contact with any of his belongings, was held to cause contamination

* *The History of Human Marriage*, p. 273.

† Rhys David's *Buddhist India*, London, 1903, pp. 52—53.

‡ Mommsen's *History of Rome*, English Translation, Vol. I, p. 298 note.

§ Brinkley's, *Japan and China*, London, 1903, Vol. I, p. 140.

that demanded a service of purification, and a traveller was consequently required to carry a bell which he rang as he moved along, after the manner of a leper in mediæval Europe. If he boiled his food by the roadside, he exposed himself to the lawful displeasure of the nearest household, and if he borrowed cooking utensils from any one in the neighbourhood, they had to be solemnly purified before being returned to their owner or allowed to touch any other object. Evidently, inns could not exist under such circumstances, and the difficulties of travel were enormous, as everything needed for the journey must be carried by the wayfarer.*

In pre-Buddhistic Japan "nothing was more marked than the wide interval separating the patricians and the plebeian sections of the nation A patrician held himself defiled by mere contact with a plebeian, and marriages between them were not tolerated." In mediæval and modern Japan the different sections of the *Eta* or the *antyajas* who followed unclean occupations like those of our *chamars*, *doms*, *mehtars*, and *kashais* (butchers) were treated in much the same way as their brethren in India. "They lived apart, generally on the outskirts of towns and villages, and were governed by their own headmen." †

But the reason why such an important factor of national life has not been made the subject of independent historical study by any of these nations is not far to seek. Among them, social life has been more or less dependent on political life, and their social history is inseparably bound up and interwoven with their political history. As we have seen in our extracts from Westermarck, the restrictions on mixed marriages were imposed or removed in Europe by the authority of the state. The restriction on marriage between a patrician and a plebeian of Rome was removed by the Canuleian law in 445 B.C. The admission of the plebeians to the religious ceremonies followed as a natural corollary to the recognition of their political equality. "Even the most rigid orthodoxy," writes Mommsen, "never doubted that admittance to civic communion, which absolutely and solely depended on the state, involved also full religious equality." ‡ Turning to Japan we find that the social disabilities of the *Eta* were abolished by an imperial decree in 1871.

* Ibid. Vol. I, pp. 87—88.

† Ibid. Vol. I, pp. 103—104.

‡ *History of Rome*, Vol. I, p. 298 Note.

Another decree of the same year "gave permission to the feudal Princes and their retainers—except those in public service—to engage in agricultural, industrial, and commercial pursuits, which had been denied to them under the old régime." * A decree of two years later (1873) deprived these retainers of the feudal nobility, who formed the mighty *Samurai* or the military class, of their privileges, and even when such disabilities or privileges succeed in evading the law under the shelter of fashion or prejudice, the strong feelings of nationality and patriotism wear them down. The most striking example of the renunciation of rank and privileges under such influences was furnished by the *Samurai* of Japan. The imperial decree of 1873 was not a compulsory one. And yet on its promulgation the *Samurai* parted with the two swords that had for ages been to him what the sacred thread is to the Brahman, and surrendering the hereditary pensions which his ancestors had earned with their blood for the paltry consideration of six years' purchase value, voluntarily stepped into the rank of the *Heimin* or the commoners. The social life of great nations like the Romans, the Teutons, and the Japanese have mainly been shaped by the political forces.

But socially India stands apart from the rest of the civilised world. The social life of the Hindus, though profoundly influenced by the course of political history in every epoch, has never been directly dependent on political life. This singularly exceptional character of the Hindu social institutions is due to the existence of a unique body of independent and hereditary priesthood in India. The history of civilisation shows that in an earlier stage of culture the offices of the ruler and the priest are united in the person of the patriarch or the king ; and when a separate priesthood comes into being it takes the place of a body of officials or public servants. In ancient Rome the priests were at first nominated by the king ; and although after the abolition of kingship the consuls left it to the colleges of priests to fill up vacancies occurring among them, the priestly office never became hereditary, and ultimately the burgesses succeeded in completely subverting the independence of the priesthood by themselves assuming the right of election.† During

* *Japan by the Japanese*, Edited by Alfred Stead, London, 1904, p. 356.

† Mommsen's *History of Rome*, Vol. IV. p. 158.

the long and eventful struggle that was waged by the Church and the State for ascendancy in Christendom, no effort was ever made to make the office of the Christian clergy hereditary.

The priestly orders of the far eastern nations furnish us even with better illustrations of the general principle that governs the relation of the civil to the sacerdotal. Confucianism, the national religion of China, has no priesthood. "The acts of worship are performed by the Emperor in person, by the officials, and by the head of every household." The other Chinese creeds, Taoism and Buddhism, that are followed by many of the Confucianists, have their priests who live solely in temples and monasteries. But they are invoked for funeral ceremonies only. Neither of these Chinese priestly orders "attempts to exercise any influence over the people, and both are held in lower esteem."* In Japan, where the social life approached the Indian type in so many points, the Shinto priests and the priests of a few of the Buddhist sects who married and transmitted their offices to their heirs never attained to anything like the position of the Indian Brahmins; although forming a class apart, they were never recognised as such and were socially ranked with the *Samurai*. In an empire like Japan, where the sovereign occupies the position of the high-priest of the national creed and the word for 'Government,' *mitsurigot*, also means 'the affairs of worship,' the independence or the ascendancy of the sacerdotal order is out of the question.

But India shows a very notable exception to the general rule. From the early dawn of history the priestly office has been hereditary in India and the sacerdotal class has claimed independence of the civil government. At the coronation ceremony of the Hindu King the priest solemnly proclaimed the independence of his order with the following old *yajus mantra* (formula):—

"So and so, son of such and such a father and such and such a mother is (the ruler) of this people; oh ye people (of such and such a land) this is your King! Soma is the King of the Brahmins," (Vajasaneya-Samhita 9.40.)

The unique position of the Brahman *varna* (class) rests upon a deep historic foundation. Where a sacerdotal class has been evolved from within, it is found to conform to the normal type of priesthood

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*, (New Volumes).

as a body of public functionaries more or less dependent on the State. But the nucleus of the Brahman priesthood did not originate from within, but imposed its spiritual sway from without, so to say. In the *mantra* literature the discovery of the sacred fire and the inauguration of the sacrificial rite are attributed to semi-mythical personages like Angiras (R.V.* 4.2.15., V.S†. 17.28), Bhrigu (R.V.1.60., V.S.15.26), Atharvan (R.V. 6.16.13.&c. V.S. 17.32), and Manu (R.V. 8.19.12). The descendants of the first three Rishis were worshipped as deified ancestors entitled to shares in sacrificial offerings along with the gods (R.V. 10.14.6). The sacrificial religion originally founded by these patriarchs was believed to have been brought to perfection by the famous seven sages (Rishis), Visvamitra, Jamadagni, Bharadvaja, Gotama, Atri, Vasishtha, and Kasyapa. A Rik mantra tells us: "The seven divine Rishis repeatedly performed the sacrifice with hymns, with metres, and with measurements; like the charioteer holding the reins they performed sacrifices following in the footsteps of the ancient Rishis (R.V. 10.130.6)." These seven Rishis with Agastya as the eighth are described by the early authors of the Srauta Sutras like Asvalayana and Vandhayana as the founders of the original Brahmanic *gotras* or clans.

While the human race is regarded as descended from Manu in the Vedic literature, the first man, born of the god Vivasvat (sun) and the goddess Savarna who is called "Father Manu" (R.V. 1. 80. 6), "our father" (R.V.2.30.3), and the right path of conduct "Father Manu's path," independent divine origins are claimed either directly or indirectly for the other founders of the sacrificial religion and the majority of the originators of the Brahmanic *gotras*. The Angirasas are called the "sons of heaven" (R.V. 4.2.15, 10.67.2) and "the sons of Agni" (10.62.5). The ancestry of Bharadvaja is traced through Brihaspati, Bharadvaja's father, who is called "the son of Angiras" (R.V.10.68.2), to Angiras; and in one of the hymns of the sixth book of the Rigveda attributed to the poets of the Bharadvaja family a poet describes himself as one of the Angirasas (6.11.3). Gritsamada and Vamadeva to whom the authorship of the second and the fourth books (*Mandalas*) of the Rig-Veda are respectively ascribed, also describes themselves as belonging to the same great Angirasa stock. The Aitareya Brahmana (3.34) gives

* R. V.=Rig-Veda.

† V. S.=Vajasaneya Samhita.

the following account of Bhrigu's origin : " That spark which blazed up from Prajapati's sperm became the aditya ; the second which blazed up became Bhrigu. Varuna adopted him as his son. Thence Bhrigu is called Varuni, *i.e.*, descendant of Varuna." * Jamadagni is the son of Bhrigu. Vasishta and Agastya are said to be born of Mitra and Varuna (R.V. 7.33. 10 & 13). That divine origin was also claimed for Atri and Kanva may be inferred from the fact that in one *Mantra* (R.V. 1.139.9) Atri and Kanva are included among the "ancients" and "the oldest among the divine Rishis" together with "Angiras, Atharvan's son Dadhyach, and Manu.

Although these legends and myths are historically valueless, they are not devoid of ethnological value. They seem to indicate that the Indians of the *Mantra* period recognised among themselves two distinct tribal divisions ; the divine tribe consisting of the more ancient sacerdotal clans, and the tribe of Manu. These two ancient tribal divisions probably represented two independent bodies of immigrants. The ancestors of the early Brahmans were the first band of Indo-Aryan invaders who settled in the Punjab and built up the sacrificial religion on the basis of the prehistoric Indo-Iranian cult. They were afterwards conquered by another tribe of fresh invaders of inferior culture, the Manu-ites. Profoundly impressed by the elaborate sacrificial ceremonies, the rude conquerors soon acknowledged the conquered folk as their religious guides. The later priestly families like the Visvamitras of the Bharatha tribe who sprung up from among the conquerors, were formed on the model of the older clans. In the post-Vedic literature the ancestry of all the Kshatriya families of northern India is traced to Manu. Speaking of the *pravaras* of the Kshatriya sacrificers Asvatayana writes :— " If the sacrificers are Kshatriyas, the fires of the Rishi ancestors of their Purohitas (house-priests) are chosen. But if the fires of their own ancestors are to be chosen, those of Manu, Ilā, and Pururavas should be chosen." † In the Vedic literature Ilā is represented as the daughter of Manu (Satapath-Brahmana 1.8.1.9) and Pururavas as the son of Ilā.

It is, therefore, to the two important historical facts, the conquest of the founders of sacrificial religion by the founders of the

* Haug's Translation. See also Taittiriya-Upanishd, 3.1.

† Branta-Sutra 6. 14. 4-5. (Bibliotheca Indica)

ruling houses of ancient India, and the imposition of the spiritual yoke by the former as priests on the latter, that India owes a body of hereditary priesthood independent of the civil government. The peculiar character of the priesthood has profoundly influenced the social life of the Hindus. *Varna* and *jāti*, or the larger and smaller divisions according to birth, derive their most fundamental elements—their independence of political life and the predominance of the hereditary principle—from the constitution of the Brahmans who as the pioneers of Indo-Aryan culture may be rightly termed “the first-born” among the classes. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that the Brahmans are to be held directly responsible for the making of the *jāti-bheda* or the innumerable divisions into mutually exclusive groups. The growth of *Varnas* like the *Kṣatriyas* or the nobility, *Vaiśyas* or the commoners, and the *Sudras* or the serfs and slaves, are inevitable as a consequence of the natural inequalities of men in physical and intellectual capacities and the exigencies of alien conquest. Restrictions on free social intercourse between different classes primarily spring up from the absence of mutual sympathy between their members. But it was not the Brahmans who generally led the way in imposing such restrictions. The desire for keeping the blood pure, which led to the prohibition of mixed marriages, originated with the *Kṣatriyas*. An old Buddhist text, *Ambattha Sutta*, contains a very remarkable discussion between a learned Brahman youth named Ambattha and Gautama Buddha. The point at issue between the disputants is whether the *Kṣatriyas* or the Brahmans are the higher of the two. Gautama Buddha demonstrates the superiority of the former by showing that whereas the Brahmans admit issues of mixed marriages into their rank, the *Kṣatriyas* never do so and are most particular about the purity of descent “up to the seventh generation of ancestors.”* The Brahmans no doubt framed the *Varnāśrama-dharma* or the rules for the guidance of the different classes and the stages of individual life. But the *Varna*-code was intended primarily for the guidance of their own order and contained very few rules relating to the mass of the population. The Indian social system is founded upon a basis of custom which makes its way by imitation rather

* “Dialogues of the Buddha.” Translated by T. W. Rhys Davids, London, 1899, pp. 119-120.

than by authority. The Brahmans influenced social life more by their example than by their precepts. The adoption of a usage by a sacerdotal class believed to be enjoying special facilities for holding communion with the super-human world through their knowledge of the Vedic lore naturally clothed it with a sanctity and a supernatural sanction in the eyes of an extremely credulous population.

(To be continued.)

*Rajshahi,
Bengal.*

RAMA PRASAD CHANDA.

AKBAR'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

THE intelligent globe trotter who desires to see the whole of India in three months has set himself a task equal to that of one who should undertake to visit within the same interval London, and Constantinople, the steppes of the Ukraine, and the vineyards of Gascony, the mountains of the Attruzzi and the Scandinavian Fiords. In such a hurried survey he must needs acquire many second-hand opinions and impressions of not more value than the shoddy shawls and clumsy art products which are brought for his inspection to the veranda of his hotel. But on one subject he cannot be misled: even the most superficial observation must convey to his mind some confirmation of the picture of the Great Mogul Emperor that he will have derived from European writers. Tennyson, and the illustrious German writer known in literature by his assumed name of Graf von Noor,* are by no means the only distinguished men, who in remote times and places and under an alien civilisation, have celebrated the moral and material greatness of Akbar: and in that monarch's City of Agra—still known to the natives by the title of Akbarabad—the grand fortified Palace on the banks of the Jumna still testifies to his stately taste and sumptuous expenditure. But it is at Sikri, 23 miles west of Agra, that the most characteristic monument of Akbar is to be found. Many sovereigns have left the impress of their own tastes and characters upon the houses that they have built for themselves. From the times of the Plantagenet Kings with their barbicans and towers down to the stucco magnificence of the Regency, many English Monarchs have left their mark at Windsor, whatever official residencies they may have occupied in London or at Westminster. In Spain the enormous pile of the Escorial with its vast chapel, its small chambers, and its

* Prince Frederic of Schleswig Holstein.

gloomy corridors, testifies to the arbitrary and narrow fanaticism of its founder, as much as the grand galleries and sumptuous pleasure grounds of Versailles tell of the magnificent egotism of the Roi Soleil, as Louis XIV delighted to be called. But none of these buildings could be more characteristic than that of Futehpore Sikri of the character of its creator and of the conditions under which that character was formed. Born in exile, cradled in adversity, bred up in camps and on battlefields, Akbar became Emperor of Hindustan when he was barely thirteen years of age. Bold, sympathetic, inquisitive and completely illiterate, he continued through life to be little more than a noble boy, who might have applied to himself the famous complaint of Sadi :—

Though forty of thy precious years have flown,
Thy mind from childhood's mood has never grown.

It was in the meridian of his singular career, while occupied with important movements both against his own refractory kinsfolk and the still more dangerous Rajpoots, that he found leisure to devise this stately pleasure house, while still completing the grand castellated palace on the site of an earlier Pathan Castle at Agra. The new buildings at Sikri were founded in co-operation with Shaikh Salim, a hermit of the "Chisti" order, who had promised the Emperor an heir, and his tomb with its magnificent screen of marble lacework, is still one of the chief decorations of the great southern quadrangle. It would be difficult to convey to those who have not seen it an adequate notion of this vast series of buildings, inferior perhaps to its European antitypes in unity of design, but scarcely to be matched anywhere, either as to the grandeur of its religious section or in the elaborate richness with which the domestic portions are decorated. The purely official portions, indeed, differ but little from the ordinary arrangements of a Moghul palace, based as such places always were upon the idea of a Tartar camp. The traveller arriving from Agra enters by the eastern gate and finds before him the cloistered courtyard and throne-room of general reception, corresponding in conception to the palace yard and hall of Westminster. Here, surrounded by Ministers and Ameers, the Emperor would receive the petitions of the people, and pass such orders as might be found proper, but at the back of the hall should be found, according to the general plan, a Council Chamber or House of

Lords, wherein the executive arrangements of administration would be made. According to the guides this chamber is to be found in a singular building having the outward appearance of a two storied house, but which on entering is seen to consist of a massive central column, from whose broad capital causeways diverge to the four corners which are laterally connected by as many galleries. This building has been supposed by some to be no other than the chamber in which the sects met for nightly debates in the presence of the Emperor, who occupied a central position : for this arrangement the top of the central column seems well fitted if we translate the Persian word of the original description "*Aiwan*" as "*gallery*." The primary meaning of the word is no doubt a hall ; but since no assembly could conduct its debates while its members were distributed into four distinct halls, it seems only reasonable to render the word by its secondary meaning, which will be found assigned to it in all good dictionaries. It may therefore be taken as a working conjecture that the structure in question was used for the Privy Council in the morning, and occupied by the Royal Academy at night. The adjoining building may possibly have served as a room for the custody of papers used or recorded by the Council, as it contains a number of receptacles closed by stone panels or slabs. In front is a small pavilion of Jain architecture, said to have been the seat of a Hindu devotee : and these are the principal objects of interest situated to the north of the private apartments, from which they were formerly separated by a wall extending from west to east, and forming the boundary of the Zenana enclosure. Of the interior of this enclosure little need be said, the various apartments of which it consists being described in various accessible works, where the absurdity of their traditional designations is shown, however difficult it may be to discover the accurate substitutes. One thing is quite plain ; the entire arrangement testifies to the care of a refined and thoughtful gentleman, providing comfort for his family. The various apartments with their massive stone walls, and elaborate decorations only required the addition of silk hangings to render them agreeable refuges from the heat of summer and the cold of winter ; while luxurious baths ministered to the well-being of the delicate inmates. A long covered passage enabled the ladies to go down to a window before which merchants from the neighbouring

carvansarai could unfold their wares, shawls from Cashmere, brocades from Delhi, and muslins from Dacca ; while an elevated pavilion of five storeys enabled them to taste the evening freshness, and to look forth upon the surrounding fields, and upon the lake, which, covered with pleasure boats and gaudily rigged galleys, in those days stretched far to northward. Leaving this domestic group of buildings and passing to the southern extremity of the rock, the visitor finds himself in a wholly different scene. Akbar's chief Consort was a Hindu, and in the whole of the Palace in which she was supreme the architecture is marked by Hindu influence ; horizontal architraves and flat ceilings surmounting comparatively small chambers, and covered with paintings and carvings, representing birds, beasts and flowers. Here in the great quadrangle all savours of Mahomedan taste, arches and vaulted roofs, ornamented with geometrical tracery. The quadrangle measures 433 feet by 366, and is approached from the south by a gateway which, rising fully 130 feet into the air, renders the building conspicuous for many miles around. This is the triumphal arch erected to celebrate the Emperor's return from his last campaign in 1602, and its great height renders it somewhat out of proportion to the adjacent buildings. But the Mosque, however it may seem to be dwarfed by the gateway, is one of the most beautiful in the East ; and a door in the back gives access to the original cave of the hermit and to the redstone Mosque of humbler dimensions, said to have been originally built for his use while the larger buildings were in progress. The vast area of the fronting quadrangle is partly filled by the holy man's own mausoleum and by the sepulchres of many of his kindred.

Of the life led by the brave boy-hearted Emperor at Sikri, between the year of its foundation in 1568 and that of his latest recorded visit 1602, we get invaluable glimpses from the writings of two contemporaries, utterly opposed to one another in opinion and mental habit, but strangely in accord as to the personal attraction of the hero. One of these, Abul Fazl, commonly known as "*Allami*" was the devoted admirer and favourite Minister of Akbar, a heretic in the eyes of the second writer, Badaoni, the bitter and unflinching champion of Moslem orthodoxy. What appeared liberality and virtue to the former was boldly denounced by the latter ; yet the

impression of the Emperor's sincerity and greatness is almost equally produced by both. According to the one, Akbar received from "Abul Fazl" and his brother Faizi doctrines of Pantheism and improper toleration which led him astray; but the other gives a noble sketch of his master's true piety. Often, in the first hour of dawn, as we are told, grateful for his many blessings, would Akbar sit upon a stone in the courtyard of his stately pleasure-house and meditate on the problems of life and of his own particular task. At other times, under the still sky of a summer night, he would lean over the balcony of his "*House-of-Dreams*" (still shown in the same part of the palace) while the Pundit Debi, swinging from the wall in a basket, initiated him into the mysteries of the Vedic Nature-worship, or the synthesis of Sanskrit philosophy. In pursuance of his eclectic method, Akbar had founded an academy of which he was the President and which consisted of such Moslems and Hindus as were considered qualified and were willing to become members. The Emperor's brother-in-law, Raja Man Singh, indeed, positively refused to join, but Birbal, another Hindu favourite, is known to have been a member, as was the case with Faizi and his brother. The discussions of this society took place every Thursday evening, and were often prolonged till morning: the members of the various sects, or denominations sitting in four adjacent galleries, while the Emperor, as Moderator, occupied the central position. "When the disputes raged round him as he sate on his central seat in the four galleries of the *Ibádat Khána*, it fared ill with the Scribes and Pharisees of Islam. Unaccustomed to contradiction, they wrangled and even fell to blows; till the evident disgust of the imperial Moderator silenced them and prepared their fall. Often was the hot debate abruptly closed by the weary Akbar. At other times it would continue till the surrounding land was thrilled with the dawn of day. Then, as the sun's broad disc leapt above the horizon, calling the simple rustics to their labour in the fields beyond the park walls, some poet of the school of Faizi would scandalise the assembled bigots with an eclectic hymn. Of such the following is an actually preserved specimen:—

I

Come! let us raise an altar to The Light
And lay with stones from Sinai's summit brought
For our new *Ka'ba* the foundation meet.

II

The ancient *Ka'ba's* wall is broken down,
 The basis of the Kibla is removed,
 On new foundations raise a lasting shrine.*

Nor was the hostility to the orthodox creed of Islam confined to words. While abstaining from the coarser forms of persecution, then practised by his European contemporaries, Akbar certainly used his influence to turn the hearts of his people against Islam, and convert them to his own views. The use of the Prophet's name for boys was discountenanced ; the ordinary forms of salutation were prohibited in favour of a greeting in which the Emperor's name was substituted, and the year of Akbar's succession was made the commencement of a new epoch in place of the usual reckoning from the Moslem *hejira*. The Emperor even affected the priestly office ; and one morning in March 1580 proceeded in state to the great Mosque of the quadrangle, in order to officiate and to recite from the pulpit a hymn composed for the occasion by Faizi which was to the following effect :—

The Lord to me the kingdom gave,
 He made me prudent, strong and brave,
 He guided me with right and ruth
 Filling my heart with love of truth ;
 No tongue of man can sum His state,—
 Alláh Akbar ! God is great.

In September of the same year, he extorted from the Moslem hierarchy an instrument in which his ecclesiastical supremacy was acknowledged with a decorous reservation in favour of the Koran ; and he preceded to promulgate a new religion which he termed the "*Theistic Creed*." The object of this was to combine in one system the *Nyaya* of the Pundits, with the transcendental theosophy of the Persian *sufis* : the precepts and principles of Jesus and His apostles were afterwards included at the instance of a Christian Missionary named Aqua Viva. Indeed, it may have seemed that Christianity was likely to receive permanent favour in the Empire ; Akbar's successor permitted the baptism of one of his sons ; in the following reign the heir apparent, Sultan Dāra, went still further and forfeited his position and his life. He consorted with missionaries and trans-

* Keene's "History of Hindustan," p. 115.

lated the four gospels : when strangled in prison by order of his fanatical brother, his last words are reported to have been :—“ Mahomed slays me, but the Son of Mary is my Saviour.” The movement was premature and abortive ; yet it deserves notice as indicating the direction in which religious reform in India may be expected to appear : as was seen in the Brahmo Samaj, and even in some of the actions of the late Sir Syed Ahmed.*

Of the transaction of secular business at Sikri there is no sign. A building, indeed, sometimes used for the accommodation of visitors, is traditionally known as *dafter khāna*, but it was not large enough for the business of a modern sub-division ; and it seems probable that the government offices of the Empire were at Agra, which would hold the same relation to Sikri as that of Westminster to Windsor in modern England. This relation probably endured till nearly the close of Akbar's reign, as we find a statement inscribed on the great triumphal arch on the south side of the Mosque quadrangle that the Emperor came there in 1602, nearly the end of the reign. The clouds had already begun to gather around the setting sun ; and Akbar had begun to discover the futility of what, in the same inscription, he had deprecated as building on the world's bridge instead of merely passing over. The academy was being dissolved by death, some of the most loved of its members having come to more or less tragic ends. The theistic creed made no progress : and family quarrels were raging around the Emperor. Salim having caused the death of the faithful Allami, had made some show of rebellion, from which, however, he abstained on the remonstrance of his mother, who visited him at Allahabad, bringing news of the failing health of his father and persuading him to return with her to Agra. Salim, who may be remembered as the child of miracle and named after the Saint of Sikri, had his own domestic troubles, being threatened by a son as rebellious as himself. This young man's name was Khusru, who desired with the aid of his uncle, Raja Man Singh, to supersede his father in the succession. Among all these intrigues and dissensions the Emperor, prematurely worn by years of labour and exposure in a trying climate, lay sick in his Agra

* This excellent Mahomedan not only translated part of the Christian Scriptures, but defended the Pentateuch against Bishop Colenso, and his orthodoxy was regarded with such suspicion at Mecca, that a decree was issued pronouncing that his assassination would be lawful.

palace never again to visit his favourite retreat at Sikri. The loyalty of some of the Mughal nobles secured the position of the Crown Prince Salim, who repaired to his father's bedside, where he fell on his knees, and was invested with the emblems of sovereignty, while Khusrû and his uncle made a hasty departure. Akbar died the same day, and the new Emperor's reign was one of confusion and misrule ; the halls and courtyards of Sikri were deserted and soon became covered with weeds and briars, only to be cleared away when the palace was re-occupied, more than two centuries later, by the sub-divisional officer of an alien government, and a place of pleasant admiration for foreign sightseers.

As the short winter evening passes swiftly into the calm night, the traveller before departing turns back to take a last glance at the singular group of unruined ruins where he has been passing the day. The night wind sighs in the cloisters and the despondent wail of the jackal rises from the recesses of the Imperial Seraglio ; once again the mind is touched by a sense of the littleness of human greatness and the transitory strength of human power. The recollection of the inscriptions on the great gateway which have been interpreted for him by the guide books tells the departing visitor that all is vanity. If he has read the *Gulistan* he will also remember the inscription which, according to Sadi, was placed over an arch of the portico of Faridun.

The world, O my brother, is constant to none.
Trust thou the world's Maker, and all is well done ;
Lean not on her kingdoms thy back or thy head,
For many, thy peers, she has nourished and sped.
When the pure soul desires from her prison to fly,
'Tis the same on a throne, or a dustheap to die.

*Westward Ho,
North Devon.*

H. G. KEENE.

THE EDUCATIONAL POLICY OF LORD CURZON'S ADMINISTRATION.

A POPULAR writer of Indian tales recently said that there has been a deterioration in the relations between Europeans and Indians, and laid the blame at the door of our educational system. This complaint is not an isolated one, for it is still contended by many that the endeavour to introduce Western knowledge and ideals into India has resulted in injury to the national character. One must sorrowfully admit that there are some aspects of modern Indian life, which might well lead the observer into this error. But it is a great and mischievous error. For it is altogether wrong to regard the knowledge of the East and West as though they belonged to different species of creatures and should or could be kept apart. In order that a country or a race may progress, the whole wisdom and experience of mankind must be placed freely at its disposal, and, leaving aside the oft-quoted example of Japan, it should be obvious that no nation may seek a place among the great peoples of modern times, that fails to assimilate and to use the knowledge and thought of the modern world. If we find that the immediate results of educating India in accordance with this principle are in some respects disappointing, that is certainly not the fault of Western learning nor probably of Eastern knowledge and receptiveness, but is due to the circumstances that the progress of assimilation by a great continent must be slow, that semi-digestion is an uncomfortable state, and that the methods of instruction may have been faulty. And the cure for the evils which result from insufficient or faulty education is not to close the door but to throw it wider open. The Government of India, at any rate, have for many years past recognised and acted on this truth and have faithfully maintained the policy of the open door. They

have never pursued it more earnestly, methodically and vigorously than during Lord Curzon's administration. No more silly and groundless calumny has been uttered against the late Viceroy than that it was his aim to restrict the education of India in order to stifle the political aspirations of her sons. To those who read the story of his administration aright, nothing stands out more clearly than his conviction that India needs, above all things, the best and widest education, and his determination, in so far as might be, to secure it for her.

When Lord Curzon assumed the Viceroyalty of India things were not going well with the educational progress of the country. The great impetus which popular education received from the policy inaugurated by Sir Charles Wood's despatch had faded away, and though the vast majority of the population was still illiterate, progress was almost completely arrested. Although a section of the population had welcomed the advent of western education with avidity, yet the great modern organisation of the Education Departments stood powerless before the apathy and poverty of the bulk of the population. More advanced instruction through the medium of English claimed, it is true, an increasing number of students, but there was grave reason to apprehend that the character of the instruction was most faulty, and that the youth of India received no true education but passively allowed themselves to be filled with lifeless information which failed in a large measure to stimulate their intellects or to fit them for their duties in life. The canker had grown deep into the system and tainted the whole, from the lower forms of the English schools to the highest University classes. In place of the thinkers and workers who were to advance India to its legitimate place among the nations, the colleges too frequently turned out disappointed office seekers, redundant lawyers, routine workers, and discontented politicians. The best pupils, such as those destined to man the departments of the State, gained their culture in spite of, rather than through, the agency constructed for their assistance.

To the correction of these grave evils which imperilled the future of Indian civilisation, Lord Curzon set himself with the whole vigour of his mind and will, fully resolved that he would leave India with the sound foundation of a really popular education and with a system of higher education following a more just course and endowed

with higher ideals. The situation was too serious and the mischief too deep to permit of superficial remedy or rash experiment ; and in accordance with the general principles which dominated Lord Curzon's Government, thorough and minute investigation was followed by vigorous and resolute action. The main events which indicated to the public the progress of the educational campaign were the Simla Conference of September 1901, at which educationalists and administrators discussed with unique authority all aspects of the question ; the appointment in March 1902 of a Director-General of Education, who brought to the consideration of Indian questions the best traditions and most up-to-date knowledge of the educational systems of the West ; the convening in January 1902 of a Commission to examine and advise upon the many grave defects of the University system, and the passing in the winter of 1904 of a Universities Act, framed so as to direct the course of higher teaching into a more wholesome and useful channel ; the publication in March 1904 of a resolution in which the Government of India explained the principal conclusions at which they had arrived and the main points to which their reforms were directed ; and lastly, the farewell speech made by Lord Curzon to the Directors of Public Instruction, in which he summarised the course of the educational activity of his Government. These were the public manifestations of a work of reform which was prosecuted from day to day with painstaking diligence and whole-hearted zeal by the Supreme Government and its officers, by the local Governments who co-operated with the utmost loyalty and energy, and by educationalists, both public and private, through the length and breadth of the country. In his farewell speech Lord Curzon was careful to disclaim any pretension to a final settlement of educational difficulties, and freely recognised that the utmost seven years of labour could achieve was to put the ship on a right course, to correct some of the evil tendencies of the past, and to open the way to satisfactory progress in the future. But this at least may be said, that wherever change has been made, it has always been in the direction of wider, more liberal, and more thorough education, enlarging the horizon of all classes of the population. In a newspaper article it is not possible to follow the achievement into the details of the system and management of the many branches of

education, but even a glance at its main aspects will suffice to demonstrate the truth of what is said above.

The Government resolutely faced the difficult problem of the primary education of the general population, and perceived clearly that its own vigorous and practical intervention, backed by a free expenditure of public money, was essential for a fresh start. To secure the requisite funds large and permanent subventions were made from imperial revenues, Local Governments were instructed that popular education should be made a primary charge upon provincial revenues, and steps were taken to insure that local and municipal bodies should not neglect its claims. New schools were opened in the more backward localities, and educational and executive officers combined in their efforts to induce the ryots to send their children to them. At the same time numerous measures have been introduced to improve the schools and to make them more useful and attractive to the classes whom they serve. Much money was devoted to the building and equipment of better school houses in those parts of the country where these were sorely needed ; the herculean task of teaching the rural teachers how to teach was energetically pursued ; and curricula were simplified, so that an intelligent and simple instruction is now taking the place of antiquated and often unintelligible lessons. The cumulative effect of these reforms, aided by a much-needed strengthening of the inspecting staff, is already exercising a very happy influence ; and if the new system is prosecuted with the well directed energy with which it was started, we may hope that the melancholy stagnation of a few years ago will never reoccur.

In the domain of secondary education attention was primarily devoted to improving the subjects and methods of teaching. A more diversified curriculum for the English schools, fit to train young men for the multifarious careers which the development of the country is opening out to them, is one of the great needs of India. Unfortunately, it cannot be claimed that the results have been so far commensurate with the efforts ; but by the provision of alternative courses of study and the revision of examination regulations, something has been done to wean the affections of Indian parents from a too uniform and formal literary curriculum. Simultaneously with these reforms the improvement of the training and status of English

teachers has received the special attention of the Government. The unpopularity of the career of a teacher, and the want of a suitable training on the part of many of those who embark on it, have had a very prejudicial effect on the character of the secondary schools. No measures are more important than those which compel schools to employ duly qualified teachers, which provide efficient means for acquiring such qualifications, and which improve the pay and prospects of teachers. These prime needs have now been fully recognised, and much has already been done to satisfy them. In his farewell speech to the Directors of Public Instruction, Lord Curzon dealt with particular emphasis on the special care which should now be devoted to the English Schools; his remarks were very cordially received and will doubtless bear good fruit. Indeed, with the great and growing popularity of English secondary education, with constant and well directed efforts to improve the schools, and with a more liberal outlay upon them, there is every reason to take a hopeful view of the future.

When Lord Curzon arrived in India the defects of University or Collegiate education were perhaps the most patent, and certainly they had excited the greatest amount of public attention. It had become a matter of general knowledge that the graduates of the University were, speaking generally, deteriorating in quality, and that the large number of B.A.'s turned out year by year were in many cases less than half educated, and entered the world with faculties blunted and dulled rather than sharpened and refined by the stodgy process of instruction to which they had been subjected. This most unfortunate state of affairs was due less to defects in either instructors or pupils than to the misuse of examinations and the generally lifeless character of a system of stereotyped instruction devoted almost solely to the requirements of the examination room. Although the growth of these evils had long been recognised and deplored, no one seemed able to devise or apply the remedy. Fortunately for India, Lord Curzon entered the arena at this crisis and had the energy and courage to purge the system. Baseless suspicions, deep rooted prejudices, and vested interests rose in arms against him, and no portion of his policy has met with severer criticism than his University reforms: in the future no portion will evoke greater gratitude.

Higher education in India is controlled by the Universities from time to time created by various enactments of the Government of India ; its reform can, therefore, only be effected through them. The act passed in 1904 on this behalf had for its main objects the improvement of the constitution and government of the Universities, the enlargement and definition of their functions, and the enforcement of their responsibility for the efficiency of the colleges affiliated to them. As regards the first of these, the intention was to replace overgrown senates, composed in great part of persons who took no special interest in educational matters, by smaller and more workmanlike bodies, and above all to give the principals and professors of colleges the prominent position in the management of University affairs which had hitherto been most unwisely denied them. Hostile critics have sought to discredit these changes by describing them as "officialising the Universities." There was no desire to "officialise" the Universities and no such result has arisen or can arise from the recent Act. When it is seen that the new bodies govern the Universities with greater sense and success than their predecessors and are no less ready to listen to the expression of public opinion, whilst they are far more capable of satisfying public needs, one may expect that this foolish accusation will die of inanition. As regards the other objects of the Act, no one can deny the need for more intelligent instruction, better equipped colleges, and a more healthy and invigorating college life. Hostility comes from those who fear that the B. A. may become more expensive of attainment, and that some of the minor colleges may disappear. Good education requires good teachers and good equipment ; it cannot well be very cheap ; and the condition of India is not so deplorable that she must perforce be content with an indifferent education for her sons because she can afford nothing better. Considerably less than half the income of the arts colleges is derived from fees, and much of the additional expenditure entailed may be secured from other sources than the purses of the parents. The Government has itself made considerable grants, and may be able to make further grants in the future. Private beneficence, carried along by the rising tide of educational progress, is doing much and could do much more. Witness, for instance, the recent splendid endowments in the Punjab and the princely gift of a great landholder

of the United Provinces. In no way can the wealthy benefactors of India do more for the future of their country than in the endowment of colleges wherein an ever increasing band of students may obtain a really sound and useful education. There is the stuff in India whence great philosophers, scientists, writers and statesmen may be fashioned, but what hope is there of the development of these "natural resources" until the powerful implement of education is perfected and skilfully directed? If in the course of this operation a few small colleges, which could never hope to rise to the status of great and useful institutions, disappear, will the loss or the gain be the greater?

Thus it may easily be demonstrated that, in their treatment of the three main branches of education, the policy of Lord Curzon's Government was never one of suspicion and restriction, but always one of trust and liberality. It is unnecessary to carry the argument through the many other branches of the educational system or to speak in detail of the regeneration of the Chiefs' Colleges, the constant and patient endeavours to solve the difficult problem of the technical schools, the special care bestowed on female education, the development of the agricultural colleges, and so forth. In whatever it touched, and no nook or cranny remained untouched, Lord Curzon's Government was actuated by the same principles—its motto was always "more education and better education." Their unsparing labours are acquiring an ever growing momentum of success, and are destined to result in harvests of gain the richness of which surpasses the imagination. To doubt this were to doubt the genius and the future of the Indian people.

INDOPHILE.

NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.)

CHAPTER XV.

THE news of Akbar's death spread like wildfire all over the country ; the peasant stopped his plough, the Bunnia closed his shop, and all gathered under the village trees and sat with drooping heads and moist eyes as if they had lost their own father.

"Akbar was like a father," said an old farmer ; "he guaranteed us peace and justice, equitable rents, and food when our fields failed to produce crops."

"Ah! in the great famine that came over us, three years ago," said another farmer, "he opened his granaries to save us."

"What is a king," said a Brahmin, "but a father, a protector of his people? He only does his duty in looking after his own people."

"But how many kings know their duty?" remarked an old man. "I have seen many kings reign and pass out into the gloom of the grave. I remember the day when a Hindu was treated like a dog, when the oppressor would spit in his face and he had to take the insult with good grace ; when even peons thought it unbecoming to walk on foot, but impressed four men from every village to carry them on their shoulders on a charpoy ; when the honour of wives and daughters was not safe from Moslem officers! What an immense change Akbar wrought in establishing equality in the eyes of law amongst all his subjects!"

"Unfortunately, Prince Salim is said to be a wild young man," sighed another peasant, "and things may change again for the worse."

"May God give him strength to rise equal to his responsibility," replied the old man. "He can make a whole nation happy or condemn it to gloom and wretchedness."

"God knows what is in store for us," muttered many voices, "this respite of peace and happiness would make any change for the worse the more painful. Happy are they who always have their own rulers!"

"It is some bad karma," said the Brahmin, "which we come to work out in India and we must bear it all manfully."

"What cannot be cured must be endured," cried several voices, "but it makes us sad to think of Akbar's death."

"The death of Akbar has given us more pain than the death of our own kith and kin," said some, "but we must submit to His divine will. Our Pandit must offer prayers for the dead and we will pay him. May peace be his!"

"My son," said a wily old Bunnia to his son, "we must bury all our money somewhere and put on dirty clothes; the times have changed and we don't know what may come. Torment us as they may, we should never tell them of our buried treasures."

"Father," said the young man, as he shook his oily locks and brought a scented kerchief to his nose, "you have grown old and seem to have lost your senses. I cannot now put on dirty clothes."

"Child," replied the old man, his hand trembling, "you will be the ruin of us all. That new room of yours (I wish I could raze it to the ground) will procure unimaginable torments for us. Pray, be reasonable. There will be wars now; the man who ascends the throne will have to march through streams of blood and will sanction rapine to fill his coffers and display that magnificence which rapine and plunder can alone enable one to do. They say India abounds with gold and silver, jewels and diamonds; they don't see the people who live from hand to mouth and can hardly get a square meal once a day."

"True, father," said the young man, "but Akbar was a god, an avatar, and surely his death shall not be crowned with such bloody laurels."

"Let us hope so," said the old Bunnia, "in the meantime we must take all the precautions, so that whatever may happen, we may be safe."

"You are wise father," said the young Bunnia, "and will do what is best for us."

While the people were plunged into mourning for their beloved sovereign, Agra was the scene of great festivities and activities.

The funeral rites were hardly over when Prince Salim resolved to ascend the throne, on the morning of the 12th October, 1605. At an auspicious moment fixed by astrologers he placed his foot on the golden steps of the glittering throne as the cannons from all sides thundered forth royal salutes. The festival of that day was far the most sumptuous hitherto known. Even in Agra itself, as the eye wandered through the gilded marble columns of the Dewan-i-am to the balcony above, it beheld the space lined with all the nobility and knighthood—the wealth, strength, and learning of the Indian metropolis mingled with ambassadors, nobles, and strangers even from beyond the Indian seas. Salim's face glowed with pleasure and pride as he looked on the rows of dignitaries ranged on the right and left of the throne. The waving of diamond aigrettes, the glitter of jewels and cloth of gold, the rustling of silks and jingle of golden spurs, the waving of banners, the sounds of the minstrels from the galleries above, all presented a picture of such power and state—a court and chivalry of such grandeur—which even great kings could not behold without a sparkling eye and a swelling heart. There were ambassadors from France, England, and Iran, envoys and nobles and chiefs of all the lesser states; there was also present Prince Khusru in person, the son of the new Emperor, who a moment before dreamed of an independent kingdom. Even the proud and valiant though sagacious Raja Man Singh, to whom the whole scene was extremely painful, stood with a smiling face and unruffled calm; Khan Zeman, who at the death-bed of Akbar had pronounced Salim unfit for the throne, was also there ready to acknowledge his divine right to the great empire.

Prince Salim seemed to be all graciousness and dignity, exhilarated and active; he forgave his own son Khusru, confirmed Man Singh in the governorship of Bengal, bestowed the governorship of the Deccan on Khan Azem. A herald stepped forward and proclaimed that Prince Nur-ud-din Jehangir (the conqueror of the world) had ascended the throne, and then in a calm sonorous voice repeated the following quatrain: "When the second Sahib Qiran, the emperor

Jehangir, sat on the throne of prosperity with justice and moderation, glory, wealth, victory and pomp girded their loins for service before him. It is in the year of royal accession that glory had laid its head at the foot of Sahib Qiran." The herald receded to his place near the throne, all the omrahs advanced one by one with valuable presents according to their rank, the Emperor touching them in token of acceptance when they laid them beside the throne, and prostrating themselves before it, respectfully retired.

When all the nobles and omrahs had paid their respects to their Emperor and retired to their places in the hall, a page gorgeously dressed brought on a salver of gold some fruits and sweets to the Emperor, who tasted an apple and then distributed the remainder with his own hand to the nobles who eagerly advanced one by one with many respects and bows to receive it, as if it were 'the elixir of life'; he bestowed also costly gifts, shawls of Kashmere, aigrettes of pearls, diamonds, bracelets, pearl necklaces and robes of honour. When this was over, the herald advanced and in his deep, sonorous voice exclaimed:—"May our Emperor Jehangir be the emperor of the world." "Amen," cried all the courtiers. The herald paused and said, "His Majesty has commanded his humble servant to announce that in remembrance of his coronation one hundred thousand wells be sunk in his country and 50,000 rest-houses be built along the road for the comfort of travellers, that no bales of merchandise be opened for the purpose of octroi charges and that all taxes be remitted for six months; the sale of intoxicating liquor be stopped and the rights of the ryots protected, and doctors be appointed at the royal expense to attend the sick and the poor, and that to facilitate justice His Majesty will always be happy to receive complaints which will have his own personal attention, and any oppressed person can obtain redress by shaking the cluster of golden bells which shall hang from his apartment. Over and above this, for one month food will be distributed night and day to all who care to receive it. May his Majesty conquer the whole world!" The herald withdrew and a deafening cheer uprose in thankfulness of the boons granted.

The Emperor Jehangir stepped down from the throne supported by the new Prime Minister, Sharif Khan, while all the courtiers prostrated themselves on the ground. Slowly he walked out of the

Diwan-i-am, where a gorgeously caparisoned elephant awaited him : the elephant raised his trunk in salute and sank down on his knees, a golden ladder hung on its side, and the Emperor mounted its back. As a flourish of trumpets and boom of cannons announced the happy event, the courtiers rose and hurried to their own equipages which awaited them at the gate, and formed into a procession as they turned towards the royal mosque, following Jehangir, who threw as he advanced gold and silver, diamonds and pearls, among the populace. At the outer gate of the mosque the Emperor alighted from his elephant and surrounded by all his court advanced into the inner room, where with great solemnity the Shaik-ul-sadar conducted the prayers, and when the prayers were over proclaimed Prince Nur-ud-din Salim as the Emperor of India, with the title of Jehangir, or Conqueror of the World, recited the genealogy of the Emperor and expressed the hope that he would be the real Light of the Faith. The Prince made an offering of 50,000 gold mohars, and then, surrounded by the same pomp, returned to the palace.

"He bears himself bravely," said Man Singh to Khan Azim when they were alone. "Who knows he may change for the better and prove himself a worthy son of mighty Akbar."

"I wish he may," replied Khan Azim with some deliberation, "but he cannot sustain his present good mood. The moment he touches a drop of that fiery liquor, he will drop into his old ways again."

"We had better bide our time," said Man Singh to Khan Azim, "and wait, for after all there is something great in Salim which may carry him over his shortcomings."

"Wait" ! exclaimed Khan Azim, "then let me assure you that you will never get an opportunity again."

"It may be so," said Man Singh, "but I don't wish to disobey the last commands of my good old sovereign."

"Neither do I," said Khan Azim, "but Agra is not the place for us; the whole scene is extremely painful, and it reminds me of him who presided in these halls and is now there no more."

"I leave to-morrow," said Man Singh, "perhaps for ever. What a blessing it would have been if we had left this earth like others in his hands?"

"True," said Khan Azim with a sigh, "who knows when this clemency which he has shewn, and which I have not the least faith in, will give way. And then God knows what we may have to go through."

"The times have changed," said Man Singh, "and unless we pass our days with circumspection and caution, it is difficult to say what may happen."

"Farewell, old comrade," said Khan Azim, "we may never meet again." In fact, they never met: Khan Azim a little after was accused of treason and flayed alive.

* * *

The golden bells chimed as Jehangir sat in his room calm and possessed, quite unlike the gay Prince Salim.

"Go and see who has rung the bell," he said pointing to a minister. "Let the sufferer be admitted to the presence."

The minister rose and retired after the usual bows and returned with an old man and woman in rags, who fell prostrate on the ground and cried, "Justice, justice; mercy, O king! mercy."

"Explain yourself," exclaimed Jehangir. "Be calm. I shall do you justice."

"May you live for ever," exclaimed the old woman, "may God bless you for the help you have promised."

"Briefly explain the wrong you have suffered," asked a minister. "His Majesty cannot listen too long to your complaints."

"Let her speak," said Jehangir, "I will hear her."

"Pardon me, most gracious Emperor," said the old woman, "he is a very high personage who has wronged me."

"You will be righted even if the wrongdoer is my son," quoth Jehangir, "speak without fear."

"My liege," said the old woman, "I come from far off Burdwan, and it is the Governor of Burdwan, the noble Saif-ullah, who has wronged me most grievously, most irreparably; he trod my child to death as he rode through the street on his elephant. We followed him to his palace and demanded an exemplary punishment on the driver, but he refused us justice and drove us away from the door. Our tongues gave way, and we abused him, and he expelled us from our house and made us homeless wanderers."

"Who in my empire has dared to do this wrong?" exclaimed Jehangir, as his eyes shot fire; "bring me ink and paper." A page at once obeyed and he wrote:—

"MY DEAR SAIF,—I am sorry to know that you have not punished the driver who wantonly trod upon the poor child of these people. Don't allow such things to happen, punish the driver, restore these people to their house and property, compensate them for the loss they have suffered at once. These are my commands which must be obeyed—SALIM."

Affixing his seal to the royal order, he handed it over to the petitioners, and directed them to carry it to the governor who would right their wrong, and then flung to them a handful of gold mohars to enable them to prosecute their journey with more ease and comfort.

The old couple soon returned to Burdwan and with their hearts full of joy handed the letter to the Governor. Saif-ullah read the royal firman and worked himself into a rage; he flung the letter aside, and directed his orderly to commit the old couple to prison and keep them there until they confessed their mistake in going to the Emperor, and expressed their submission to his orders.

The old and bereaved parents were confined in a dark cell; every morning the gaoler came and enquired if they submitted to the order of the all-powerful governor, but they shook their heads without saying a word; at last starvation drove them to say that they were pleased with the decision of the governor and they were let out.

They crawled to their lowly hut, and for days it was the generosity of the neighbours which supported and nursed them. As soon as they recovered, they made good their escape and turned their steps towards the capital again. The Governor was informed of their escape and wrote to his friends at Agra to prevent their seeing the Emperor; so when the old couple arrived, they found the door closed and could not even approach the string which rang the bell: but they were not discouraged; the fire of revenge burnt in their hearts, and from morning till evening they waited their opportunity. If the Emperor went for a hunt they followed him at a distance, if he passed through the city they went after him; months passed but they could not get admittance, when at last they

found an opportunity. The Emperor was taking his pleasure in a barge upon the placid waters of the Jumna ; they pressed forward through the straw near the bank of the river and cried, "Justice ! justice ! O Emperor !" Their shrill voices reached Jehangir ; he looked on the old couple and recognising them, ordered the barge to be rowed to them, and before he heard their complaint, he ordered a pension for life from the imperial treasury to be settled upon them. When they had explained their grievance, he said nothing, but commanded the Governor to appear immediately at Court.

Saif-ullah obeyed the imperial command promptly ; he knew not the intentions of the Prince, which had been revealed to no one. The young governor encamped with his retinue, on the night of his arrival, on the opposite bank of the river and sent a message to announce his arrival to the Emperor. Jehangir gave orders for one of his elephants of state to be ready by the dawn of the day and directed the parents of the child to attend. He himself was up before sunrise, and crossed the river with the aggrieved parents mounted on the elephant which he had ordered for them. The Governor was still asleep : he ordered him to be bound and thrown before the elephant. The driver hesitated, but the Emperor ordered, and the young governor was trodden to death. Jehangir returned home in silence, for he loved the young man, whom he often used to seat with him on his throne ; he issued orders that Saif-ullah should be buried with fitting pomp and magnificence, and that the whole court should go into mourning for a period of two months. "I loved him," said Jehangir, "but justice binds monarchs ; a king has to feel for the beasts of the field, and even the birds of heaven ought to receive their due at the foot of the throne."

CHAPTER XVI.

Jehangir now occupied the throne which he had so eagerly and impatiently coveted ; but, strange to say, he found it no bed of roses, but a source of manifold anxieties. His resolve to do justice and follow the glorious example set by his noble father alienated from him his boon companions who now flocked round his son, and drove him to rebellion. To sit and hear the complaints of the poor who came from all corners of India was no easy task for a born

lotus-eater like Prince Salim, but let it be said to his credit that for two long years he struggled hard against his own nature, quelled the passions which surged within him, and worked hard to do his duty. But even time and diverse engagements failed to obscure the memory of Mihar-ul-nissa from his mind : it haunted him night and day and often would he reproach himself for his own faithlessness and pass sleepless nights, and then even a beggar on the roadside shivering for want of clothes could not have suffered pangs so keen as the proud Mughal Emperor in his velvet cushions. Her sweet mellow voice rang in his ears, her graceful form filled his heart, and he longed to make her his queen, and do her bidding as a devoted subject : the more he tried, the more he felt his own helplessness, and at last, unable to control himself any longer, he summoned Ali Kuli Beg, and opened the conversation with the following question.

"You must have a happy home," remarked Salim, "I remember having seen your wife as a young girl, and I was struck with her beauty and grace of speech."

"God has blessed me, indeed," said Ali Kuli Beg, "in my wife ; she is a fairy come from the very heavens to shed her radiance in my humble cottage."

"Ah!" said Jehangir, a little piqued, "I fear she merely shines on your house, but is far too high to descend to earth with you."

"Pardon me, sire," replied Ali Kuli Beg, "she has permeated me with her own self and raised me from the earth to the heavens above."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jehangir, unable to control himself. "Mihar-ul-nissa could not have fallen in love with you."

"I love her with all my heart," said Ali Kuli Beg, "and the fire of my love has melted even her hard heart."

"Do you know, sir," asked Jehangir angrily, "that I once loved Mihar-ul-nissa and my love was reciprocated?"

"I know," said Ali Kuli Beg haughtily, "that she is my wife, and I can assure you that she is not indifferent to my love. Ambition may possibly have awakened vain hopes in her mind, but she was soon disenchanted, and is now happy to be my wife."

"Ah!" said Jehangir, "I wish you could divorce her ; she is not fit to be the wife of an honourable soldier like you."

"What do you mean by these insinuations?" exclaimed Ali

Kuli Beg indignantly. "She shall be mine while there is breath in my body."

"Can nothing induce you to part from her?" anxiously asked Jehangir; "you know there was a time when I took some interest in her."

"Nothing!" was Ali Kuli Beg's short but stern reply.

"Even if I myself ask you to do so," insisted Jehangir; "think over it a little."

"There is nothing to think about," answered Ali Kuli Beg. "I have sold to you my life but not my honour. I am ready to march to the gates of death if so ordered, and had anybody else but your Majesty made such a suggestion, I would have by this time helped him on his way to hell."

"Good-bye then," said Jehangir, abruptly, "I have some business of importance to attend to." Ali Kuli Beg made the usual bows and left the royal apartments, when the great folding gates closed behind him.

The Prince rose from his throne and murmured, "Ah! my love, my love," trembling with rage from head to foot; then, mastering himself, he tried to quell his distracted passions as he broke out: "I shall win her at all risks, she confessed her love to me and shall be mine. The wild Persian misjudged my angelic Mihar-ul-nissa by saying her first love was due to ambition or worldly selfishness: he does not know her pure virgin heart; she is mine and must be mine. This bold Persian may nevertheless have made some impression on her heart; all rivalry is dangerous, but my own Mihar-ul-nissa cannot be so fickle or faithless. However, I must know my fate at once." So saying, he stepped up to the gate and rang a silver bell on an ebony table. Nazir Ahmed, his private secretary and friend, answered the summons.

"My faithful friend," said Jehangir, "I wish to consult you on a matter which is of the greatest importance to my happiness."

"Tell me to bring the moon from the skies and I will even attempt that," said Nazir Ahmed; "I think it an honour to be of some little service to my gracious master."

"You remember that I loved Mihar-ul-nissa. Is she not fit to be a queen?" asked Jehangir. "They tore her away from me and the wound still rankles and bleeds."

"Ah! I thought your Majesty had forgotten your first love," replied the Secretary. "and I wondered at your change of mind, but said nothing, for it is unwise to try and probe the minds of kings."

"I cannot tell you how I have suffered in trying to forget her, in the endeavour to efface her picture which is engraved upon my mind."

"May your Majesty's enemies suffer the fires of hell," said the Secretary, "a word from you could have brought your heart's desire to your feet."

"Ah! sometimes even a king cannot have his will," said Jehangir, heaving a deep sigh, "that arrogant Persian rejected the suggestion as if I were a beggar asking for alms. He still refuses to listen to me, and now I leave the whole thing to your discretion."

"I am grateful for the trust reposed in me," said Nazir Ahmed. "What rival need a monarch dread? He can always crush him."

"True," said the Prince, "but I was reluctant to mark the beginning of my reign with bloodshed and crime. If there is no other way, Ali Kuli Beg must somehow be removed from my path. I admire him much and his loyal services are in his favour, but he is obstinate and must suffer for his foolhardiness. Mind that you do the deed in a proper way to avoid all suspicion."

"Leave me, sire, to devise a fitting plan, and if Your Majesty would only tell me where the miscreant has gone to, I will at once see to it, for I won't touch food till I have performed the task imposed upon your humble servant by Your Majesty."

"He cannot have left the palace grounds as yet," replied Jehangir, "he left me only a few minutes ago, and must be in the vicinity of the palace; but take care that no deed of open violence is to be done. He must simply cease to breathe, and some accident must be the cause of it."

"I understand your instructions," said Nazir Ahmed smiling. "Your Majesty's orders will be obeyed. An idea has just occurred to me, and the insolent Persian will be crushed to death by a mad elephant."

"Not a bad idea," said Jehangir, "I give you credit for its ingeniousness. Of course it will be an elephant run amok who kills Ali Kuli Beg."

"Quite so," acquiesced Nazir bowing, "I will see to it at once."

Nazir Ahmed was not slow in his movements. He asked casual questions to the gate-keepers, and learned that Ali Kuli Beg had only just walked out of the palace greatly excited, and mounting his palanquin left for home.

He ordered one of the fighting elephants and mounting it took the same road which Ali Kuli Beg had taken; meanwhile, the latter was passing through a narrow lane; he was extremely excited, and had not been duped by the king's sophistry. "What right had the King to ask about my wife," muttered Ali Kuli Beg as he twirled his moustache, "and to ask me to divorce her? He was enamoured of her, but I thought he had forgotten all about it. I won't desert my wife even if he asks a hundred times, if I have to leave my home and country; he cannot be so mean as to persecute me. But if he ventures to insult me again, he will repent the affront offered to a noble soldier." Ali Kuli Beg was fearless as a lion and had married Mihar-ul-nissa with all the knowledge of the love of the Prince. Presently he heard the trampling of an elephant behind, but there was nothing strange in that to attract his attention. He soon awoke to his danger when the elephant rushed straight at him; he jumped out of his palanquin, looked round for some shelter, but found none; nothing daunted, he stepped forward and with wonderful courage resolved to defy the huge animal. In a moment the elephant was at him; Ali Kuli Beg stepped a little aside, his sword flashed and fell on the trunk of the elephant and passed through it as if it were a delicate cucumber which it had to cut through. The elephant recoiled and then rushed up again in great rage; but there stood Ali Kuli Beg as if made of stone, his javelin in hand; he poised it and drove it at the head of the wild animal. A stream of blood flowed out from the wound as the elephant turned back and fled. Ali Kuli Beg wiped his sword deliberately, placed it in its scabbard, and then walked home as if nothing important had happened.

"What means this blood on your garments?" asked Mihar-ul-nissa anxiously, "tell me what has happened."

"Nothing, beloved," said Ali Kuli Beg. "A mad elephant broke loose and came upon me and I had to drive it back."

"May God be praised," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "I will feed a thousand beggars to thank God for saving your life."

"Would it matter to you much if I die?" said Ali Kuli Beg with a sigh, "you will get even a more ardent lover."

"You are cruel for once," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "to ask me such a question. Tell me what troubles you that I may soothe and comfort you."

"What troubles me, you ask," broke out Ali Kuli Beg. "If I could bare my bosom you will see a strange sight. Jehangir asked me to-day if I would divorce you. He seems to think of you still. Do you also long to fly back to his arms? Answer me truthfully."

"You know, dear," said Mihar-ul-nissa with a sigh, "that I loved Prince Salim and waited for him, how long I don't know, and suffered God knows how much, but he as an emperor forgot me, never tried to know how I fared, and it was then that I consented to be your wife. Now I am yours till death."

"God bless you, dear one," said Ali Kuli Beg, taking his wife into his arms, "you have given me new life, and now even if God were to try to separate me from you I would cling to you till death. It must be a mere whim of the Prince to ask me such a question—perhaps to find out if I really loved you, and I do not think he will bother us any more. He seems to have entirely changed, and tries to do justice, so we have nothing to fear."

"It must be an idle curiosity," said Mihar-ul-nissa; "he who did not care when he could have attained his object, will endeavour in vain to attain it now. But, dear husband, be on your guard lest mere jealousy may drive him to take some cruel measures. The mere idea of having a rival who defied him may set him to assert his own power."

"You have given me strength," said Ali Kuli Beg: "your love would protect me: and if there were ranged a hundred men against me, you will see how your lover cuts through them to fly to the bosom of his beloved."

"I know, dear," said Mihar-ul-nissa, kissing the rough cheek of the gallant soldier, "that no one can stand against you in open fight, but what I wish to warn you against is dark treachery."

"No, dear, no," said Ali Kuli Beg, "do not fear: let us believe in the goodness of things and rest assured that dark plots cannot injure me; those schemes will find their grave in the gloom which

gives them birth. I defy all such machinations, and I cannot stoop so low as to give them any serious thought."

"May God have mercy and protect you. He is the only protector of his good and simple children."

While husband and wife were thus chatting, forgetting their troubles in the presence of love, Jehangir was impatiently walking in his apartments, eager to know the result of the action of Nazir Ahmed's action who had promised a speedy execution of his orders. Often he stepped up to the balcony to see if Nazir Ahmed was coming, and as hour after hour flew by without any signs of his coming he called in his page and sent him to bring Nazir Ahmed to him.

"Well, Mir Sahib," he exclaimed as Nazir Ahmed entered the royal apartments with a crest-fallen air, "what has happened to make you so late?"

"Sire," said Nazir Ahmed, "I was loth to come in your presence without accomplishing the work which Your Majesty bade me to do."

"So you have not been idle," remarked Jehangir, "I have not been able to take a morsel since you left, and my desire to have Mihar-ul-nissa has greatly increased. I hope you will not waste time over the affair."

"I know my duty, sire," said Mirza Nazir Ahmed, "I have already commenced negotiations. An elephant ran amok and attacked Ali Kuli Beg, but the gallant soldier met the elephant with dauntless courage and, I regret to say, defeated the monster. Your Majesty can see that it was no fault of mine that success was not attained."

"I was certain that you would not let the grass grow under your feet," replied Jehangir, "and I am sure you won't be disheartened, for you can always attain your end by dogged effort and perseverance. I know that the affair will be well arranged by you."

"You are very kind," said Nazir Ahmed, "but I know what I am."

"I may tell you again that Mihar-ul-nissa must be mine at all risks, though the wise men may sit and demur over the affair. I care not for name or reputation. Nazir Ahmed, the pent-up passion of many years seems to have burst now and is sweeping me along

with it. You have not seen my beloved ; she is well fitted to be the empress of this great empire."

"Mihar-ul-nissa must doubtless be worthy of that honour," said Nazir Ahmed, "which your Majesty wishes to bestow upon her and which is all that your Majesty can bestow."

"Bestow an honour upon her," exclaimed Jehangir, "all I desire is to kiss the ground that she treads upon and think it an honour."

"True," said Nazir Ahmed, "I made a mistake, and your Majesty will surely pardon me for having given expression to a mistaken notion."

"Never mind," said Jehangir. "It is all right. I spoke to that foolish Persian but he is very pig-headed, and thinks it a dishonour to obey the commands of his sovereign."

"Sire," exclaimed Nazir Ahmed, "I would like to ask him where came all the dignity and honour which he is so much proud of. I remember when he entered the army as a penniless wanderer."

"Well, he seems to have forgotten those days," remarked Jehangir, "and refuses to listen to me, and so there remain only two alternatives."

"And those two alternatives?" asked Nazir Ahmed, seeing that His Majesty hesitated to proceed further.

"Listen and mark me," replied Jehangir in a confidential tone as he drew close to him, "Mihar-ul-nissa must be mine at all costs. That Persian lies when he says that she loves him. She promised to love me and me alone, and that rude Persian cannot have won her pure heart. I am told that she spurned him at the very time of marriage."

"In fact, your Majesty," interposed Nazir Ahmed, "she refused to have anything to do with him for a very long time, but perhaps, driven by your Majesty's neglect, she might have fallen back upon him, but the day she learns that you love her still she will fly to your arms as a bird flies to her mate."

"Anyhow, I must tell you again that Mihar-ul-nissa must be mine by either fair means or foul. By fair means, I imply that you may again try to get a divorce from Ali Kuli Beg. If you succeed, all the better; otherwise, we must proceed to extremes. If you succeed in bringing about the divorce, the greater will be your

recompense and reward : you can serve me in any way you like, I leave everything to your discretion, but you must hurry up and see that I suffer these pangs no longer."

"It will be useless for me to attempt to persuade Ali Kuli Beg since he has refused to listen to your Majesty," answered Nazir Ahmed, "but I shall leave no stone unturned to fulfill the mission which your Majesty has been graciously pleased to confide in me."

"As I told you before," said Jehangir, "you are fully authorised to do what you think proper in this matter : all I wish to impress upon you is that my heart can brook no more delay. I cannot sleep when I think that my beloved is away from me and in the arms of a rival."

"I will do the work with the quickness of lightning," said Nazir Ahmed, "I will do my best to merit the trust which you have shewn in me."

"All right, you may go now," said Jehangir, "and return with happy tidings."

Nazir Ahmed made a profound bow and withdrew from the royal presence.

(To be concluded.)

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JOGENDRA SINGH.

SOME RECENT INTERPRETATIONS OF WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS.

"The fact is too often lost sight of, that Wagner's genius was essentially *classic* and *mythic*." ("Tristan and Isolde: An Interpretation.")

THE poet and the prophet or preacher, in primitive antiquity, are one and the same (says a distinguished English scholar), but in later ages they seem to fall apart . . . Yet the true office of a poet is not merely to give amusement, or to be the expression of the feelings of mankind, good or bad, or even to increase our knowledge of human nature . . . The two greatest of the Greek dramatists owe their sublimity to their ethical character.

It was the intuitive belief on the part of Wagner, in this neglected ideal, which contributed for so many years to the misunderstanding—even the hostility—of the generation to which he came: a generation with deadened and unwilling ears, for whom the old was "out of date," the new was "not yet born."

Wagner's genius was not, however, didactic in the self-conscious sense; its morality was spontaneous and organic, as though, in the phrase of a recent critic, Wagner himself had been "an ancient Greek revisiting the glimpses of the moon in modern Germany."*

Explicitly, Wagner was a creative artist, who desired that Myth and Music should combine for the dramatic presentation of ideas, which by their actual embodiment, should speak for themselves. As such he offered to the world what he had to say; that which, in accordance with his genius, he was impelled to say, as he conceived it, regardless of consequence. But while, as inspired artist, he demanded to be followed intuitively, as thinking man of

* Of the completed poem of the "Nibelungen trilogy" the poet Gottfried Keller wrote: "You will find in it a power of poetry, stock-German, but fired by the spirit of antique tragedy."

abnormal brain-power and intellectual endowment, finding himself even appreciated but badly understood, he was often tempted to take up his pen. The result was an astonishing output of letters, pamphlets, essays, articles, all intimately related to his artistic ideals, and essentially a part of his ever-active intelligence. His published correspondence alone—with Liszt, with August Roeckel and others—is of incalculable value to students of the Music Dramas; and in addition to this rich mine, there remains the formidable, but not necessarily forbidding, array of his prose works. Yet, with all this material to hand, it was long before any of his literary exponents were imbued with the entirely legitimate idea of making a greatly misunderstood genius speak for himself, regarding the purport of his creations. It was not, indeed, until within the last three years, that there appeared in England the first of a series of handbooks deliberately projected on these lines. The name of the little book was *The Ring of the Nibelung: An Interpretation Embodying Wagner's Own Explanations*:* for, as said in the Introduction, "Scattered among his voluminous prose works and published correspondence are many invaluable explanations of the inner meanings which he intended to convey; and it is because amongst the mass of literature on the Ring, already published in English, no clear and unbiassed presentation of the story is to be found, embodying the great Tone Poet's own explanations, that this little *brochure* is offered." The book was succeeded, within the next two years, by two other volumes, respectively entitled *Parsifal, Lohengrin and the Legend of the Holy Grail*;† and *Tristan and Isolde*.‡ Upon certain aspects of this last study, it will be peculiarly appropriate to dwell. Before doing so, however, it will be helpful to cast a summarising eye over the series as a whole, with special regard to the line adopted by the authors; for within narrow limits, they have gone to the root of the matter. A world of spiritual suggestion underlies the condensed and ordered form in which their subject is manipulated. Those who

* "The Ring of the Nibelung: an Interpretation Embodying Wagner's own Explanations." Methuen, London, 1903. By Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump.

† "Parsifal, Lohengrin and the Legend of the Holy Grail: Described and Interpreted in Accordance with Wagner's own Writings." Methuen, London, 1904.

‡ "Tristan and Isolde: an Interpretation Embodying Wagner's own Explanations," Methuen, London, 1905.

are unaware what a high-souled genius Wagner was, cannot do better than turn for assistance to these three books, where the effect of simple and graphic narrative is heightened by the light continuously thrown upon its symbolism. Here will be found convincingly set down, not only what Wagner achieved in the cause of Art, not only signs of the wonderful tone-language * his genius evolved for itself, but also significant evidence of his belief in the august mission of Drama to the life of a people. His attitude towards the Mythos is, of itself, a proof of his identity of aim with that of the greatest of the ancients : since it would seem, that it is in his inheritance of the spirit of Platonism, no less than in his Æschylean ideal of the functions of Drama, that Wagner shows himself of their brotherhood. For if—as a consideration of both will show—the *Nibelung* tragedy contains fundamental affinities with the great Trilogy of Æschylus, the mystery-play of *Tristan and Isolde* bears a close resemblance to the mythopœic conceptions of Plato, on the subject of Love. In Aristophanes' contribution to the *Symposium*, for example, in the *Legend of the Androgynes*—that distorted and fantastically hinted fragment of esoteric truth—we read that "*human nature was originally one and we were a whole and the desire and pursuit of the Whole is called Love*"; and "*this becoming one instead of two,*" is spoken of as man's "*very expression of his ancient need.*" And over and above several such resemblances, Wagner, in line with Plato, realised the value of Myth as a means of awakening what modern psychologists have termed Transcendental Feeling ; the consciousness, as Professor Stewart has it, in his recent work on *The Myths of Plato* which enables "the self of ordinary consciousness" to realise "the existence in another world of another Self which, while it reveals itself in these visions, has a deep secret which it will not disclose."

Nor have we reached the true source of Wagner's inspiration, if we do not travel back, as our authors have done, to the yet older fountain-head, which was no less the fountain-head of the deepest element of mysticism contained in the philosophy of Greece. Not once or twice, but repeatedly—by direct methods, as by implication—did Wagner resort to the wisdom of the East, and especially to

* Of his first reading of the Ring poem, the musician Louis Köhler wrote to Liszt : "The diction is already music... and from the swing and animated grouping of Wagner's verses, I feel out a kind of speech-melody."

Buddhism, for an explanation of the world of his experience, for inspiration in the presentment of the world of his creation. In *Parsifal*, *Lohengrin* and the *Legend of the Holy Grail*, occurs a quotation from a letter of Wagner's to his friend August Roeckel, which, as the authors have perceived in placing it where it stands, as "foreword" to their relation of the Grail Legend, throws a broad ray of light upon the matter: "From all time the minds that have attained, thanks to their abnormal organisation, to a clear perception, have turned to the minds of the multitude still in bondage to the Will, and having compassion on them, have sought a means of communication with them . . . If we are to speak in terms understood of the people, of this highest perception, it can only be done under the form of pure and primitive Buddhist Teaching. Especially important is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls." As shown, the doctrine is put into use in several places in the Music Dramas, while—and this conveys a still more forcible suggestion of Wagner's metaphysical standpoint—the whole tragedy of the *Nibelung* revolves round the idea of "bondage to the Will," i.e. *Trishna* or *Tanha*, the desire or love of life. It is presented under many aspects, evolving upwards in subtlety of motive and expression, to reach its climax in the fatalistically conceived figure of *Wotan*, the "unfree" god, who sees, while, by reason of past weakness, he cannot act. It might indeed be said, by one pursuing the subject further on these lines, that the *Ring* drama executes itself chiefly through types representative of the qualities of *Tamas* and *Rajas*, while ending in purification by fire; "the fire," as said in the study on the *Ring*, "of the higher nature—the purified Will—and from the ashes of that funeral pyre, to the 'inner vision' there rises, phoenix-like, a glorious new form, bright promise of a grander destiny for the soul of man."

Abundant proof of the bent of Wagner's genius towards Eastern mysticism is contained in the first two volumes of this series of expositions; but, in the case of *Tristan and Isolde*, we have not only a mystical method of treatment, but a legend (originally based on a Solar Myth), which has always had its counterpart in Eastern mythology and allegory. The West also has given its renderings of this legend, but these, with the exception of the ancient Celtic form, have invariably debased its spirit—a circumstance which has with-

held many who have made no independent investigation of the subject, from appreciating the initial difference of Wagner's treatment. It is conceivable, that acquaintance with so searching and thoughtful an analysis—so comprehensive in its recognition of the interrelation of Wagner's music and drama, and of their *unflagging* significance, might be the means of explaining not only the particular tragedy in question, but much else in the domain of his Art. Nowhere, certainly, has Wagner revealed himself as more truly a mystic, than in this drama, nor evinced more conclusively the organic relation of every part of his work ; for the mysticism of *Tristan and Isolde* is of no sudden growth, although from the standpoint of sheer artistry, it may be regarded as its efflorescence. Herein lies the unique value of the method adopted in these studies ; each book is, of necessity, related to its predecessor ; the tale unfolded in each is the faithful record of a mind attaining harmony with its own earliest intuitions ; a mind which, at one period of its evolution, hesitated between the leadings of that half-distrusted inner voice, and the purely intellectual claims of an arbitrarily adopted theory. But Life stepped in, to set the seal of experience on that earlier intuition ; with the result that the *Ring*, which had been laid aside, unfinished, in favour of *Tristan*, stands as we now have it—a World Drama of Negation, in line with *Tristan*, awaiting the final superstructure of *Parsifal*, to give right completion to both. In fact, had the *Ring* been composed according to its first conception, there would have been no need for *Parsifal*. But the period during which Wagner was engaged on *Tristan*, covered the intensest personal experiences of his life. Readers of Wagner's full correspondence * with Frau Mathilde Wesendouk, extracts from which are given in this volume, will discover that during that time, not only was the *Ring* taking final shape in his imagination, under the stimulus of an intellectual debt to Schopenhauer, which chimed with his matured convictions, but that *Parsifal* was already foreshadowed in his mind. Truths were laid bare during those years of sorrow, which were destined to ratify the after-direction of his genius, and to find their culmination in the beauty and triumph of the figure of the World Conqueror.

* "Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendouk," Translated, Prefaced, etc., by William Ashton Ellis. London, H. Grevel and Co., 1905.

The depth of purified vision to which *Parsifal* bears witness, makes good the thought of another poet, which has sometimes been discredited :—

“ The best is yet to be,

The last of life for which the first was made.”

It was with the old age of the dramatist that *Parsifal* came into his kingdom. Some words written in 1862 to Frau Wesendouk, from Biebrich, are here of prophetic import :—“ Thus has the full meaning of the old Messiah-legend also dawned on me at last. They were waiting for a liberator and redeemer of the seed of David, a King of Israel : everything came true ; palms were strewn before him—only the unexpected occurred, for he said to them, ‘ My Kingdom is not of this world.’ So do all the nations yearn and strive for this Messiah who shall fulfil their wishes of this life ; he comes and says to them, *Give wishing up itself.*” As the embodiment of such renouncement *Parsifal* opens the way to immeasurable possibilities for those who have come within touch of the Grail’s Light.

Tristan and Isolde have also made an end of “ wishing,” and passed into the pure light of Nirvâna ; an end “ in which,” as our authors tell us, “ we see the Soul, purified and freed from the shackles of the body, rise triumphantly on the wings of Love and Knowledge into that realm of deathless consciousness, clearly indicated by Wagner as the only possible goal of man’s life-struggles.” One point demands special consideration, in connection with this last sentence of the drama’s telling ; and to follow it, a fact which the writers have emphasised, must be borne in mind. Wagner’s “ characters” are not only personalities—but types* : they are individualised phases of the Soul’s progress, representative of different aspects and stages of the “ Great Journey,” wherein destinies are woven in the light of growing consciousness. *Tristan and Isolde* are not, therefore, in the inner and mystical sense, two solitary human beings escaping from a world of sorrow, to share for ever the bliss of a dual consciousness made one. Such is the outer framework of the legend ; its inner meaning is of universal significance. This can best be perceived by relating the spirit of the myth to that of the final drama, where we find the “ realm of

* See also “ The Mysticism of Richard Wagner,” *East & West* ; March 1904.

deathless consciousness," attained by the regenerated *Parsifal*, in that he identifies himself with it, for purposes of life. For the right appreciation of *Tristan and Isolde*, a knowledge of *Parsifal* is required: for, in harmony with the reading now offered, the latter is the necessary key to the former. Nirvana, which the Buddha himself taught as "the only possible goal of man's life-struggles," was also renounced by him on the threshold, that the final attainment might be shared by all. He who had freed himself from the trammels of illusion did so under the influence of one motive only—the service of Humanity. Hence, *Parsifal* completes the cycle of the Wagnerian music dramas. If, in view of these general considerations, we return to *Tristan and Isolde*, we shall find how completely our authors' analysis justifies this conclusion. The analysis is inseparable from the orchestral tone-language; and the unfailing symbolic interrelation of the music with the remote and spiritualised character of words and action, is demonstrated throughout by a suggestive interpretation of *motives*, such as is employed, though not so fully, in the two preceding volumes. For "this is pre-eminently an introspective work dealing entirely with the mysteries of human personality. And such of these mysteries as cannot be expressed in words are conveyed by the wonderful orchestral web of motives—a musical language of such clearness as had never been dreamt of before Wagner began his marvellous life-work." One important discovery relating to the Tone-speech of Wagner is brought to light, and may be mentioned in passing, as "a remarkable illustration of what may be missed in Wagner's scores even by musicians of the highest technical skill, when they are studied purely from the musical standpoint." The presence of the "Death Potion" motive in the Prelude (in company with that of the "Love Potion" and closely allied to the "Look Motive"), is shown to have been disregarded in certain well-known pianoforte arrangements, where it has been treated "as though it were merely a bass harmony." Every note of this exquisite Prelude* has sequence and intention, and to one realising this, the presence of the "Death Motive," in conjunction with those of the "Love Potion" and "Look Motive," would be practically

* Of this Prelude Wagner wrote to Frau Wesendouk from Paris, in January 1860—that it was "so incomprehensibly new to the musicians that I had straightway to lead my people from note to note, as to the discovery of hidden precious stones."

inevitable. Yet Wagner's friend Hans von Wolzogen overlooked it, and under his title of the "Fate Motive" speaks of it. "as first occurring in Act I. Scene IV., although it is sounded very distinctly no less than four times in the early part of the Prelude." The story of the wooing of *Isolde*, "Ireland's Maid," by her predestined lover *Tristan* as bride for his uncle, *King Marke* of Cornwall, cannot be recapitulated in detail, but the symbolism of the cause of *Tristan's* blindness, with the attendant tragedy, is sufficiently indicated in the following passages. The first, which is part of a quotation from Wagner's prose "*Epilogue to the Nibelung's Ring*," is employed as introduction to the interpretation of the Drama's Second Act: the second, being an extract from that chapter itself: "both *Tristan* and *Siegfried*, in bondage to an illusion which makes this deed of theirs unfree, woo for another their own eternally predestined bride, and in the false relation hence arising find their doom." Thus far Wagner; and here is a part of the commentary applied to the situation which has been produced: "*Tristan* is represented as the intellectual element, partially blinded by the illusion of the outer world of Day; and *Isolde* as the intuitional element which is of the inner world of Night. . . . Wagner makes the extremely profound remark that *Tristan* and *Siegfried* alike fall victims to this fatal "illusion" of the material world: that blinded thereby, they do a terrible wrong, involving suffering and death . . . In *Tristan* it takes the form of a feeling that his uncle is more worthy than he of so rare a nature as *Isolde*. But now that the wrong is done, now that in *Isolde's* words, . . . he has 'won a bride as corpse for his lord,' the power of that ancient destiny which binds his own soul to hers is becoming so strong that he dare not even turn his gaze towards her."

"To *Isolde*, with her inner knowledge, the position is insupportable . . . It amounts to what the ancients called 'a profanation of the Mysteries,' and the penalty must be death. Before she bade farewell to Ireland, her resolve had been formed, and now as they approach the shores of Cornwall, she is preparing to put it into execution. . . . To the modern mind it might seem strange that so proud a nature as *Isolde's* should tamely submit to so great a profanation. The outer reason is to be found in the custom of the times, when it was quite a recognised usage for such

a marriage to be arranged in order to seal a treaty of peace between two countries ; but it is the inner reason which is here by far the most important to consider. *Isolde* stands for the feminine principle of Intuition, which in the material world is a passive force, as opposed to the active (masculine) force of Intellect ; but the more we recede from the material world and its influences, the more active does this feminine principle in us become. . . . It is, therefore, quite natural for *Isolde* to be silent and unresisting during this worldly traffic ; but we now find her beginning to direct the course of events in such a manner as to bring *Tristan* nearer to her sphere of influence, and eventually to open his eyes to his destiny."

The Death Potion designed by *Isolde* is, however, exchanged for a Love Potion by *Isolde's* maid *Brangäne*. The death of *Tristan*, which is followed by that of *Isolde*, is brought about indirectly by a sword wound from *Tristan's* "treacherous friend" *Melot*, who believes *Tristan* to have been false to *King Marke*. But the wound, which is given at the end of the Second Act, and is provoked by *Tristan*, who desires death, is not instantaneous in its effect ; thus, the conclusion of the drama is protracted, while *Tristan* "passes through a period of suffering and atonement," and is gradually initiated into the "Night" where all is already clear to *Isolde*.

The volume closes with "*Some Eastern Versions of the Legend*": and this section has a peculiar interest in connection with the great tragedy—since the lately published Correspondence of Wagner with Frau Mathilde Wesendouk, already referred to and mentioned in the preface of this volume, has supplied a main psychological explanation for its conception. Moreover, the letters have revealed to the world the wherefore of Wagner's distinctive treatment of a legend which, in his hands, reverted to the original purity of its ancient Celtic form. The chief feature in the symbolism of the drama's Second Act is the "contrast between day as the world of Illusion; and night as the realm of Truth or knowledge." The discovery that the idea is an old Celtic one, has been made since Wagner's death, and, as our authors say, is "a striking confirmation of the accuracy of his intuition in dealing with a story associated so closely with Celtic lands." The symbolism of Day and Night, typified by *Tristan and Isolde*, finds its counterpart in Buddhist and other

Oriental teachings on the subject of "Négation," and absorption in the World Soul. As said in reference to the great duet of the Second Act—"This idea that the universe and the individual are one in essence, has its origin in Eastern philosophy. It is, for instance, thus expressed in one of the Upanishads. . . 'This Soul that is the Self of all that is, this is the real, this is the Self ; That Thou Art' and is to be found in one form or another in most of the writings of mystics in all ages. For we do well, in the interests of widest sympathy, to remember that it is only the outward expression of the spirit of mysticism that varies : there is no real difference between "the colourless and formless and intangible essence and only reality" of Plato, St. Augustine's "one moment of ecstatic understanding" and Isolde's "Night." A like symbolism is employed by St. John of the Cross, in the mystical Invocation which is the keynote to his treatise "*The Dark Night of the Soul* :—"

"Oh Night, that led me, guiding Night,
Oh Night, far sweeter than the Dawn ;
Oh Night, that did so then unite
The Loved with his Beloved,
Transforming Lover in Beloved."

Nor are examples lacking among Celtic writers of to-day in the West : "We must get rid of everything that is not measureless, eternal life," says the chief character in W. B. Yeats' profoundly mystical play, "*Where There Is Nothing*" ; "We must destroy the World ; we must destroy everything that has Law and Number, *for where there is nothing there is God.*"

Some of these Eastern versions are extremely beautiful, and illustrate the truth that "it is in the idea of a longing for Death associated with Love that Wagner makes the most definite departure from other Western Versions and clearly indicates his sympathy with Eastern thought." For in the deepest symbolism of the myth, *Isolde* is shown as no mortal woman, but as potential Immortal Consciousness in all, union with which, through divine Love and mystical Death, means emancipation from the bonds of material existence. This is made plain by the connection established between Wagner's rendering of the idea, and that of many mystical

* "*The Dark Night of the Soul*" : By San Juan De La Cruz, done into English by Gabriela Cunningham Graham, John M. Watkins : London 1905.

writers. In Hafiz, of whose poems Wagner was a great admirer, much is found in accord with the ideas of *Tristan und Isolde*. The "*Salāman and Absāl*" of Jāmi, the Sufi mystic, "throws perhaps the most illuminating light upon Wagner's method of using the story of a great love to show how the human soul can be raised, through that experience, to a perception and realisation of the highest truths." In the preface to his English version of this poem, Edward Fitzgerald speaks of it as "one of many Allegories under which the Persian Mystic symbolised an esoteric doctrine which he dared not—and probably could not—more intelligibly reveal." As the present writers point out:—"He does, however, reveal much, for he adopts the unusual expedient of embodying an interpretation in the poem itself. In the 'Preliminary Invocation' a keynote is struck which might serve equally for *Tristan*":—

O Thou whose spirit through this universe
In which thou dost involve thyself diffused,
Shall so perchance irradiate this human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstasy before a mortal shrine
Where Light is but a Shade of the Divine ;

* * * *

To thy Harim Dividuality
No entrance finds—no word of this or that.

Again we find that Jami takes particular care to prove, beyond possibility of doubt, that his poem is wholly symbolic and mystic by placing an Afterword, which he terms the "Meaning of the Story" at the end of the poem itself. The first few lines run as follows:—

Under the leaf of many a Fable lies
The Truth for those who look for it ; of this
If thou wouldst look behind and find the Fruit,
(To which the Wiser hand hath found his way)
Have thy desire—No tale of ME and THEE—
Though I and thou be its Interpreters.

And a footnote to the last line explains that "the story is of *Generals* though enacted by *Particulars*." It would, we think, hardly be possible to find a more perfect indication of the inner meaning of Wagner's poem than is contained in these six lines of

Jami's interpretation of his own." The Persian tale of *Valeh and Hadijeh* is also cited as "an almost exact parallel to the main idea of the *Tristan* poem . . . The chief feature of the story is the prominence given to the blending of the two natures—or principles—into one, when they enter the inner life."

A further example of the same thought is disclosed "in an editorial comment on the New Sayings of Jesus and Fragment of a Lost Gospel from Oxyrhynchus,"* wherein the following occurs: "When Salome asked when those things about which she questioned should be made known, the Lord said, 'When ye trample upon the garment of shame; when the two become one, and the male with the female neither male or female,' a passage, we are told, which is quoted from "the Gospel according to the Egyptians which is referred to several times by Clement of Alexandria." The Editors compare it with a somewhat similar passage to be found in "the Second Epistle of Clement XII. 2" (an early Christian homily employing other Gospel materials besides the Canonical gospels): "For the Lord himself being asked by someone when His Kingdom should come, said, 'When the two shall become one, and the outside as the inside and the male with the female neither male or female.'" This reference, as the authors suggest in a footnote, being probably to an "ancient doctrine or tradition in the East that man was originally androgyne and became dual by the throwing outward of his female principle"; an idea symbolised in Genesis, by the story of the creation of Eve. From Afghanistan comes yet another version of the legend, in the tale of *Dur Khânî*, who "has been forced to wed a stranger chief instead of the one she loves, *Adam Khan*." The lovers are reunited in death, for though buried far apart in the earth, "they are no longer to be found where they are buried." There was a spot in the garden of *Dur Khânî* where she had planted two flowers to represent herself and *Adam Khan*, and here, where the plants had now grown into 'large and beautiful trees,' lay the bodies of the lovers, wound round by the roots of the two trees. So, over the grave of *Tristan* and *Isolde*, mingled the branches of the ivy and the vine. Indian readers will recognise the resemblance noted between the story of *Krishna* and *Radha*, both the *Sâlâmân*

* Published for the Egypt Exploration Fund, by Henry Frowde, 1904.

and *Absál*, and to the poem of *Tristan*. The Tenth Sarga of the *The Indian Song of Songs* ends with these words :

So they went and so they ended
Pain and parting being blended
Life with life—made one for ever
In high love. . . .

The Eleventh Sarga, giving the Union of *Radha* and *Krishna*, shows them to have been predestined for each other, even as were *Tristan* and *Isolde*.

Enter thrice happy ! enter
Thrice desired !
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in
With the soul destined to thee from of old.

It is when *Isolde* discovers the wounded *Tristan*, disguised as *Tantris*, to have been the destroyer of *Morold*, Ireland's Champion, and would have lifted his own sword against him in vengeance, that she is stayed by the Look of Recognition which passes from the sick man's soul into her own. " This fateful Look," says the analysis, " is the point from which the whole of Wagner's drama evolves ; and is distinctively his own invention, being found in none of the other versions of the legend. It revealed to the finer perceptions of *Isolde* that they are mutually predestined for one another. . . . It is something infinitely deeper and more significant than what is commonly known as ' love at first sight.' It indicates an identity of soul, the meaning of which becomes clearer as the drama unfolds itself. In that moment *Isolde* knows that her fate is bound up with that of *Tristan* ; but she also knows that he is, as yet, unconscious for his part of the secret she has read in his eyes."

For which reason, *Tristan*, being healed by her, returns to Cornwall, to extol her to *King Marke*, his uncle, and to obtain an escort that he may fetch her thither, to become that uncle's bride.

A final example from Eastern sources is taken from "*The Dream of Ravan*," "a mystical study of the Râmâyana—which appeared anonymously in the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1853-1854," an extract from which closes with these lines:—

Since the tygal spirit never
From its antitype can sever,
She is portion of thy being
To all eternity

Several English parallels of the central idea of the drama are also cited ; notably in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* ; where it is written :—"There are wonders in true affection, it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles, wherein two so become one as they both become two."

Shelley's *Epipsychidion* also yields a remarkably apposite quotation, the last lines of which, though well-known, gain added meaning in the light of what has been said—

One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One heaven, one hell, one immortality
And one annihilation !

Underlying this variety of examples is plainly evident the expression of a single idea. It is one proof the more of what Wagner has called "the grand concordance of all sterling Myths." For, to quote again from Professor Stewart, "there stand out among the myths of the world some which rationalism has not been able to destroy or even impair. These we may be sure, were the creations not of ordinary story-tellers, but of 'divine poets' and 'inspired prophets'—of genius, using, indeed, material supplied by ordinary story-tellers, but transforming it in the use. Such myths, chiefly Eschatological Myths, created and originally received in the spirit of genuine belief, not of make-believe, yield precious fruit to interpretation."

This has reference to the Myth of the *Phædrus*, but is no less applicable to *Tristan and Isolde*. . . It was said of Socrates, by one who compared his hidden wisdom to the little images of the gods concealed within unsightly heads of Silenus—I saw in him divine and golden images. . . They may have escaped the observation of others, but I saw them. No less, behind the face of heroic loveliness, there may lurk an inner and a deeper beauty, for those able to discern her informing spirit. But enough has now been demonstrated to show what a valuable work of interpretation has been opened up, in the case of Wagner's Music Dramas ; revealing divine and golden images, which are too often unsuspected by our modern artistic sense, with its satisfaction in externals.

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PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.

THE gift of life is a blessing which one who has the vision of God and Heaven can alone fully realise. The carnal enjoyment of life deadens our faculties and makes us lose sight of the divinity that is in all creation. As at the break of day the gentle rays of the morning sun bring to light the fair face of this earth, and hills and dales, forests and meadows, all appear in resplendent glory, so a spark of faith in the human soul changes the whole aspect of creation and reveals its indwelling divinity. The relation between man and man is then sweetened and exalted with a sense of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, the birds sing with a new voice, the morning breeze carries on its wings kisses and blessings sent by a dear, loving Soul, and we live in a creation where God is enthroned everywhere. This is Heaven, and a man of faith, love and sanctity lives in it, in this life and the life after. Such a man was Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. His stately form and inspiring presence are withdrawn from us. In the mansions of the blessed, whither he has gone, all his wounds are now healed and he is enjoying peace in ever increasing measures. But the glory of the life he lived here, the example set forth and the lessons imparted are our undying inheritance. I shall attempt to draw an outline of that saintly life and beautiful character.

Protap Chunder Mozoomdar was born in 1840, in a village called Bansbaria, near Hughly. He spent his childhood at his ancestral village Garifa. Recalling his baby days, Mr. Mozoomdar says, "My life on earth began in joy." In after-life, when in his best and purest mood, this joy of infancy revived in him. He says:—"The faith is in me that the lustre of joyousness, free-born innocence and fearless safety of infancy are recoverable, partly here, wholly elsewhere." He was first educated at the village *Patshalla*, and thence taken to Hughly College, where he spent about a year. His family then removed to Calcutta and young Mozoomdar entered the Hare School and soon afterwards the Hindu College. When at the Hindu College, young Mozoomdar was so prompt at his lessons that

he was often promoted to the higher classes before the appointed time. These injudicious rapid promotions broke the continuity of the growth of his powers. He became very deficient in mathematics, though he was quite able to keep abreast of the other subjects of study. He afterwards spent two years in the Presidency College and left it in 1859. Mr. Mozoomdar lost his father at the age of nine and his mother at nineteen. Recalling his father's death he says :— " Oh, that he had lived a few years longer for me to have known him better ! Oh, that he had gone after putting me under the care of some one able to take care of me, and teach me ! " He was often heard to lament that his early life was not spent better for want of a good guardian. But it must not be supposed that he ever gave himself up to evil ways. He always cherished the memories of both parents with the tenderest affection. A year before his mother's death Mr. Mozoomdar was married, and the singular love and devotion of his wife made up much for the early loss of his parents. After leaving College, Mr. Mozoomdar worked for a short time at the Bank of Bengal. He then left it and took himself to another sphere of action, which became the field of his life-work.

In his autobiographical notes called *Ashis* (Blessings) Mr. Mozoomdar writes :— " From the early days of my life a large measure of affection shot out in my nature ; to offer and receive love I have been always equally willing and ready." This affectionate disposition bound him with the ties of true friendship to his kinsman and companion, Keshub Chunder Sen. The illumined youthful piety and moral rigour of the latter called forth all that was best and purest in young Mozoomdar's nature. He accepted the leadership of this mighty leader of men, along with other young men of his age, who were attracted by the magnetic touch of his genius. Some of these young men became in after years missionaries of the Brahmo Somaj. Mr. Mozoomdar formally joined the Brahmo Somaj in 1859 by signing the covenant. He thus speaks of the event :— " O Preceptor of the world, I shall never forget that memorable day, more than forty years ago, when under thy guidance I was initiated in this liberal Brahmoism. Half blinded with the tears in my eyes, trembling all over and perspiring in fear and excitement, I acknowledged my earnest faith in this religion. I was inexperienced and knew not then what great and infinite significance lay hidden under that simple and natural initiation. Now by this untiring growth of spirituality, a divine life and a divine character have bloomed in me. Let no man, who has a yearning for spiritual life, neglect to openly acknowledge his faith and observe the rite of initiation."

He now came in contact with another great man, the Venerable Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore. The Maharshi was the successor of Raja Ram Mohan Roy and the guiding spirit of the Brahmo Somaj of the time. His rapt devotion and Rishi-like character stood out before the wondering eyes of the eager youth as a finished piece of workmanship to be loved, admired and imitated as far as possible. Throughout his life Mr. Mozoomdar cherished a most affectionate regard for Devendra Nath. About a year before his death Mr. Mozoomdar asked the Maharshi for his photo. A nice small oil-painting was sent. In the room where he spent the last few months of his life, in an invalid state, and just opposite his favourite seat, Mr. Mozoomdar had this portrait of the Maharshi hung on the wall over another picture shewing the loving features of his beloved friend and minister, Keshub. Lower down was his own portrait (an unpretentious looking but faithful likeness in print). He wanted to hang a portrait of Raja Ram Mohan Roy at the top, but no good picture of the Raja could be had. He asked the writer to remove his own portrait to a less dignified position, but he could not comply with this request. Mr. Mozoomdar acknowledged that Devendra Nath and Keshub both powerfully influenced his destiny and helped most in forming his character in those days.

After leaving the bank Mr. Mozoomdar devoted himself to the service of the Brahmo Somaj. He was a frequent contributor to the *Indian Mirror*, and when it was made a daily paper in 1870, he took the editorial charge. At this time he began to preach at first in the vernacular, and then in English as well. It was a novel sight in those days to see a young man, having forsaken the frequented paths of life (where men attended to their worldly vocations, earning a livelihood for themselves and their families), going in the direction whither the Indwelling Spirit led him to be consecrated to His glorious purpose. Keshub Chunder Sen first set the example, and Protap boldly followed his chief. Great and far-reaching results have followed this new ideal of life. Not only have we now in our country a large number of men and women who with self-sacrificing zeal have devoted themselves to various works of public utility, but there is always before us the high ideal of a life, as lived by Mr. Mozoomdar, that with all its culture, faith, wisdom, insight and sanctity, magnifies the true blessings of life.

Mr. Mozoomdar went to England in 1874 for perfecting his education. He likewise visited some of the countries on the continent and came back to India after six months' stay in the West. His usefulness in the Brahmo Somaj now increased. He made extensive missionary tours

throughout the country. In some of the principal cities, such as Lahore and Bombay, he stayed for several months together. These missionary tours were fruitful of good results. New Somajes were established and those that had existed before were improved. Men were brought to the new faith, who in time became leaders of men and lighted other souls with the light that illumined their own. In his last days a few such men came forward with grateful acknowledgment of their first conversion through his preaching, and it was a consolation to the departing spirit to hear of the fruitfulness of his services. When Mr. Mozoomdar was in Bombay, there was already a Somaj there calling itself the Prarthana Somaj. Our brethren at Bombay did not accept the name of Brahmo Somaj, though they acknowledged its principles. At that time Mr. Mozoomdar's preachings made such deep impression on the minds of our fellow-believers in Bombay and moved them so much that they decided to take the name of the Brahmo Somaj. In the meantime, Mr. Mozoomdar had to come to Calcutta to be present at the Cuch Behar marriage. The confusion in the Brahmo Somaj, and the misrepresentation of Keshub that followed the marriage, altered the decision of our Bombay friends and to this day they retain the old name of the Prarthana Somaj.

Mr. Mozoomdar was now thrown into the bitter controversy that raged over the Cuch Behar marriage. He took an independent view of the whole matter. But he never forsook the side of his chief. In the excellent biography of Keshub, written by him, a whole chapter is devoted to this subject. His exposition of the event is as correct and impartial as it is a most effective vindication against the slander and misrepresentation to which the great leader was subjected. However, as a result of the marriage controversy a good many promising men severed their connection with Keshub and formed themselves into the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj. The schism was a great blow to the cause of Indian Theism, but it must not be overlooked that the seceding brethren were the greater losers.

When Raja Ram Mohan Roy founded the Brahmo Somaj in 1830, a handful of men attended its weekly services. A few hymns were sung and some verses from the Vedas were chanted. The service over, the men went away to their homes and to their idolatrous surroundings, and their connection with the Theistic Church seemed to end there. With the insight of genius the Raja looked beyond the darkness of ignorance and idolatry that shrouded the land, and perceived the eternal truth of simple Theism. He waded through Hindu, Mahomedan and Christian scriptures, and found in them all the same common truth. To turn the eyes of his countrymen from ignorant idolatry to the worship of the One True God,

he published the Vedas and the Upanishads that his countrymen might learn the noble theism taught by their Aryan forefathers. The Maharshi afterwards gave the movement a more practical shape and organisation. But religion based on books has not a firm footing. It must be based in one's own heart where the human soul communes with the Supreme Soul. This means self-discipline, prayer, devotion and oneness of will with God. It is a change of life—purity of the body, mind, household and society. To effect all this a far higher genius was wanted. Such a genius was Keshub Chunder Sen. Beginning his life with a simple habit of prayerfulness, in time he grew in insight and spiritual depth of a very high order. The result was a great spiritual upheaval in the Brahmo Somaj. Men who threw themselves into it were changed and uplifted. A new society sprang up. Men and women, freed from the superstition and ignorance of centuries, formed themselves into a brotherhood, where they breathed the pure air of freedom and righteousness that a spiritual religion and enlightened views could create. Keshub was their guide and minister. What progress the Brahmo Somaj made was mainly due to his influence and character. Whatever might be said about the incidents of the Cuch Behar marriage, there could be no question about the absolute purity of his motives and intentions. What justification was there, therefore, to part with such a leader? Such an act would be like the severing of a branch from a tree.

We now come to a period of the history of the Brahmo Somaj that witnessed an unprecedented spiritual revival and missionary activity. Mr. Mozoomdar loyally stood by his chief in those eventful days. In 1883 he undertook his memorable missionary tour round the world. He first visited England and then travelled to America. His preaching created great interest and enthusiasm, especially in the New World. He returned to India, crossing the Pacific, stopping in Japan and lecturing in the University of Tokio. During this visit to America, Mr. Mozoomdar completed the manuscript of his world-renowned book "Oriental Christ," published in 1883. Keshub charged some of his followers each with a special study for himself of one of the great historic religions of the world. Christianity was assigned to Mr. Mozoomdar. How well he did his work, the readers of "Oriental Christ" will know. A week before his arrival at Calcutta, Keshub died. Mr. Mozoomdar came back only to meet with trials and persecutions, which were as severe as unexpected, and which but seldom ceased to trouble him so long as life lasted.

The troubles of life are the dispensation of God. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the

trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be *perfect and entire*, wanting nothing," so says St. James. It is when a meek sufferer meeting with disappointment in the world, turns inward, within himself, and perfects his character with patient toil, to work out his destiny, as pointed out by Providence, that we find the noblest service of sorrow. Great characters are reared thus. The world has often been flooded with love, faith, heroism, sanctity and noble thoughts that welled up silently in the devout sufferers' hearts. When we think of these benefactors of the human race, how eagerly we wish that they had smaller share of the ills of life. But secret are the ways of Providence. The flag of victory is raised on the bloody field of battle, and much sorrow and heart-rending must precede before the souls of men are clothed with the glorious robe of the eternal sons of God.

When Keshub died, people looked on Mr. Mozoomdar as the fittest man to lead his movement. But the missionaries of the Brahmo Somaj of India thought otherwise. They would not have a successor to Keshub, in the leadership of the Brahmo Somaj. To guard against any possible chance of Protap's succession, the missionaries kept the pulpit of the Brahmo Mandir vacant in memory of the departed minister. When the Brahmo Mandir was established, Keshub made an emphatic declaration which strictly forbade any such step being ever taken. The missionaries thus acted directly against the ordinance of the late minister. In fact, no one with a knowledge of Keshub's teachings can have any doubts on this point. Nevertheless, not only did the Vedi continue to be kept vacant, but from year to year Mr. Mozoomdar was subjected to unjust persecutions in order to keep him out.

Driven away from his rightful place in the Brahmo Mandir, Mozoomdar served in the vineyard of the Lord, which is not confined to any sect or nation. True love has a service to give which extends all the world over. It has a mission for every soul stricken with sin and sorrow. Wisdom, insight and genuine spirituality appeal to every one, whether born in the Orient or the Occident. Let it not be understood, that I mean to say that the religion of the Brahmo Somaj is sectarian, or that Keshub preached sectarianism. Far from it. The ever-active hostility between sect and sect, creed and creed, had no place in Keshub's catholic heart. He perceived, with a clearness unknown before, that the same Eternal Spirit has been unfolding Himself through successive generations, in all races and climes, in all dispensations, prophets and great teachers and in ever-ascending higher forms, culminating in the Christ-Ideal. With a power of assimilation, first seen so fully developed in the history of the

world, he made all the great spiritual characters of the world his own, and unfolded such a unique character of harmonious development that it stands as a pillar of light for the guidance of the generations to come. Truly, he was an apostle of universalism. But his disciples, by keeping the pulpit of the Brahmo Mandir vacant, destroyed its universal character. "Theists of all climes and races will not look upon that place of worship as their *own*, which keeps its pulpit everlastingly vacant in honour of one individual, however great," wrote Protap shortly before his death. But who will convince the missionaries of their error? It is to be hoped that the experiences of the last two decades will awaken them to a sense of the mischief that they have done. They should see now that truth and genuine spirituality are of vital importance for the development of a society as well as an individual man.

The persecution, desertion and loss of his rightful place in the Brahmo Somaj drew Mr. Mozoomdar more and more closely to Christ. The readers of "Oriental Christ" will remember how in early youth he "was mysteriously led to feel a personal affinity to the spirit of Christ." "The whole subject of the life and death of Christ," says he, "had for me a marvellous sweetness and fascination." The relation with Christ is and will always be a source of strength and progress to the Brahmo Somaj. Those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake have a special claim to the sympathy of Christ. To suffer as He did is to share the peace and strength of His character. By bearing Christ's suffering for righteousness Mr. Mozoomdar earned the peace and blessings of that character. "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ. First put Him on as He was in his desertion, shame and death. Then put Him on in His glory, as He sits on the right hand of God. Be crucified with Him, then ascend with Him into paradise. Experience and acquire humanity in all its depths and heights, in its lowest depth of misery and disgrace, in its noblest height of honour and happiness." In the misery and disgrace which fell to Mr. Mozoomdar's lot, we saw the depth of his humanity, and we saw its height too in the forgiveness, lovingness, gentleness, innocence, pure-mindedness and prayerfulness with which he was blessed, and which are destined to become powerful factors for good in the Brahmo Somaj. It is the glory of the true sons of God to suffer for righteousness, to meet evil with good and grow continually in grace and spread finally the beneficence of their character.

Mr. Mozoomdar's utterances on Christ, like those of Keshub, offended not a few of his countrymen. Coming through all the arrogance of a dominant race and harsh and uncongenial theological systems, the

Christ-character has no doubt assumed in this country, at any rate, a rather repulsive aspect. Nevertheless, why should we be so short-sighted as not to recognise the full significance of that unique life and mission which is helping mankind to advance in the path of progress, civilisation and high standard of living, in every part of the globe? Knowingly or unknowingly, we are imbibing the Christ-spirit. Two famous leaders of the Brahmo Somaj, Keshub and Protap, moulded their lives according to the Christ-ideal. Raja Ram Mohan Roy had also looked to the Christianisation of India as her ultimate goal. Of course, he had his own idea about the Christianisation. It was Christ-life and not Church-formulæ that he looked for. In the complex relations of life, in the bewilderment of many calls of duty, in society and at home, Christ-life is an anchorage to which, when fastened, our souls never go astray. The Sonship of God gives a sanity of mind and harmony of character. It adjusts the soul's relation to God, by making every motive pure and acceptable to Him, and finds out its true place of duty in society. Let a man or woman go out into the world, making love of God and love of man the law of his life (which is the essence of Christ-life): he mixes in society, bears, suffers and acts in a way that ordinary men do not, and all these conduce to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

All exemplars, saints and prophets are the means to the end. The end is God. He is our goal, and God's revelations, in man and nature, are so many helps to realise His august presence. The search after the spirit was an incessant task with Mr. Mozoomdar; realisation of the spirit was the crown of his life. In the book, "The Spirit of God," Mr. Mozoomdar has recorded his deep penetrations into death and immortality and his keen consciousness of the spirit-life. Who will forget, having once experienced, those transcendent moments when we joined him in prayer? His adoration of the Deity was an echo of some celestial music. The whole congregation was transported, as it were by some magic, to a serene region of peaceful and eternal blessedness, where the clamours of desires and passions ceased for a while. Divine attributes were made clearer and God was felt nearer our hearts than ever.

The presence of the spirit within reveals the spirit without. "The beauty, glory, life and wisdom of the world, all circle around the soul when God's throne is established therein." Deep and constant was the communion which Mr. Mozoomdar had with nature. It was connected with every relation of life. Every object in nature had a message for him. It unfolded some divine purpose. The mind and wisdom of God were in it. The face of the Eternal was thinly veiled therein.

The search after the spirit prompted him to constant study and observation. He was a widely read man. This habit of study he kept up to the last. Such was his thirst after knowledge that whenever a new truth was discovered in the realm of art or natural science, he tried to master it. His world-wide travels brought within the range of his observation many nations and societies, numbers of cultured men and women of various grades and shades, and along with them all, endless varieties of natural objects—beautiful, grand, inspiring and awful. The knowledge thus gained he turned to the perfection of his ideals. He did not rest satisfied with mere high ideals. He translated them into actual life. The more was his achievement in the perfection of character, the higher became his ideals. The more he gained in purity, the stronger was the struggle to root out all trace of sinfulness from his nature; the greater the self-sacrifice, the more urgent was the call to surrender himself completely to the Divine will and purpose; the more love for fellow-men, the greater was felt the need to love them fully; and so it was in every department of life.

Heaven is not far away. It is near at home, in one's own heart. There are two ways of enjoying life. The one is the mere gratification of the senses and the other the perfection and exaltation of our highest nature. The latter is possible only when we see God in all objects. When His love, wisdom and beauty shine through all things, our carnal nature is hushed, and our souls grow, feeding upon God's manifestations in all creation. Much self-discipline and self-restraint are necessary before this highest consummation of character is effected, but once attained, a man lives amidst eternal verities, and his life on earth then is but the earnest of the life in heaven. Such was Mr. Mozoomdar's life on earth. Whether in a crowded city amidst self-imposed activities for public good, or in his hill-retreats with the quiet occupation of study, meditation and writing, the revelations of the Deity constantly illumined his soul and gave every object and every circumstance a divine aspect. In the life, growth and activities of a nation, in the troubles and successes of individual life, and in the great phenomena and many beauties of nature, he felt the same Divine Presence. And nearer still, the majestic Presence filled his own soul with such unspeakable sanctity and sweetness, that we could get a glimpse of it in his hours of devotion and daily private life.

Mr. Mozoomdar had no faith in the popular notions of asceticism. He writes:—"Believe me, there is more healthy asceticism in bearing the dealings of God cheerfully, and in loving man despite all he has done, than in all the fastings, scourgings and rags. Cease to indulge thy spite, hatred

and ill-will. Love and do good against all odds : nothing demands greater self-mortification than this. My definition of 'asceticism is to bear in silent trust the tribulations which the unseen Hand sends, to bless those who accuse me, and deny myself pleasure, honour, self-esteem, and everything, in honour of my God." His seeming worldly prosperity kept concealed from popular view the uncommon faith and resignation that burned within. We have seen how in youth Mr. Mozoomdar forsook all worldly avocations and gave himself up to the service of God. With singular devotion he pursued the appointed course of his life. When the great trial came after the death of his friend and leader, Keshub, he bore all persecutions and all indignities in such meek trust, that his tribulations proved to be the cleansing fire and placed him side by side with the noblest and most faithful sons of God. He loved all and blessed all, and now that he is gone to his rest and glory, his high character and noble life shall bless us ever more. What did he spare that might stand in the way of serving his God? He followed truth when it meant the sacrifice of place and honour, and turned a deaf ear to the calls of wealth when it looked for anything but the glory of God. Honour, position and enjoyment, he had all, but these came unsought, as the gracious gifts from the hand of his loving Father.

Not long after the death of Keshub Chunder Sen, Mr. Mozoomdar turned his attention to the creation of better understanding and mutual regard between the members of the three sections of the Brahmo Somaj—the Adi, the Sadharan and the New Dispensation. He published his "Interpreter" first in May 1885. It was a monthly journal and the contents were mostly written by him. The paper breathed peace and concord. It embodied his mature thoughts on all subjects. His weighty words on current topics were a great help in arriving at the right conclusion. Mr. Mozoomdar visited America for the second time in 1893, to be present at the Parliament of Religions. His speeches at the Parliament and in some of the principal cities of America made a strong religious impression on the minds of the people there. Speaking of the event, Mr. Sunderland wrote recently: "It is not too much to say that at the great religious Parliament, where he spoke many times, he was listened to with greater and more continuous eagerness and interest than any other speaker, American or foreign. And the interest was not mere curiosity—if it had been only that, it would quickly have spent itself; but everybody felt the spell of his eloquence; and, better still, all felt the depth and sincerity of his piety, and the mighty spiritual uplift of his utterances." In 1900 he went to America for the last time

to take part in the deliberations which ultimately led to the formation of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers. On his way to that country and back from it, he stopped and lectured in England. The progress and culture of the young men occupied no small part of Mr. Mozoomdar's attention. On them he looked with hope for the future progress of his Somaj and of his country. The Society for the Higher Training of Young Men, now called the Calcutta University Institute, was, as is well known, originally the handiwork of Mr. Mozoomdar.

The four visits that Mr. Mozoomdar paid to England, and the three to America, made the teachings of the Brahmo Somaj familiar in those countries. Many are the forces that are at work to bridge the great gulf which divides the two distant branches of the Aryan race. When Raja Ram Mohan Roy laid the foundation of the Theistic Church in India, along with similar movements in England and America, a powerful agent was set at work towards this end. His own presence in England impressed on the minds of the English savants the grandeur of Indian character when fully developed. Within forty years after that, Keshub Chunder Sen's visit to England made such a profound impression as was never done before by an Indian in that country. Later on, Protap Chunder went there and across the Atlantic to America, bearing the banner of the Divine Dispensation, and his message was received by the people of those countries with joy, and they found in him a brother. In the fulness of time, when the Spirit of God will lead the people of the East and the West to mutual recognition, and to find out in the history, growth and religion of each other His august manifestations, the services of "Mystic" Mozoomdar, who embodied in his character the profound spirituality of the East and the intellectual acumen and precision of the West, in such nice proportion, will be gratefully acknowledged.

Mr. Mozoomdar was a saint in his home. The piety, culture and refinement of the man had their fullest expression here. The visitors at Peace Cottage and Sailasram bear ample testimony to the peace, sweetness and sanctity of his home life. False prophets and men of the world appear before the public with the bright side of their character, to be admired of men, but an intimate knowledge reveals all the meanness of their nature. It was not so with Mr. Mozoomdar. The more you saw of him in his private life, the more you would be struck with the fidelity and nobleness of his nature.

In May 1904, while at Kurseong, Mr. Mozoomdar fell seriously ill. He was brought down to Calcutta with difficulty. Under the able treatment of Dr. R. L. Dutt, who throughout the long illness was all attention

to him, he rallied sufficiently to be able to go up-country for a change. There he got worse and was again brought back to Calcutta. Every one now perceived that the end was drawing near. During the last three months of his illness he was absolutely bedridden. But how to describe the patience and resigned tranquillity of the saintly patient ! During the long tiresome twelve months of illness, nobody heard an expression of pain or a word of complaint escape his lips. Calm and self-subdued, there he lay in his bed, rendering a still higher ministry of faith and love than what he did when in health and vigour. It was no uncertain thing to him whither he was to go, or what to become of him after death. The most oft repeated prayer that he was heard to say in those days was, " Mother, take me home." It was like the stretching forth of the arms of a child to go to the loving bosom of its mother. When the pain was severe or life otherwise very tiresome, a song or prayer had a most soothing effect upon him. No one who has not seen it can form an adequate idea of the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. It was the conquest of the love of God over sickness and death.

But all accounts of Mr. Mozoomdar's life are incomplete if the self-sacrificing zeal with which some of his friends and followers nursed him during the fatal illness is not mentioned. It was the fitting close of a life that spent itself in the service of others. Day and night, they, headed by the sweet-souled Professor Benoyendra Nath Sen, watched by his bedside, attended to all his wants, and often did menial services. No good son could serve his parent more faithfully during the hour of trouble.

The last day came on Saturday, the 27th May, 1905. On that day he passed away at 2-27 P.M.

Thus was closed the earthly career of him who succeeded Keshub Chunder Sen and was fourth in the line of the illustrious leaders of the Brahmo Somaj. Posterity will assign to Protap Chunder Mozoomdar his true place. He has done well his part. Amidst a general decadence in the Brahmo Somaj, he perfected a genuine spiritual character which fed, perhaps unconsciously, the whole community, as the gentle dews of heaven falling softly at night keep the vegetable world alive. His pure and simple life, living upon faith in God, his lofty thoughts rising to the deep meanings of things seen and unseen, his pious sentiments breathing love of God and man, and his profound spiritual experiences realising God and immortality, call forth our best natures, lead us on to a life of devotion and self-sacrifice, and remind us of our high destiny, which is the life in God. For full twenty-one years, after the death of his great leader and friend Keshub, he fought valiantly, almost alone and single-

handed, for truth and righteousness against the increasing encroachments of vanity, error and untruth, maintaining the purity of his apostolic life unblemished, the fidelity to his holy order uncompromised, and his zeal for serving God undiminished; steering clear of the tempting desire to serve mammon on the one side, and intellectual blindness on the other, going far ahead of the drooping, distracted and confused laity, undaunted by privation, fatigue and isolation, and holding before posterity the example of a life of peace and blessedness, attained by serving the Lord. May his soul find rest in God !

SURESH CHUNDER ROSE.

Calcutta.

HOMER, THEN AND NOW.

AT school we toiled like slaves quite uninspired
 With all the grandeur of the epic strain :
 We knew not—if we cared to rack our brain—
 What in this excellence we most admired :
 We saw not how poetic passion fired
 The lofty mind, while dons with prosing pain
 Expounded rules of syntax o'er again—
 They talked : we slept—both callous and both tired
 Till, on a day, we peered with eyes still dim
 Into the self-same treasure-house of song
 And, as each saw, each to the other told
 The poet's strength and little human whim—
 Then, hearts aglow, we mingled in the throng,
 Of high-soul'd heroes in "the realms of gold."

J. A. N. E.

HOW THE EAST STRIKES THE WEST.

LIFE in India is the most picturesque in the world. The whirl of the wheel is continuously kaleidoscopic. The study of colour is at once the delight and despair of the painter ; the study of form is the daily inspiration of the sculptor. And the endless variety of both beauty of colour and symmetry of form is but the outward sign of the endless variety of the inward life which is the ever new problem of the philosopher. For in India, as nowhere else perhaps on earth, we find the heterogeneous which is yet homogeneous. Like the homoiousian Arian we see, side by side, that which is *like* but not the *same*. However, it is not the philosophy of Indian life I have set myself to record at present, but simply the first impressions of an Indian cantonment station as seen on a first visit. The time is spring, and each day is one long array of *tableaux vivants*, more or less charming but never uninteresting. From dawn to dark, and after dark, scene on scene is encountered of vivid variety, vivacious yet reposeful. You are awakened perhaps by a sonorous rumble which grows louder and louder into a rattling thunder, and hastening into the veranda as it approaches, you find it is the morning parade of the Royal Artillery. How superbly prance the teams while they drag their engines of war, each Tommy sitting aloft, lord of his car ! Then, having taken your " little breakfast " of tea and succulent toast, you walk abroad, the shadows shortening rapidly in the broad and shady avenue, one of those glorious avenues a beneficent and far-seeing Government had long ago laid out by the highways of India and which form a feature of beauty and greenness intersecting her arid plains. Presently you meet a band of white-robed women bearing baskets on their head, making their way to the bazaar or some 'sahib's' bungalow to sell their eggs. Next come a batch of babus in

their shining caps—dandies evidently, judging from their gay tunics, orange, green, or red—making their way to their desks. Now clatters along the spanking mare of the Major in a smart turnout and up-to-date harness, and for a moment you are transported to Rotten Row. But presently comes ambling along a lank-legged camel of disdainful air, and you feel a million miles from Mayfair. And then rolls up the local Raja's chariot, impressive as the Lord Mayor's, gorgeous in crimson plush and gold ; "beef-eaters" standing up behind in enormous turbans, motionless as bronze statues. In sharp contrast, close at the heels of this antediluvian construction—like a Skye terrier yelping at the heels of a mastodon—jangles the native "Jingling Johnnie," or "Jenny" (for I have heard it classed under both genders). Very comical are these quaint little machines called "ekkas," exactly like a tiny tent-bed or four-poster on wheels, hung with curtains which flap and flutter in the breeze, for the thing clears the ground with astonishing speed, the little "tat" trotting as if for a wager. And now looms up with solemn pace and slow the regimental elephant laden with grass, looking literally like a moving mountain. And yet another variety in locomotion ! This time a palanquin, or big box on poles, borne by four men carrying a fifth fat man, very likely some rich, lazy, ghee-gorged, city *bunyia* or banker. But lo ! We are surely after all in Hyde Park, for here comes the General's daughter on her "blood," attired in an unmistakable "Redfern" and wafting you back to the "Row" and the Park as you raise your hat.

Hark ! There booms out the gun. Woolwich is across the way ! For the road is alive with red coats and blue coats and white coats and khakis and the blithe voice of Master Atkins greets the ear. Who are these dark, determined looking men in khaki with lances, and the mounted officers in blue turbans who have just ridden by ? They belong to the Native Cavalry, and a sturdy lot they look. And these stalwart men in brown tunics and brass buckles with scarlet and blue turbans are native police. Now at last you are persuaded you are certainly in a strange land, for a strange land it must be in which our familiar "bobby" has forsaken helmet and blue frock, and time-honoured bull's-eye.

But your roadway scenes are not yet exhausted. There goes the water-carrier, or *bhisti*, his pigskin like a huge bagpipe tucked

over his haunch, one shoulder as low as the other is high. There jerks along a string of grass-cutters, single file, home from the jungle where they have been collecting forage, their beams balanced on their shoulders, their bundles of grass swaying by their weight. By the roadside sits a woman breaking the hard clay to "stone" the road. For to women, as a rule, is such work assigned, and more is the pity.

There goes the *dhobi* and his donkey after gathering the barrack wash. There, a little ahead by the bridge and cross roads, gossiping after the manner of their kind, is a conclave of *ayahs* and their charges. The British "babas" babble at their own sweet will, or nod little weary heads on the verge of their perambulators. Nurse-nature in its love of gossip is the same from the Baltic to Bombay.

And now swings along the *Koonjra* or fruit-seller, his tray of gleaming limes and oranges borne aloft and forming a circle of glowing yellow against the green of the trees. For the avenue of beautiful trees already spoken of as lining the roads is one of the most charming features of a station in the plains. Many of these are widespreading in glorious liberality, as refreshing in colour as in shade. Glorious also are the flowering trees—not shrubs—which adorn the compounds, in richest scarlet and purple of a depth of hue which our temperate clime of Britain cannot accomplish. As we are admiring the trees a pretty group approaches, a young mother bearing her baby on her hip and a little solemn-eyed brown lassie trotting by her side tinkling with anklets. Both men and women in India carry their young "hopefuls" on their hips, a safer mode on the whole probably than on the arm, as with us.

Again the scene changes, and a strange sound beats the air. It is a Hindu funeral, the tom-tom beating—it cannot be said in unison—with the cries and shrieks of the mourners. They are bearing their dead, who was alive in the morning, to his burning, not burial, by the river bank. The body lies on a charpoy, its form outlined by thin red cloth thrown over it.

And so the scenes succeed one another in ever shifting variety, in endless blending of misery and of mirth, an epitome of the larger scenes of life.

In the tropics much of life, naturally, is *al fresco*. Indeed, what the Briton misses most is a sense of domestic quietness or privacy,

for family life in the home sense is hardly known. It is either of two extremes, *pardah* life, which is practically a pleasant imprisonment; or open air life, which is practically primitive. Even the houses have the same character of privacy but half achieved—doorways are numerous and wide, and often destitute of those solid doors which at home makes your chamber your sanctum, but hung rather with mere curtains for coolness, on “chicks” made of split bamboo.

Looked at closely, life is, it must be admitted, somewhat shallow, somewhat blank and gritless, but the abundance of social gaiety attempts to smother the sense of this. Gymkhanas, reviews, garden parties, “hops,” balls, follow in quick succession. You have your choice—you may, if you are strong-minded, keep out of the “swim”—or you may float with the tide.

But the charm of the land is never quite lost. The pervasive, inexplicable flavour of the East gives piquancy to life all through.

Much of the charm lies, I think, in the contrast, the juxtaposition, of East and West. At military stations—and what city in Hindustan is not also some time or other a military station?—the streams of cantonment and of native life, ever touching, never mixing, impart a unique sense of being at once at home and abroad. You are at once in Europe and in Asia. You hear your own tongue, you see your own compatriots; yet as certainly you see an alien race and hear an alien tongue. Also, you see the twentieth century and the tenth in free and friendly contiguity. “Juxtaposition is great,” said Arthur Hugh Clough. There, for instance, is a Royal Artillery gun-carriage, mounted in the latest scientific improved fashion, manned with Gunner and Driver, and splendidly horsed, side by side with the veritable bullock-wagon of broad-rimmed wheel that rumbled over the plains a thousand years ago, when the Rajput Prithi Raj reigned in Imperial Delhi. Or there is the prancing charger of the Colonel Commanding, beautifully caparisoned, his “neck clothed with thunder, sniffing the battle from afar,” in peaceable converse with the Commissioner’s gigantic “Jumbu,” his neck clothed with his dusky Jehu, his caste emblazoned on that wrinkled brow ancient enough to have carried the Edicts of Asoka. And to be sure, what a huge mass of animated matter is that elephantine carcass,

a flop of whose prodigious ears might knock down a man ! Might not the rampant war-horse, on the one side, be taken as symbolic of the British unicorn and belligerent John Bull, and the huge, impassive, slow moving bulk on the other side, as symbolic of the vast Empire of the Orient? While musing on this as we take our evening stroll, the sun is going down, and a graceful group is breaking the sky line. It is a band of women bearing their water-pitchers on their heads, adorned like Rebecca at the well with nose-ring, with anklet and with armlet, and graceful of gait as that Hebrew Princess must have been. There is a wonderful stateliness and grace in the carriage of these Hindu women even of the poorer castes, lending them an air of dignity which, I dare say, they are far from feeling. Yet, in expression, the women are in general superior to the men. On this, perhaps, more at another time. Meanwhile, the gorgeous Indian sunset is waning fast. That great ball of golden red appears so close at hand that a child might aim its arrow at it. So different from some grey dim sunsets we have seen at home, so impressive by reason of the incomprehensible distance in which seems to dip the silver rim of the sun. But to-night no soft lingering twilight of the North is here. No meditative, mysterious "gloaming," in the expressive word of the Scotch. No hushed romantic hour "twixt the gloamin' and the mirk," For

The sun's rim dips
The stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark,

and at once comes the chill of evening on. It is remarkable that a fall to a temperature which would be warm at home means discomfort here. Yet the fascination of the night causes you to forget the fall of the mercury. For the stars flash out as they cannot flash at home, and the moon rides free in a cloudless heaven, bathing in white light the earth, and the holy passion of the night throbs in the myriad stars of the soft abyss. Again strikes in one of those contrasts of which life in India is so picturesquely made up, for as you pass within your compound gates you see a ruddy glow which impinges upon the white moonlight; the natives have lit their evening fire, and as it throws its reflections on the air, the dark faces are faintly outlined as they squat around it, the light flickering as the flames fly about their dusky forms, their white teeth gleam-

ing through the whirling smoke. You might imagine them a group of wizards holding some weird incantation. Before such *séance* it is fitting perhaps that East and West pull up, for the mystery and darkness have fallen, and the problem of their difference must be left until the coming daylight merges it into the more solvable problem of their similarity, and meantime our lamps are twinkling through the lattice screen of our veranda.

F. BARR.

*Rydal Mount,
Simla, E.*

THE EAST.

Oh, mystic land of strange and wondrous lore !
 Beyond the grasp or range of fettered rhyme,
 Veiled with unfathomed mysteries sublime,
 Our thought rebukes us on this alien shore
 To strive and keep the golden, garnered store
 Of what you prized and taught ; for none may climb
 To reach the truths of unrecorded time,
 Which only perfect wisdom can explore.

Now can the vision of a later age,
 The narrower vision of a trammelled day,
 Interpret your illuminated page ?—
 Or pierce your knowledge ? Thought can only stray—
 A breath of summer winds that pass away—
 To sift or solve what none may rightly gauge.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

THE ORIENTAL SPIRIT IN PAUL VERLAINE.

PAUL VERLAINE was a great poet. He died obscurely with his genius recognised by a few only, who could see the new line of light by which his spirit communed with the Eternal Realities. He was a problematic kind of being, with ideas that puzzled, with emotions that were unearthly, with a language that mystified mysteries. The system-loving Frenchmen, with their tastes moulded by Corneille and Voltaire, wondered at first how such poems could appear to disfigure their orderly literature, but with the lapse of time they began to discern some poetry in him, they heard his melodies with a more accustomed ear, and condescendingly acknowledged that he was a poet, though rather decadent. Such is the way in which all departures from the ordinary methods and ideas of literature are always received. Rousseau and Shelley pioneered, momentous movements that have stirred the heart, mind and soul of us all. Yet the ancient-minded society sneered at them for their young presumption. The social mandate is, as it were: "There shall be a plain, a vast, silent plain, which shall not be disfigured by mountains or valleys. If there be valleys they shall be filled up, whilst the mountains shall be levelled to the plain." Like many other social mandates, this one, too, is against the laws of nature; and the eternal antithesis between nature and society results in the advent of a few who defy this dread social order. Though these few dividualities are hooted and hissed, their movements criticised, their words ridiculed, yet, heedless of all clamour, they wing their flight toward their goal, and many generations after their death, advanced thinkers begin to feel that their horizon has been extended by the thoughts and visions of those persecuted prophets whom society dubbed "mad" during their life-time.

The poetry of Verlaine was an interpretation of various strange tongues that his wandering soul heard on its various voyages. It was, like all true poetry, fragmentary and half intelligible. He saw great

things moving in thrilling obscurity. His imagination illuminated some of them. They revealed themselves on one side or the other, and in that revealing moment were transformed into words that burn with a mystic, inextinguishable light. They are coloured highly and variously. They pose with a statuesque dignity for a moment, then dissolve into rills of melody, thus combining the excellence and truth of poetry and music, painting and sculpture. Note the word truth, for these shadowy images are no creations of mere phantasy. They are impressed with an imaginative veracity.

Ce sont choses crépusculaires,
Des visions de fin de nuit,
O vérité, tu les éclaires,
Seulement, d'une aube qui luit.

"These are twilight things. Visions seen at the end of Night. O Truth ! thou lightest them only with a shimmering dawn."

Few writers have poured forth all their likes, dislikes, joys, sorrows, hopes and disappointments with such power and charm. Rousseau and Amiel bear some resemblance to him, but even they had not his complexity of vision, his mad hunger for an imaginary food. His nerves vibrated to the touch of every idea and emotion and he thirsted for strange and stranger sensations. His soul undertook wild voyages and went in the direction of every will-o'-the-wisp that beckoned him. Mocked again and again, the headstrong sailor went further and further to strange seas and islands, intoxicated with his dreams, but he never found any place where he could make a home for ever and ever and the salt sea-breeze reminded him of the futility of his search. But he did not lose heart with these disappointments. On the contrary, his imagination grew more and more creative till grander and more impossible visions stunned his reason, and he stood like one who had lost all consciousness, his eyes, those sad, singing eyes, emblemizing the emaciation of his soul.

Love was one of the favourite drinks of his imagination. He loved passionately the very body and soul of love, not with any idea of gain, but for the very rapture of it. It was a mere abstraction for him, a gossamer vision floating in the moonlight that lifted him up into heaven. It is strange that woman, who is usually considered to be one of the most perfect embodiments of this abstraction, did not magnetise him. The flesh-and-blood woman, with her inevitable failings, filled him with an unreasonable, an almost Hebraic horror. In one of his poems, he bitterly says : "O ! the woman ! prudent, calm, wise enemy, never satisfied with a half victory, killing all the wounded and getting all the

spoils." This tone of mind must have been induced by his constant disappointments in everyday life to realise his unworldly ideal

In his moments of energetic passion, he created a woman that was the combination of all that is exquisite in nature and art, who changes her beauty with each setting sun. Her name is unknown to him.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse ? Je l'ignore ;

Son nom ? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore,

Comme ceux des aimées que la vie exila.

"Is she fair, dark or florid? I do not know. Her name? I remember that it is sweet and sonorous like that of those loved ones whom life has exiled." This embodied dream touches his soul with her "dreaming hands," and he thrills into song at the kiss of that contact. In this state of blue ecstasy, he has written some of his finest lines. He imagines her near him. Her mouth, nay "her whole flesh is a flower." He takes a walk with her on some wild shore. Their "hair and thoughts are flowing on the sea-wind." They sing snatches of weird "songs which fuse with the melody of the moon." Inanimate objects feel the same panting passion that they feel. Suddenly they come across a great many shells whose souls he tries to understand. Some of them are purplish in colour, which is, he thinks, "the colour of their souls, taken from the blood of their hearts." The souls of others are also fathomed with his poetic intuitiveness, but he finds one shell, lovely and inscrutable, which baffles him, and he again wakes from his dream to lament his lost love. Every mystery dissolves the charm of self-created and slightly familiar things, and his embodied visions melt again into the infinity from whence they were sculptured.

With a temperament that was inclined to be both pantheistic and polytheistic, he fully felt and saw the unity of spirit pervading nature and humanity. With his penetrative insight, he discovered that nature and man are not antithetic but parts of a whole, each lending its peculiar beauties to the other. The idea of complete beauty can only be realised by grasping the meaning of this constant and varying inter-action of the one on the other. Those who indulged in the pathetic fallacy had some vague glimmerings of this vast and vital affinity, but they never understood the fullest significance of it. They used certain words and expressions more as a matter of effect than of revelation. But Verlaine in the ecstasy of his dreams saw the subtle essence of Nature and man as in a molten state, loving, embracing each other, and producing by their union forms that had something of the beauty of women and the glory of the stars about them.

Each object assumed an evanescent form and colour for him. Your realist would say that his tints are not natural. It is true there is no objective truth about them, but they rest on a more imaginative basis. There is psychic truth about them. It is a subjective colouring, where his soul created a new scheme of colours to envelop her creations in. These colours change in complexion with the corresponding change in human feelings. They grow richer, deeper, more intense with poignancy of human grief and despair. The roses become too red, the sky too blue, the sea too green, and the air too sweet when a new and further disappointment in love comes to him.

The fugitive landscapes which he has created are a unique *mélange* of the various elements found in the universe. Never has any poet created such a world of new beauties. Their form, texture and position are of his own creation, which bear witness to the extraordinary originality of mind he possessed. They open to our imagination quite new regions, unexplored occasionally even by Shelley. His favourite words "lointain," "vaste" and "indécis" are a key to the range and tone of his poetry. Nothing is visible to the eye, but our soul apprehends the scenes line by line.

The marvellous art of Verlaine in placing and colouring them makes him both an architect and a painter. He thoroughly understood the beauty of contrasts in acting upon human imagination. He even modified, as we have noticed, natural hues to suit his artistic end in the same way that Turner did. Roses swim amid blue rays there, the atmosphere is of pearl, the nights of a velvety darkness.

Dans l'interminable
 Ennui de la plaine,
 La neige incertaine
 Luit comme du sable.
 Le ciel est de cuivre,
 Sans lueur aucune,
 On croirait voir vivre
 Et mourir la lune.
 Comme des nuées
 Flottent gris les chênes. . .

"In the interminable *ennui* of the plain the uncertain snow shines like dust. The sky is copper-coloured without any light whatsoever. One would believe that the moon lives and dies. Like clouds, the oaks float greyly."

The human soul comes here, not to mar but to marry and complete

this picture. Their mystic union is shown by spontaneous sympathetic suffering and sympathetic joy. In one desolate place the herbs are expiring, the woods shiver nervously, half-audible voices are heard, pebbles roll listlessly and two human souls lament in melancholy strains. In another poem

Le souvenir avec le crépuscule
Rougeoie et tremble à l'ardent horizon. . . .
Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule—
Noyant mes sens, mon âme et ma raison,
Mêle dans une immense pâmoison
Le souvenir avec le crépuscule.

"Remembrance reddens with the twilight and trembles in the ardent horizon. The dahlia, the lily, the tulip and the crow-foot drown my sense, my soul and my reason. And remembrance mixes with the twilight in one unfathomable swoon."

A man with wild eyes hurries by before our eyes. He is covered with dew, white, diamonded dew. Then a strange woman appears, her "voice shining with a golden lustre," her long "hair interspersed with the rays of the sun." She is wilder in beauty than the "Blessed Damozel" of Rossetti with the stars in her hair. In such creations the poet reaches the topmost limit of his great powers. Nothing seems to be beyond his sight—he sees light in music, the contours of ancient voices.

Je devine à travers un murmure
Le contour subtil des voix anciennes
Et dans les lueurs musiciennes
Amour pâle, une aurore future.

"I divine across a murmur, the subtle contour of ancient voices, and in the musical lights pale love, a future dawn!" His power of revelation of things subtle and beautiful reaches in suggestive intensity its highest point in this poem.

The peculiar note of evening melancholy which Verlaine sounds in many of his poems, reminds us too strongly of some of the modern Celtic writers. We are led to believe that Mr. Yeats, the late Fiona McLeod and others have been inspired by an attentive and loving study of Verlaine's works. There is in them the same love of the weird and the fantastic. The wind, the waters and silence are gifted with a similar accent. A resemblance even in metres is obvious to every reader of contemporary literature. This Celtic renaissance is no re-birth or a discovery, but a clever adaptation of the manner of Verlaine to the Celtic folklore. Take Verlaine's

Il pleure dans mon cœur
 Comme il pleure sur la ville,
 Quelle est cette langueur
 Qui pénètre mon cœur ?
 O ! bruit doux de la pluie
 Par terre et sur les toits !
 Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
 O le chant de la pluie !

"It rains within my heart, as it rains over the town. What is this languor which penetrates my heart ? O ! the soft sound of the rain, on earth and roof ; for a heart sad and weary ; O ! the song of the rain ?

Compare this song with the poems of Fiona McLeod, and the influence of the French poet on the enthusiastic Celts would have a daylight clearness for all !

It is the privilege of an idealist to express with passion his hatred for the existing ideals of a society. With his ears finely attuned, he at once feels that the social orchestra does not work properly, that in some cases creaking is more audible than music. France freed herself from the shackles of classicism in the nineteenth century and gave expression to varied sentiments with a large utterance. Victor Hugo was the tallest figure in this great movement. But degeneration inevitably followed on the footsteps of the Revolution. Form became more important than the quality of imagination in poetry. A rank kind of materialism, though occasionally highly refined, invaded literature. The influence of physical science with its short-sighted theories was responsible for this new literary movement. Théophile Gautier, the perfect master of chiselled words, the *Belle-Lettre* par excellence, is the most typical product of the movement that preached "Art for the sake of Art" theory.

Against this clear-cut view of life, against this vile opaqueness, against this malady of reason, the souls of men like Leconte de Lisle, Stéphane Mallarmé, Maeterlinck, and Paul Verlaine rebelled. They yearned for haziness, for the dawn, for strange moons and strange seas. Everything moved for them to the rhythm of the soul. Europe has never been a mine of inexhaustible ideals. European writers at various times in history, tired of the inanities and superficialities of European thought, have turned toward the eastern infinity. Leconte de Lisle was attracted toward the metaphysic India. Maeterlinck is tinged with theosophic ideals. Verlaine, though he has written a poem on "Savitri," which shows his admiration for India, must have found himself irresistibly

drawn toward Persian Sufism with its rarefied ecstasy. Some of his poems are almost echoes of Persian poetry. Lines like

"Noyez mon âme aux flots de votre vin. . . .
Je suis l'universel baiser,
Je suis cette paupière et je suis cette lèvre
. . . Vous, la rose."

"Drown my soul in the waves of your wine. I am the universal kiss, I am that eyelid and I am that lip. You the rose." These lines are western echoes of Hafiz and Jalaludin Rumi. There is the same longing, the same flow of the individual spirit toward its fountain-source, bubbling, fainting, falling and rushing on its way upwards. The soul gropes in the dark for the light, the dawn that is to absorb her, to permeate her being and destroy her vile case of clay. Whether it was through French or German translations that Verlaine became acquainted with Persian thought, we cannot say. One thing is certain, however, that by the infusion in his poetry of this philosophy of mind-shattering intensity, he awoke Europe from the nightmare of Negationism.

We might say a word about the peculiarity in the technique of his art, because here too, he has practically struck out a line for himself. Victor Hugo was the first to have taken liberties with the established forms of French poetry. But the form is still as important as the subject matter. Verlaine went a step further. Form he considered to be a well-fitting garment for the body of sentiment. Hence if the sentiments be grotesque or fantastic, the form should be equally so. He defied the laws of harmony and tortured various recognised forms into any shapes he pleased. He repeats words, expressions, lines and couplets in order to accentuate a certain thought, to intensify a certain feeling of joy or sorrow. Take for example,

Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

"And heard the fountains sobbing in ecstasy, the great and graceful fountains among the marbles."

It is a reiteration of a beautiful note, that by its prolongation adds to the ecstasy of movement of the æsthetic fountains.

François Coppée, a close friend of his, has said that Verlaine was always a child. We, on the contrary, think that he was among the most gifted of men, whose feelings and imagination were developed to an abnormal degree, who saw the most deep-lying mysteries, who flashed a glow over dark riddles, who really understood the glory of light amidst darkness, the splendid movement of sad and silent things. Passion instead of blind-

ing him, revealed the wildest wonders to him. Like Rodin, he possessed the unique power of blending the spirit of music with his passionate art. In reading some of Verlaine's poems, or in looking at "Le Printemps" or "Le Baiser" of the great sculptor, we feel and see the liquid movement of the central motive encased in marble or words; we hear, as it were, the rhythmic beat of their musical heart.

We have tried to describe the rebellion of Verlaine against threadbare forms and washed-out modes of poetic thought. It was the scorn of the Asiatic soul against the shell and crust of materialistic Europe. We do not know whether any European critic has taken a proper notice of the trend and colour of his rebellion, which had inscribed on its banner the words "Eastward Ho!" It is a significant fact, however, that the East is again regaining its lost domination over the Western world. The time of the rationalistic twilight is fading, and a new light is slowly coming toward both Asia and Europe, and when the glorious day comes at last, the name of Paul Verlaine will be revered by men of all nationalities.

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COLONEL MEMORY, B. N. I.

II.

NOT more than nine months after the peaceful evening when the band played, many of the persons who were described as being present on that occasion, were collected together at a different place. There was a small commercial town on the direct route from the south-east to Delhi, called Thok ; and near this, towards the close of the eighteenth century, a fort had been constructed by French adventurers, in the interests of the Mahrattas. In 1857 it had long been disused, but in the emergency of the Mutiny, its central position had suggested its re-occupation ; and a Commissioner, who had had to relinquish his own seat of authority, had been appointed, from Calcutta, chief of two or three districts temporally amalgamated, and termed the Mid-Province. The officer commanding the troops was Brigadier Memory of Moore's *pultun*, and the force under his orders consisted of a European regiment, three troops of Irregular Cavalry, a body of Sepoys and a battery of British artillery. There had been an incomplete outbreak at S., and a number of the younger men of Memory's regiment had absconded, taking their arms with them ; but between four and five hundred had stood firm, and there had been no bloodshed.

When the station of S. became untenable, Moore's *pultun*, in its diminished condition, was moved to a cantonment where there were white troops, and so finally reached Mahmudgurh, as the re-established stronghold was called. Though there was a miscellaneous multitude—refugees, ex-officials, well-to-do whites, poor whites, half-castes, native Christians, etc., for whom accommodation was required—the Fort was too large ; but a clever officer of Engineers had formed an interior entrenchment which divided it, and he had

dismantled the remaining part as well as he could. In this superfluous space, the Irregular Cavalry was encamped.

There were several buildings well raised from the ground, but of only one storey, and these had been prepared for ladies and some of the authorities ; and lines of sheds, originally intended for stores, ordnance, etc., were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted for the British soldiers ; also mud huts for the Sepoys, and plenty of tents, offered shelter, which, in the stress, was held to be sufficient.

It was now July, and a pause had occurred in the rains. For some days there had been rumours of the approach of a force from Central India, which had been organised by the Government for the surveillance of a native state, and consisted of infantry, cavalry and artillery. This had mutinied and driven away its officers and all belonging to them, and was now making for Delhi. One afternoon, it was ascertained that the force was encamped about eight miles off, and might be expected to pass Thok the next morning. Every preparation was made for defence in the Fort. One or two old guns had been placed in position and made over to invalids, who had come up from their depot till affairs looked better. These were put in order, and the white battery was ready either to be used from within, or brought out, as should be ultimately decided. All, naturally, was movement and excitement. Towards evening, the Brigadier received a note from the Chief Commissioner, whose name was Bradshaw, asking him to kindly come over to his quarters. Bradshaw was a large man with a handsome face, a bachelor, active in his habits, a good rider and so on. When the Brigadier was seated, the Commissioner told him that, for himself, he had not the least pretension to interfere with whatever military arrangements might be deemed necessary and proper ; but at the same time, he had been directed from Calcutta to let the views of the authorities be distinctly understood. They centred on the extreme importance attaching to the safe retention of the Fort, as it formed the principal link in the chain of communication between the north and the capital, and would doubtless, further on, become of still greater value, as a rallying point. "Subject," said Bradshaw, "to the keeping in mind of this master proviso, of course the Government is anxious to place no restriction on military movements. On the one hand, if the Fort is simply defended, it is, perhaps, unlikely

that the hostile force bound, apparently, for a special point, would undertake any lengthened attack on the position. But, on the other hand, were the impression to get abroad that we were unable to leave the Fort, it might greatly weaken our influence, whilst the looting of the town would in many ways cause inconvenience, and would greatly discourage such of the inhabitants as, from whatever motives, were disposed to espouse the British cause."

"The matter," Bradshaw finally remarked to Memory, "lies entirely in your hands, and if you favour me with a rough outline of your plans, early to-morrow, I shall seek your side, and place my services, such as they are, entirely at your disposal."

Memory was very thoughtful, but replied that the ex-magistrate was strenuously assisting in the obtaining of intelligence, and that his own movements would depend in great measure on the attitude assumed by the rebels.

A conversation ensued, in which possibilities were calmly discussed, and the feeling amongst the native troops under the Brigadier's command was naturally one topic which was particularly touched upon. Memory expressed himself as confident that the worst had passed with his own regiment, and that the men who had once resisted temptation, were entirely to be relied upon. The Irregular Cavalry was greatly attached to the two officers with them, and hailing mostly from the frontier, were less likely to sympathise with the Sepoy disaffection.

Before parting, Bradshaw said, "I think you are lucky in the Commandant of the Europeans. Bracegirdle has the reputation of a very smart man."

The Brigadier answered in a low voice, and with some hesitation, "Yes, if dash was all." And so they separated.

Memory did not sleep that night, but lay calmly on his bed, in a tent easily accessible. He had got an accurate map of the environs, and had made up his mind how to act in either of the two courses the rebels would be likely to take. If they thought it best to hurry on towards Delhi, they would probably make a short stay near the town for supplies, and not think of acting on the offensive. But if they meant mischief, and especially if they found the principal merchant unfriendly to them, they would advance beyond the town, and occupy Sona Dee, a village

nearly two miles from the Fort, lying on the opposite side of the Trunk road, and to the west. Nearer, there was another small village, called Bubcha, on the same side of the highway as the Fort, and within a mile of it.

In the early morning, a trustworthy spy brought intelligence that though counsels were divided, an artilleryman, who seemed to have got the pre-eminence, was determined to make a demonstration, in the hope that native soldiers acting with the British, would be induced to join the march northwards. Memory heard, from another source, that the merchant, though tepid in loyalty to the British, was much afraid of being looted, and had managed to increase his matchlock men considerably.

It seemed certain then that the mutineers would occupy Sona Dee. And the Brigadier settled that he would turn them out of that village, and force them to resume their march. But there was no use in leaving the Fort, till the enemy had made their appearance on the scene. Bracegirdle had been communicated with, and different orders in connection with his plan had been sent by Memory, very clearly laid down, to the officers concerned.

It had been decided from the first that the ladies should all keep together, and one or two of the squat buildings that have been mentioned before were made to communicate with each other, and a sort of Club had been formed. Mrs. Memory was the principal person, and the best points in her character were brought out by the situation. She was very silent and unexcited, but was thoroughly brave and had perfect confidence in her husband. Poor Kate's little reign had been rudely cut short by cartridge troubles soon after Christmas even, and as the spring wore away, suspicions increased, and unrest was plainly visible in all around; and at last, the dangerous crisis arrived which led to the abandonment of S. Her own little plans, her separate hours for separate studies and other arrangements, were all abandoned, and matrimonial ideas, if she had really entertained any, were put off to a more convenient season. But if her influence as the "new spin" had naturally faded, her fine character had blossomed, and she had made herself useful in many ways. She had extended a friendship of a purely sisterly kind to some of the officers with whom she was brought into contact, especially, perhaps, to Vincent. For to her great sorrow, she had

perceived that he was tempted to give way to drink. And since the troubles, she had tried to touch his honour by urging upon him that, in an emergency, he would surely be terribly hurt, if any rumour should arise in his case of Dutch courage.

Mr. Arthur Spencer, too, was in the Fort. After strange adventures he had managed to reach Mahmudgurh on horseback, and as an active young man, had of course volunteered for any duty that could be entrusted to him. He saw a good deal of Miss Memory, and his acquaintance with the subjects in which she had been educated, made him interesting to her; but his earnest absorption in the means of getting out of present difficulties, caused her chiefly to look upon him more as a stalwart defender and encouraging companion, than in any other light.

The enemy was in no hurry to leave the camping ground of the previous day. Under cover of the excuse that the Hindus had to bathe and eat their principal meal, the leading men were anxious to learn both the feeling towards them in Thok, and the general tone amongst the Sepoys acting with the British. And the whole forenoon, agents in different disguises, as was afterwards known, were secretly at work. It was two o'clock before the mutineers were seen in the distance making direct for Sona Dee. The Brigadier at once ordered some 150 of his regiment, under Milsom, Vincent and a third, to occupy Bubcha, to prevent any attack on his rear from there; and shortly afterwards, the rest of his available force was led out of the Fort by himself, and advanced in the direction of Sona Dee.

Kate and one or two of the more active ladies sat on the ramparts to endeavour to follow, as well as they could, the events of the afternoon. All the refugees and others who had, or could obtain, horses, had formed themselves into a small troop of cavalry, and Joe Lovegrove of Moore's *pultun* had been especially appointed to command this body, which numbered perhaps some five and twenty men. Lovegrove, under orders, hung on the advancing troops, to be made use of as occasion might offer. Memory had sent for the Irregulars to strengthen the Volunteer horsemen, though Lovegrove was heard to mutter when the order was given, "We don't want them."

A small pencil note was brought to Kate on the rampart.

Vincent had been allowed to use her Christian name, and he had written as follows :

“Dear Kate,

I am off to help to hold Bubcha. I have touched nothing but water for ten days, and I go to duty with a clear head and a calm heart. All your doing. God bless you.

Your faithful, V.”

Kate had also seen Spencer on his trusted waler, passing to join the troop : he made the salute with a grave, respectful courtesy.

When the troops had reached a certain distance, the mutineers opened fire from guns which were masked by the gardens and brushwood surrounding the village. Memory ordered his artillery forward, and gave directions for the Europeans and the Sepoys to lie down for a while, to wait the effect of our fire.

At this juncture musketry was heard from the direction of Bubcha, and Bradshaw, well mounted, riding up at the moment and seeing Memory looking in that direction, said : “Can I be your galloper ?”

“I wish,” said the General, “you would see what is going on over there. The Irregulars have not come either.”

Bradshaw went off at top speed. The enemy’s fire was increasing : he had evidently brought more guns into play. Presently Bradshaw returned, his horse lathered with sweat. Memory withdrew a little to meet him.

The news was bad. An attack, real or feigned, had been made by the mutineers on Bubcha. There was an evident unwillingness amongst the Sepoys to resist, and, at length a movement was made of going over, to arrest which, Milsom and Vincent rushed in front of the men with drawn swords and commanded them to stand firm ; commanded,—and then entreated. The two were shot down. About 40 Sepoys rallied round the third officer, and actually fired on their deserting comrades. Bubcha was not wanted by the enemy, and was perfectly safe. The incident had a petrifying influence on Memory ; he showed no emotion and returned to his position, but his face was stone.

News amongst natives travels with electric speed. The remnant of Moore’s *pultun* under Plumptre, had heard it. The

soubahdars stood up and hurried to the Brigadier's side, assuring him all was right. The men on the ground shouted *Kumpani Ka Jai ! Brigadier Ka Jai !* Memory believed them. Just then an Irishman, a non-commissioned officer, rode up from the Irregular Cavalry to say the troopers had made off for the Delhi road, but had shewn no violence towards their officers, who indeed had accompanied them in the hope of yet bringing them back. He had been sent to say what had occurred.

The caution which had been enjoined on Memory, began to work unduly. He thought of the Fort,—of the women, of all the interests at stake, of the ruin involved in failure.

And a bad feature was, that in the artillery duel, the British side was getting the worse of it. The hostile force had been celebrated for its gunners: one of the gunners was said to be in command. They got our range skilfully. One tumbril was blown up; a gun was knocked over and injured. The precious time was passing. Sunlight was westering. But the Brigadier sat on his Arabian, under fire becoming heavier as it lasted, and not only gave no orders, but resented all hints, with fierce repression.

In this dread emergency, a most extraordinary interview took place between Bradshaw and Colonel Bracegirdle. This officer was tall, and had handsome aristocratic features, brickdust complexion and insolent moustache; and seeing the Commissioner near, rode quickly up to him, and said in an under-voice: "Mr. Bradshaw, are we to lose the day through this d—d old woman?"

"Hush, hush," replied Bradshaw. "Interference is impossible. All will come right!"

"If I arrest him and order the advance on the village, will you back me up?" whispered Bracegirdle.

"Certainly not," said the other, and turned away.

"Another d—d imbecile!" the Colonel muttered to himself. The censure was not baseless, but in its innuendo, unjust.

At last, word was brought from the artillery that ammunition was running out. Memory looked forward in thought, for a minute or two, and then, reining up his horse, in a loud voice gave the order for the advance.

The Europeans, fortunately, had not learned with any dis-

tinctness what had happened at Bubcha, or they might have shown hot resentment against Plumptre's men. But as the Sepoys were really loyal, they were prompt and eager in their movements, and even encouraged by the whites with cries of "Come along, Johnny."

The enemy seeing the forward movement, sent cavalry to harass and try to get round the marching party. But Joe Lovegrove with his little band made so determined a charge, that the trained troopers on the other side had the incredible cowardice to withdraw, though not before some of the volunteers had lost their lives.

With a splendid dash Sona Dee was taken, though in the garden enclosures and the narrow by-ways of the village, skulkers managed to shoot some of the precious Europeans.

Evening was now advancing and the Mutineers had no intention of making any further resistance. Many of them, indeed, were already heading for Delhi; but when the order was given for the return to the Camp, the poltroon Cavalry was brave enough to reappear, and effect some mischief on the British rear—the Volunteers being too few to afford any adequate screen. And as many of the low Mahomedans and bad characters of the town, had collected near the entrance to the Fort, and even ventured on insults, the day did not close without some semblance of discomfort.

Kate and her mother were both outside their quarters to welcome the soldiers back, but though they waved handkerchiefs, they were grave and silent. Spencer who was, at the University, fond of sword exercise and noted for his skill, had killed that day, two horsemen with his own hand, and his blood was too hot to allow of more than a grim bow to his lady friends. When the force was all in, there were orders yet to enter; the two officers of the Irregulars, with three or four mortified, Jewish-looking Pathans,—all that remained of their corps: and last, the forty faithful from Bubcha, with the third Englishman round whom they had rallied. And Kate broke down when she saw this detachment, though she thanked God for the note she had received from the luckless Vincent.

• One particularly grotesque figure in this cortège was Surgeon

Tripp on his pony. But all knew that he and his native assistants had done excellent work that day. Fond of a glass and devoted to his pipe, the call of urgency made a different man of him, and till brighter moments came, he was a model of activity and self-denial.

There was much confusion for a few days; anything but a good understanding amongst authorities: much discussion, re-crimination and regret. Memory was reserved and irritable, Bradshaw had a half-shy look, and seemed ashamed at times, and at times vindictive. Bracegirdle was overbearing. The town gave trouble about supplies and purchases. Camp followers did their work saucily. And yet, except the loss of life, nothing much had happened. The enemy had, in a sense, been driven away, the town had not been looted, the Fort was safe; the forty men from Bubcha and Plumptre's Sepoys could not now be doubted; though, in point of fact, nothing in the Mutiny was stranger than that the Sepoys did not know their own minds. One regiment put off revolt till the cause was virtually lost,—and then—revolted!

But though nothing actually disastrous had taken place, there was a cloud on all minds. A feeling that a national characteristic had been tarnished.

And a few days later, orders arrived from Calcutta issued by the highest authority,—which directed that Brigadier Memory should be removed.

Colonel Bracegirdle was to take his place.

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INDIA AND WORLD POLITICS.

THERE are two aspects of this subject—the influence of India on the Politics of the world and the influence of the Politics of the world on India. In either aspect it is only an offshoot of the great question of the meeting of the Orient and the Occident. It would therefore be necessary to premise a brief historical sketch of the political struggle between the East and the West. The beginnings of this long, protracted, and yet ever-growing struggle are traceable to the dark depths of the remote ages of the past. The first historical example of a collision between the East and the West was in the famous field of Marathon (490 B.C.) where for the first time the triumphant flag of Western civilisation was hoisted aloft. Later Alexander marched with success at his back through the vast regions of Asia (327 B.C.). He stopped short at Sutlej and then retraced his steps. The wave swept back and the European nations had again to measure their swords with the Moors, Tartars and Turks to decide who was to live—aye, to live and to rule. The Saracenic conquest of Spain, the wars in Palestine, known as the Crusades, form the next stage in the struggle. Then came the fiery fights in Eastern waters for maritime supremacy or mercantile monopoly, and the exploitation of India itself by the nations of the West. Next followed the “Opening of China,” by no means the least important event; indeed, Professor Reinich calls China the focal point of international politics. Lastly came the terrible struggle which has just drawn to its close—the great conflict between the overgrown Barbarian of the North and the plucky little Jap—the last move in the game first played by the horsemen of Yermak, the Cossack, and the shipmen of Vasco da Gama. These events outshine the huge happenings of the Napoleonic era, which, in the words of Motley, constitute “undoubtedly the most brilliant chapter of military history.”

Sir William Hunter says that India has from the earliest days attracted foreigners “for conquest, commerce or conversion.” There is no period within the memory of man when she has not had her specia

charms. To the worker in every field of human aspiration she has got her allurements. The moneyed merchant marches in, and lo! his coveted wares are here. The curious traveller wends his way and sees wonders to his heart's content. The busy politician looks up and sees in her a seemingly subject to turn his attention to. The poet finds in her inspiration such as he could meet with nowhere else. The sage weary of worldly wiles looks round; while everywhere else he sees nothing but bloodshed and horrid scuffles, in India love and peace soothe his troubled heart. "India is," in the words of Lord Curzon, "no longer an isolated sea-washed peninsula. It has passed into the vortex of the world's politics." "Europe," he says, "is beginning to take a revived interest in Asia. Russia, with her vast territories, her great ambitions and her unarrested advance, has been the pioneer in the movement, and with her or after her come her competitors, rivals and allies." India has entered that "comity of nations within which no member can stir without smiting the electric chord wherewith we are darkly bound."

India has for some centuries been regulating the policy of Holland, Spain, France, England, Russia and even Germany. The key-note to Russian policy has for some time been the desire to approach India—whether it be by the introduction of railways into the interior parts of Asia, or the occupation of strategic situations near the frontiers of India, the purpose is unmistakably the same. The famous Eastern question, too, owes to India the deep significance that it has to the powers of the West. England herself would not bulk so large in the eyes of civilised humanity but for her connection with this Eastern dependency of hers. This connection becomes fraught with consequences only the deeper on account of the dominant political creed of the West at present. Ever since that very momentous year 1870, when the entire aspect of Europe was changed by the achievement of the German and Italian political unity, the older spirit of liberalism has been losing ground, and its place is taken by an aggressive and ambitious nationalism. The end and aim of State existence is colonial and commercial expansion and political predominance. A definite and compact territory is no longer the *sine qua non* for political existence. Steam and electricity have annihilated distance. World empires seem no longer impossibilities. The imperialistic idea is now predominant, and among the nations of the West there is an inordinate craving for the occupation and exploitation of vast expanses of dominion.

The place of India itself in the British Empire is unique. India, as Sir John Seeley has truly pointed out, was never conquered, in the proper sense of the word. "The Indian people," remarks Sir Alfred Lyall,

"so far from objecting to the English dominion in India, co-operated willingly in promoting it." It should not, properly speaking, be treated, therefore, as a conquered country. Nor is it in the same position as the colonies. Its scale of civilisation, too, is not lower. "The educated Indian," observes an accomplished Westerner, "regards the English as masterful barbarians who understand the art of government, to be sure, but in matters of culture are mere children. What the West is striving for and struggling over, their oriental minds have solved long ages ago." India still occupies a low place in the scale of political development. The resources of the country are practically unlimited: still the inhabitants are proverbially poor.

"The existing relations between India and England," such are the words of Sir Alfred Lyall, "constitute a political situation unprecedented in the World's history There is no previous example of the acquisition and successful government of such a dependency, so immense in extent and population, at such a distance from the central power." The Government of the English in India differs from the Roman, the Russian and all other historical empires. The territories of these were accumulated by advancing step after step from the central starting point along the land. They always made one foothold sure before another step was taken. They allowed no interruption of territorial coherence from the centre to the circumference. The English acquired their dominion by an expansion from a base on the sea northward. This extraordinary exploit could have been performed only by the possession of great naval strength and superiority; and by this alone the sway over India can continue."

"In thinking of her work in India, Great Britain may proudly look back, but she must also anxiously look forward." This statement of Sir W. Hunter is strictly true. She has good reason to be anxious about her sway over India. Though India is guarded along the whole length of its boundaries by natural defences, the mountains and the sea, it has at its north-eastern and north-western corners two sets of gateways which establish a connection between India and the rest of Asia. Successive hordes of invaders have poured through these gateways. In the 17th century invasions and inroads were frequent events along the whole of the frontier of India. The Himalayan mountains formed fastnesses from which plunderers poured down. The horrors of these inroads and invasions were more than flesh and blood and could bear without emotion. The sea also formed a high-road for robbers. The advent of the British has put a stop to these. There can no longer be a repetition of what took place in Delhi—a vigorous account of which is given by that most philosophical

of historians, the father of John Stuart Mill. The Afghan question survives to this day; but its present form, although by no means easy of solution, is preferable to the shape in which it presented itself in the last century.

Russia's advance is fraught with momentous import to the destinies of India and of Britain. She has been steadily pushing forward her steel wedges into the central regions of Asia. Russia has succeeded Napoleon in the popular consciousness as the "great danger." Never before has sway stretched over such vast spaces of mere land. She seems to aim at a real world empire. A well-known writer referred to it the other day as the "geographical pivot of history." She can strike at all sides and be struck on all sides. A check has been recently given to her career of success by the victories of Japan. However, Britain regards the progress of Russia in Asia—her intrigues with Afghanistan—with distrust and suspicion, and she is right.

A new factor has within a generation been introduced into the complications of the East. The Japanese have now come to the forefront of the world's politics. In a remarkably short time they have adopted the civilisation of the West; whilst carefully cultivating the virtues of the West they have warded off Western vices. Japan is about to become a great commercial power. Mr. Hamilton points out the great danger to the commercial superiority of England from the rise of Japan. "The decrease in our trade," says he, "is due entirely to the commercial development of Japan, which, together with America, has successfully taken from us markets in which, prior to their appearance, British goods were supreme." Her army has been augmented; her navy is one of the finest in existence. She has with extreme heroism withstood the aggressive landgrabbing of Russia. Alliance with her is sought by the greatest powers in existence. The brilliant victories of Japan over "the huge Bear of the North" have disillusionised the civilised segment of modern humanity. The scales have for once fallen off from men's eyes; the time-honoured theory about race superiority originated by Gabineau, and perpetuated by a host of followers, has been blasted for ever. The knell has been tolled of the mischievous idea that the political impulse is absent in the non-European races, and that it is the white man's burden to bring them under the civilising influences of the West. A new theory has, however, been quite recently brought forward. In a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute Professor Alleyne Ireland avers that heat is incompatible with liberty. The heat belt of the world can never be governed decently—such is his theory—excepting when under the more or less

despotic control of nations born in cooler regions. It would be out of place to discuss the theory here. Theories apart, Japan has now become a first-class world power. And now, how her rise would affect British policy the East is a problem which remains to be solved.

In India itself a true national spirit has begun to assert itself. Full of their noble idea of elevating the political status of India, the great and early pioneers of Indian Government set on foot the policy of initiating the heterogeneous masses of India in methods of self-government. The method adopted was equal to the immensity of the task, and it has met with the success worthy of the noble spirit which inspired the British nation. The greatest literary talent of the day was arrayed on the side of the one method to be adopted to raise the condition of the people. Education was to be given on Western lines and this was officially recognised by the well-known minute of Lord Macaulay (1835). To a people whose proverbial wisdom once asked, "Who cares whether Rama or Ravana rules?" Western education has given inspiring ideas of government and of self-rule. And more important than this is the fact that there has unmistakably developed in India a sense of nationality. As a retired civilian of India, who is revered throughout the length and breadth of this country has said: "It is the sublimest function of imperial dominion to unite the varying races under one sway: to fan the glowing embers of their national existence; to afford scope to their political aspirations" Professor Seeley, in his renowned work, "The Expansion of England," has expressed the somewhat alarming opinion that the growth of a truly national spirit would endanger the British position in India. English statesmen do not seem to have been seriously disconcerted by the theory which Professor Seeley has propounded. Time alone must show how the rise of a national spirit in India would affect the destinies of England.

Can the danger be averted by a mingling of the East and West? During the thousand and more years in which they have come into contact with each other there has been manifested no real tendency in this direction. True, they have in a measure acted and reacted upon each other, but that is to an inconsiderable extent. On the other hand, the relations between the races have never been of a cordial nature—examples of intermarriages in India in particular have been but few and far between, and these too have not produced the happiest results.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Sympathy. The good that India may expect to derive from the recent Royal visit may be summed up in this single word, which is ringing throughout the country to-day, and which will be remembered whenever the secret of the British success in India is under discussion. Seven months ago, when T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales landed in Bombay, we had occasion to remark that there was such a thing as a royal point of view from which the relations between the rulers and the ruled might be looked at, and to refer to the representations believed to have been made by His Majesty the present King-Emperor to his august mother, while he was on tour among us and her particular wishes communicated to Lord Lytton. In spite of newspaper allegations concerning the growing coldness between the white and the coloured subjects of His Majesty, it is not improbable that some distinct advance has been attained during the last thirty years in the direction of a practical recognition of what Mr. Morley has described as the secret of the British power in India. From the intellectual acceptance of an obligation to its practical observance, the march is necessarily slow, yet if the present Prince of Wales did not find the same cause to deplore the general bearing of his countrymen towards an alien race as his father was reported to have found, a new mile-stone on the road of progress may be regarded as having been planted. The Prince, however, heard and saw enough to come to the conclusion that the goal had not been reached. Hence His Royal Highness recommended a larger infusion of the element of sympathy into the administration. To recommend a better future is to cast a reflection on the defective present. Nothing was farther from the Prince's intentions than to cast a slur upon the character and capacity of the handful of British officials who are

responsible for the administration of this vast dependency. The officials will, therefore, forget the comment on the deficiency of sympathy in the tribute paid to their ability and devotion to duty, and in the scrupulous care with which His Royal Highness referred to what he had *heard*, and not merely seen, as the basis of his conclusion. It is, indeed, proverbial that what reaches the ear of Princes is not always reliable, and what meets their eyes is often deceptive. Yet when a Royal listener and observer only corroborates what many an Anglo-Indian administrator has admitted, no one will resent that the Prince was misled into sacrificing fairness for novelty. Sir Frederick Lely's recent book, noticed in a previous issue of this magazine, dwells at length on the very defect which is impliedly spotted by His Royal Highness. It may be presumed, therefore, that the Prince was alluding to what he had heard, not merely from Native, but also from Anglo-Indian sources.

It is evident from Mr. Morley's speech at the Guildhall banquet that, as the responsible head and representative of the Government of India in England, he felt to a certain extent, put upon his defence. One of the amiable and admirable characteristics of our new Secretary of State is the readiness and chivalry with which he identifies himself with the authorities on the spot. In acknowledging that sympathy was the secret of the British power in India, he really pleaded that that quality was already the warp of the fabric of the King's Government in this distant dependency. Yet it could not be pretended that British officials in India understood the needs of the people as fully, and their habits and prejudices as closely as they would know them in their own country. In explanation and extenuation of this inability to sympathise with the people, and to understand their feelings and their wants, Mr. Morley referred to the differences of race, creed, manners and customs which separate the rulers and the ruled—"the veil that hangs between them," in Lord Curzon's picturesque phraseology. What is needed in successful government may be described as a sympathetic imagination rather than as sympathy, in the sense of fellow-feeling. Charles Lamb, who could speak out his mind plainly, without making any insincere professions through political motives, wrote of the Negroes: "I love what Fuller beautifully calls these 'images of God cut in ebony.' But I should not like to associate with them, to share my

meals and my good-nights with them—because they are black.” Most men, like the author of the *Essays of Elia*, are bundles of prejudices, “made up of likings and dislikings, the veriest thralls to sympathies, apathies and antipathies. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or fellow. I cannot like all people alike.” This is a faithful picture of human nature, and he who ignores the concrete facts of human nature and tries to build upon airy abstractions builds nothing that is lasting and substantial. The vast majority of the people of India, even of the educated classes, would not consider it a grievance if Englishmen did not dine with them or associate with them closely for any social purposes : a microscopic section of the educated community might consider it an honour due to them to be invited to the table by high officials. But a Viceroy or a Governor may be very popular without inviting a single Indian to his table, and he may be extremely unpopular in spite of the most lavish hospitality shown by him to a few gentlemen at the top of Indian society. Lord Ripon once shrewdly remarked that the Indian, who is supposed to be in the good graces of Government or of high officials, incurs thereby the suspicion of his countrymen. The problems of successful and popular government cannot be solved at dinner tables and in railway compartments. Popular opinion at the present day is surging up under influences which have little connection with the social side of the relationship between the rulers and the ruled. It may be doubted whether a speech has ever been made at the National Congress, complaining of the social aloofness of Englishmen. Indian newspapers may make much of the haughty bearing of some of them where such has been displayed, but they seldom complain of the social exclusiveness of Europeans. The exclusiveness is rather with the Indians, taking them as a class. The few exceptions do not affect the popularity or otherwise of British administration. In the case of these few exceptions, occasions may arise to notice the promptings of human nature, as they betray themselves in the plain and candid confessions of the author whom we have quoted. A native of India generally treats a white man with particular respect in this his own country, as if he is dealing with an honoured guest. The very rarity of the individual invests him with a special importance. If a native of India goes to

England, he cannot be expected to entertain towards every white man there—where all are white—the same feelings of sentimental regard. The position is reversed, and he is the guest there. When the English host comes to India, his sentiments towards the Indian gradually deteriorates where every one is an Indian, and human nature asserts itself. The Indian, who returns from England notices a difference between the white man there and the white man here. The difference is not accounted for by the free atmosphere of England. Its explanation lies deeper and is to be found in our human nature, which under similar conditions exhibits itself in like forms in every part of the globe. Sympathy between individuals, in the sense of fellow-feeling, necessarily depends to a large extent upon the personal likes and dislikes of the individuals concerned. When Mr. Morley, welcoming the language which had fallen from H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, said that “you can unite the Government and the governed, in the peculiar circumstances between ourselves and the people of India, only by sympathy,” he meant sympathy between class and class. This depends not so much upon social contact, which must necessarily be confined to a few, as upon that sympathetic imagination and catholicity of regard which would give a living insight into the workings of the Oriental mind, and which would enable the administrator to place himself in the position of the people under his care, whose affairs he is called upon to administer. This sympathy is needed in a Native State on the part of Native administrators, quite as much as in British India on the part of British officials. The government of a Native Ruler may be a failure, notwithstanding his identity of race and creed with his subjects, while Elphinstone and Munro, Edwardes and Lawrence attained their popularity without giving tea parties, and without offering their cheroots to Pandits and Zamindars. Difference of creed and customs, and even of race, between the rulers and the ruled existed in India long before the advent of the British, and a sympathetic administration has always been considered to be compatible with such difference. In Hindu times, the ruler was generally a Kshatriya, born or manufactured. He might be a Brahman—as was the case in Sind, when the Muhammadans first invaded India, and in Maharashtra centuries later—or he might belong to any other caste, shepherd, juggler, potter and what not ?

Having much in common with their subjects, these rulers were not always sympathetic ; on the other hand, their distinctive caste was no impediment to their popularity among their subjects generally, if they were good rulers. In Muhammadan times, it was the fanaticism, rather than the mere alien origin of the creed of the rulers, that formed an obstacle to their popularity. " Verily the best of God's servants are just and learned kings," said the Prophet on one occasion ; and on another : " The people for the Abode of Bliss are three ; the first, a just king, a doer of good to his people, endowed with virtue ; the second, an affectionate man, of a tender heart to relations and others ; the third, a virtuous man." The Christian rulers of India—or rather the British rulers, for the Portuguese were actuated by a different spirit—have not been fanatical about their religion ; on the one hand, it was at one time a standing complaint against the Company's servants that they did homage to the Hindu gods. However, that terrible episode of Indian history, which is attributed mainly to greased cartridges, serves as a beacon-light to all who have to deal with ignorant masses and is an impressive illustration of the difficulty arising from a difference of creed and custom, coupled with self-complacent ignorance. Even here, be it remembered that the cause of that great catastrophe was not single, nor did the storm burst quite unexpectedly. In 1855 Lord Canning reminded his friends at a dinner in England : " We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, which, growing larger and larger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin." In the following year a writer remarked in the " Calcutta Review " that a day might come when the " utmost address would be required to conciliate Native society and preserve the fidelity of the army." The unrest was due largely to Lord Dalhousie's annexations, and the ultimate designs attributed to the British Government in regard to the political, social and religious liberties of the people. The history of British India has been sufficiently long and replete with instruction to provide a luminous commentary on the remark of the Prince of Wales, even apart from what His Royal Highness had seen and heard. The sympathy which would be abundantly repaid is that which is demonstrated by administrative measures : a studied politeness in dealings with a few and an exchange of civilities

with representative Indians might prove that personally the particular ruler or official concerned was above the prejudices of race and colour. That which did not touch the welfare of the people and the character of the administration, but sought merely to improve the personal relations between the few Indians and Anglo-Indians who come in personal contact with each other, would not provide a sufficiently broad base for the superstructure. With the spread of education, with the growth of the reading and thinking public and the development of the press, leadership is becoming more and more intellectual, and not, as was once the case in the East, social. The multitude asks for signs, and will not be content to listen to the mere preaching of the Kingdom of Righteousness. Faith is ever supported by miracles, and the British Government has succeeded by the miracles which it has performed. The sympathy which will win the hearts of the people is sympathy which is translated into signs, such as the multitude always demands.

Mr. Morley is under no delusion : a political utilitarian, he has already declared his creed that the true source of contentment is prosperity and light taxation. These are the two miracles which will most contribute to the success of the Government—to enhance material prosperity and to lighten taxation. It is sometimes stated that the people of India are easily satisfied, and an expression of sympathy will go a long way towards establishing one's popularity with them. It is indeed true that even lip-sympathy sometimes meets with gushing response, but the effervescence soon subsides. It was until recently believed, and not without reason, that in all that pertains to the development of the material resources of this country the policy of the Government was a policy of *laissez faire*, and that the Government concerned itself more with the collection and application of revenue than with measures which might enable it to reduce the taxation. The *laissez faire* policy is now formally abandoned, and the efforts which the Government is making to develop the agricultural and assist the commercial prosperity of the land will ever be before the public as one of the signs of sympathy. Light taxation, other conditions existing, would make a contented people, but few will venture to congratulate Mr. Morley by anticipation on his success in reducing the taxation, otherwise than by the remission of the surpluses, to which we have now for some years

been accustomed, and which is not claimed by the Finance Minister as a proof of the stimulated sympathy of Government. It is in the manner of collecting some of the taxes rather than in regulating their pitch—though a high incidence aggravates rigorous collection—that sympathy may be particularly shown. The Resolutions which the Government of India has from time to time been issuing, ever since Lord Curzon's Government conducted a thorough examination of the land revenue policy which had been so generally attacked, testify to the infusion of a wider element of sympathy, in this particular department. Though the Government still seems to believe in the sanctity of the "settlement bond," the recent rules regarding suspensions and remissions, and the still later policy of abating the tax on deteriorated improvements, indicate a recognition by Government that a people cannot be made thrifty and prudent by "Standing Orders," or, as Sir Frederick Lely has put it, "you cannot rule successfully whole nations by telling them what they ought to do, but only by foreseeing what they will do." In this one sentence the distinguished Bombay Civilian has summed up the secret of sympathetic administration. The Government has to adjust its methods, as far as may be, to the habits and proclivities of an ignorant people, and not to expect such people to adjust themselves, all of a sudden, to the scientific methods of Government. The habits of the people must also improve: obviously, for example, punctuality cannot be neglected on railways, because the villagers keep no clocks. One great mission of the British Government in India is to introduce an improved system into the administration. But the system must be elastic enough to give time to the people to unlearn inherited traditions and to understand the spirit of the new order of things. It is in providing for this elasticity that the sympathetic imagination is most needed. It has to leave to individual officers a discretion which may not always be properly, or even honestly, used. The choice may be between two evils; the lesser of the two is to make allowance for the ignorance, and perhaps imprudence, of the people. The change of policy which is being gradually introduced into the working of the land revenue system may also be seen in the relaxation of executive action under the Salt, Abkari and Forest laws. But vicious laws cannot be rectified by virtuous circular letters. There are, indeed, worse evils than the penalising of acts which

from time immemorial have been treated as innocent, and which, if we have regard to the circumstances prompting them, it would be nothing less than cruelty to punish. One may hear that the oppression of the police is one of the greatest hardships to which life in the villages is subject. We are, however, now concerned only with sympathy or the lack of it on the part of administrators who are identified with the British Government, and not the instruments which they have to choose from among the natives of the land. These may sometimes be even more unsympathetic than alien rulers.

While a larger infusion of sympathy into the administration will undoubtedly be abundantly recompensed, it may be well to remember that the maintenance of the British Raj in India gives rise to problems which no amount of sympathy can solve. If it be asked why British officials should be at the helm of Indian affairs at all, it is no answer to protest that they are very sympathetic, and they take great pains to understand and conform to the sentiments of the people. Lord Curzon, who was a constant reader of Indian newspapers, knew that it was a question which many had the boldness to discuss, and which there was every reason to believe would be more and more widely discussed, as education spread and the people felt a new accession of strength to their pinions. A Viceroy may indeed ignore even what is said in his own Council: it may be tact, or it may not. There is no doubt, however, that the ex-Viceroy had the penetration and the steadiness of vision to realise that sooner or later the responsible spokesmen on behalf of the ruling country would have to base the claims of authority on the superior qualifications of those that wield it, and their past achievements. In advancing the claims of his countrymen, Lord Curzon necessarily said several things unpalatable to the community which does not belong to the charmed circle. Mr. Morley can afford to reprobate the freedom of speech to which he thinks that Lord Curzon's unpopularity, and the general discontent in certain quarters, may be attributed. Up till now he has reposed faith in sympathetic speech and conciliating action within certain limits. If he reads Indian newspapers, he must have discovered that he has already been reminded that sweet words butter no parsnips. As his education in Indian matters proceeds, the idea will dawn upon him that plain speech

cannot be indefinitely deferred, and that if Lord Curzon need not have tried to exhaust all that can be said on a subject in his time, his successors, at least, will one day or another have to vindicate the claims of the rulers to rule. It may not be in our time. Anyhow sympathy will not bridge the gulf between *meum* and *tuum*. A common Parliament for the whole British Empire—an assembly in which India as well as the Colonies is represented—may possibly avert a mental cleavage which mere sympathy will not be able to prevent. This may not come into existence in Mr. Morley's time : only we have to remember that the future lies in embryo in the present.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE was a suggestive coincidence between the speech of the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall on the 17th of May, Mr. Morley's reply to Sir Henry Cotton's interpellation, three days before, on unrest in Eastern Bengal, and the withdrawal of certain orders in the new province, foreshadowed by the Secretary of State in his answer. It may be supposed that His Royal Highness did not refer specially to the agitation in Bengal, when he recommended the infusion of a wider element of sympathy into the administration of this dependency. Yet by an accident, three days before his speech, Sir Henry Cotton happened to have asked by what sympathetic measures the Secretary of State would try to allay the unrest caused "throughout India" by the dispersal of a public meeting at Barisal. Mr. Morley, it is noticeable, said nothing about the dispersal of the public meeting, nor anything about the unrest throughout India. The assumed denial of sympathy on the part of the local authorities did not, evidently, please Mr. Morley, who replied that as a distinguished member of the Civil Service, Sir Henry would believe that other members of the Service would be as sympathetic as he. As a proof of this sympathy, as Mr. Morley apparently intended to convey, the House was informed that the Lieutenant-Governor had considered himself "justified" in withdrawing the prohibition of Bande Mataram processions, and in ordering the re-instatement of schoolboys who had been dismissed from their schools for having taken part in such processions. Mr. Morley would almost make one believe that he was himself not quite sure whether this sympathetic action was prudent and expedient: any credit which might be claimed for the change of policy—which was the necessary consequence, it seems, of the improved tone of feeling in the province—was to belong entirely to the Lieutenant-Governor. "It is just possible that Sir B. Fuller himself, without extraneous advice or compulsion, was overawed by the monster whom he had conjured up, and he swiftly resolved to turn over a new leaf. Yet, having regard to the interpellations which had preceded this reply, and the postponement of Sir Henry's question at Mr. Morley's request—apart from the

“consistency” which one would attribute to the ruler of an Indian province—one cannot believe that Mr. Morley had no share in this welcome change of policy. The Secretary of State’s self-effacement, while adding fresh lustre to his high character, has obviated the necessity of resignations and other similar sensational developments. The judicious combination of strength and suavity has vindicated the reputation of the distinguished statesman for his sagacity, which is equalled only by his sincerity. Mr. Morley, as Secretary of State, has inspired the same respect and admiration, as Lord Curzon had inspired in the beginning of his career as Viceroy.



The declared policy of the present Secretary of State and Viceroy is to take breath after the eventful administration of Lord Curzon. Yet Mr. Morley has replied to a question put to him by Mr. O’Grady that the question of “enlarging the liberties of the people” is engaging his attention. His cogitations must end in some constitutional reforms: if he had no intention of introducing any change in the constitutional rights of the people, he would have plainly said so, as indeed he has said that he cannot see his way to granting to the representatives of the people an effective control over the finances of the country. One interesting opinion that he has expressed about the Government of India is that its constitution is too cumbrous. This defect, however, he has no intention of remedying in his day. The skill displayed by the distinguished statesman in disposing of the army administration controversy will, it may be presumed, not fail him when he devises some means of enlarging the liberties of the people. Meanwhile the impetus given by Lord Curzon’s Government to the reform of the administration has not spent its force, and continues to operate, as may be seen in the Resolutions that are issuing from time to time. The most important of these, recently issued, relates to the taxation of land improvements—a question which had been reserved for future consideration in the famous Resolution of January 1902, in which Lord Curzon’s Government examined and in the main defended the land revenue policy at present pursued. The new Resolution lays down two important propositions, which are bound to evoke some amount of controversy. One is that it is not desirable to encourage the reclamation and colonisation of land which is too poor even to pay the light assessment that is generally charged upon reclaimed waste land. The other is that when a landowner is sufficiently recompensed for the capital and labour expended by him upon improvements, he need not be permanently exempted from tax on those improvements. In Madras and Bombay this permanent exemption is already granted, and the Government has not thought fit, on general grounds of policy, to revoke a concession which has

been enjoyed for years. The principle laid down by Lord Curzon's Government, in 1902, of reduction of assessment in consequence of local deterioration of crops, is not only affirmed, but extended to improvements. The reconstruction of the administrative machinery continues, and is likely to grow apace as long as the Finance Minister is able to declare surpluses. The Archæological Department has been reconstructed, though not on an extravagant scale. Every kind of research is sought to be encouraged. Medical research and sylvicultural research are among the objects which have just received a dole out of the overflowing coffers.



Lord Curzon was consumed by a passion to enrich the pages of history. To have lifted the veil from the Forbidden City, perched on the Himalayan plateau,—and the unveiling was so complete that we can now see photographs of the Holy of Holies of the chief shrine at Lhasa—was indeed making history in a manner which cannot often be repeated. It will certainly not be repeated in Lord Minto's time. However, the relations between the Indian Government and the Amir of Afghanistan do not appear to have attained a stage of finality or of stable equilibrium. The Amir is contemplating a visit to India. It may be an excursion with no definite political object of an urgent nature. However, something may come out of the visit, which history will think fit to record.

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JAMES PRINSEP.

THE recent appearance in this magazine of a charming article on Sir William Jones, the pioneer Orientalist, prompts me to offer a tribute of affectionate respect to one of the greatest of Sir William's disciples, James Prinsep. Among the multitudes who are familiar with Prinsep's Ghât as one of the landmarks of Calcutta, few, perhaps, have a distinct notion of the man commemorated by the monument or of the work which entitles him to remembrance. The ingenuity and skill in design which he exhibited as a boy pointed to the profession of an architect as specially appropriate to his powers, but a brief training in the office of the celebrated Pugin was brought to a close by ill-health, and the powerful Indian connections of his family naturally suggested a career in the East. A friendly Director appointed him to the post of Assistant in the Assay Department of the Calcutta Mint, and he joined his appointment as a lad of twenty in September 1819. The accident that his chief, the Master of the Mint, happened to be Dr. Horace Hayman Wilson, the profound Sanskrit scholar, had a large share in forming the young Assistant's tastes and in directing him into the path by which, a few years later, he attained undying fame. For ten years, from 1820 to 1830, Prinsep resided at Benares, not only zealously performing his task as a mint official, but exercising with success functions which would be assigned in these days to the Department of Public Works. A great main drain in the city of Benares, and a substantial bridge of five arches over the river Karamnasa still bear witness to his skill as an engineer and architect. After his transfer to Calcutta at the end of 1830, Prinsep originated a project for much-needed reform of the currency, which was then in an almost incredible state of confusion. When Wilson was appointed Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, Prinsep succeeded him as Assay Master at the Calcutta Mint, and was

thus in a position to place his views on currency reform officially before the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, who cordially supported the proposed changes. In 1835 the old chaos was replaced by an orderly rupee coinage, the same substantially as that now current, and the credit for this indispensable reform is due to James Prinsep, who, on this account alone, would deserve honourable remembrance as one of the most distinguished of Indian officials.

But official services, however important and brilliant, appeal chiefly to the gratitude of contemporaries; and when a reform has become an established institution, the reformer, at the best, is but half remembered. If Prinsep had done nothing else than building bridges and introducing a reasonable coinage, his name might continue to find a place in Indian biographical dictionaries, but would be unknown to the larger world. He was, however, more fortunate. During the last four years of his brief life he found his true vocation, and made the discoveries which laid the foundation of the scientific study of Indian history and antiquities, and entitled him "to rank with the men who unlocked the mysteries of the hieroglyphic and cuneiform writings and so revealed the long-lost histories of Egypt and Babylonia." The arduous labours by which he recovered the key to the forgotten story of ancient India were performed in addition to exacting duties at the Mint. "My whole day," he exclaims in 1837, "is consumed at the scales. What a waste of precious moments!" In 1832 he had succeeded Wilson as Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal and thrown himself into the work of editing the *Journal* with almost superhuman energy. Not only did he perform the ordinary editorial duties and conduct an enormous correspondence, but he contributed to the pages of the *Journal* accounts of all his researches and discoveries in a continuous stream for six years, and with his own hands arranged, engraved and lithographed the illustrative plates. We need not wonder that the fiery soul

Fretted the pigmy body to decay,

And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

In the autumn of 1838 Prinsep's health finally broke down, and in the spring of 1840, being then in his forty-first year, he died, a wreck in mind and body. "Although he was still young in years," as his friend Sir Alexander Cunningham observes, "he had already done the work of a good old age."

His first great achievement, the decipherment of the Kharoshthi alphabet, formerly called Arian or Ario-Pali, was effected by his ingenious mind working upon hints supplied by Masson, the coin-collector, and the discovery was effected with extraordinary rapidity. His powers of perception, we are told, were "equally remarkable for their vigour and their instantaneousness. The quickness of his perception was indeed wonderful, so that many of his discoveries may be said literally to have flashed upon him," or, as he described the process in a letter to Cunningham, "like inspiration, or lightning, or Louisa's eyes, the light at once broke upon me." Such instantaneous perception is a true mark of genius, and genius is rightly ascribed to James Prinsep. But perhaps the reader may ask, what was this Kharoshthi alphabet that such a fuss should be made about deciphering it. We know now, although Prinsep did not live long enough to know it, that it was the form of the Syrian alphabet, read like Hebrew from right to left, which was used by the Persian officials for business purposes, and so became familiar to the inhabitants of the Indus Valley and Afghanistan who lived long under Persian rule. Multitudes of coins were found with clear Greek legends on one side, giving the names and titles of Menander and other kings, while the inscriptions on the other side were in the unknown character. Masson's discovery that some of the Greek words were represented by constant equivalents in the unknown character was developed by Prinsep, who rapidly made out half the alphabet, but was obliged to leave the task to be more slowly completed by others. The key thus obtained has not only made easy the study of an exceptionally interesting class of coins; it has also disclosed the contents of the Punjab versions of the Asoka edicts, and opened the way to extensive and fruitful researches into the history of India and neighbouring lands. With equal energy and success Prinsep unlocked the secrets of the old form of the Sanskrit alphabet, now called Brahmi, in which most of the Asoka inscriptions are recorded, and so unveiled the majestic figure of the great Buddhist Emperor, to whom chiefly is due the transformation of Buddhism from its early humble position as the philosophy of a local Hindu sect into one of the great world-religions.

Prinsep, being absolutely devoid of the jealousy which too often is a blot on the scholarly temperament, made no mystery of his

researches, and never hesitated in his ingenuous papers to let the world see into his workshop and watch discoveries in the making. Anybody who cares to do so can trace almost every step of his progress in the twenty-one essays collected by the pious care of the late Mr. Edward Thomas, and republished with elaborate annotations in 1858. We owe to Prinsep the first notices of the great Gupta dynasty of the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era, which had been utterly forgotten in India, although its history is now known with such fulness that a volume might be devoted to it.

Two letters of his, written on consecutive days in May, 1837, give a vivid impression of his enthusiasm and lightning intuitions. On the 11th he writes to Cunningham: "Here are two plates addressed to me . . . quarto engravings of 28 Saurashtra coins, all Chaitya reverses, and very legible inscriptions which are done in large on the next plate. Oh! but we *must* decipher them! I'll warrant they have not touched them at home *yet*. Here, to amuse you, try your hand on this." But there was no need for his correspondent to try his hand, for by seven o'clock the next morning the secret had been penetrated, and Prinsep gaily wrote: "You may save yourself any further trouble. I have made them all out this very moment on first inspection . . . And thus every one of them gives the name of his father of blessed memory, and we have a train of some eight or ten names to rival the Guptas! Hurra! I hope the chaps at home won't seize the prize first. No fear of Wilson, at any rate! I must make out a plate of the names on ours added to Steuart's, and give it immediate insertion." Nothing could resist such a man. "The great point in Prinsep's character," writes Cunningham, "was his ardent enthusiasm, which charmed and melted all who came in contact with him. Even at this distance of time [1871], when a whole generation has passed away, I feel that his letters still possess the same power of winning my warmest sympathy in all his discoveries, and that his joyous and generous disposition still communicates the same contagious enthusiasm and the same strong desire to assist in further achievements." Indeed, it is impossible for anybody at all interested in the subject matter of Prinsep's discoveries to read his eager, burning words without catching some of the fire which animated him.

"His social qualities," another intimate friend tells us, "were

of the first order. To a sprightly and inventive fancy were united in him a lively and equable flow of humour, a love of conversation and society, and an almost feminine gentleness of manner ; these were embellished by regular accomplishments as a musician and artist. He was in consequence ever a prime mover in everything that concerned the public or private amusements of the circle in which he moved."

Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.

VINCENT A. SMITH.

*Hazelwood,
Cheltenham, England.*

NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.)

CHAPTER XVII.

N AZIR AHMED was in high spirits as he went out of the room with his head thrown back and chest prominently out. He twirled his moustache as he murmured to himself, "Shaikh Nazir Ahmed Saheb, you may soon rise to the rank of seven thousand horse. Even an Emperor requires your aid and assistance in his private affairs. The cast of the die betwixt the two alternatives is entirely in your hands, but this insolent Persian used to pass me by as if I were of no importance and disdained to answer my salute. I will now be even with him. Betwixt the king's infatuation and his obstinacy there will be ample scope for the exercise of Nazir Ahmed's wit, and everything will develop for his advantage; and unless Ali Kuli Beg apologises on his knees, his life will pay the forfeit."

Thus musing, he passed through a dark lane, and silently gliding to a house tapped the door three times. An old crone promptly opened the door and as he stepped in, it closed behind him. He walked into a long low apartment where sat some forty persons with flasks of wine and glasses.

"How are you, my merry men?" asked Nazir Ahmed as they all rose to greet him.

"What news?" asked a rough looking man. "We haven't see you for ages."

"Good news," said Nazir Ahmed, "you can serve His Majesty the Emperor and reap ample rewards."

"Serve His Majesty," broke out many voices, "and when, pray

tell us, are we idle ? We always ease out His Majesty's subjects who have not the privilege to be helped out of their wealth by His Majesty's Governors."

"True," said Nazir Ahmed, "but you can execute a commission for him and gain everlasting fame. Jehangir loves the beautiful wife of Ali Kuli Beg, and since the proud Persian refuses to listen to His Majesty, he has directed your humble servant to do the needful, remove him from his path."

"That is brave game, indeed," ejaculated a dark, stout man, "and so I say forward."

"Forward," exclaimed every one.

"My brave fellows," said Nazir Ahmed, "we must take all precautions, so that we may step into his room and dictate terms as becomes the emissaries of His Majesty."

"Leave that to me," said a slim-looking man. "I will be ready to receive you at any moment you desire, with open doors and open arms."

"You are a fine fellow," said Nazir Ahmed, "mind that we will be exactly at 12 at your place. I like dark nights when the twinkling stars seem to say that they see but won't speak."

It was nearly midnight when Nazir Ahmed and forty ruffians wrapped themselves in dark clothes and, fully armed and masked, walked out one by one from their den. Passing singly unobserved through the streets, they met again in a gloomy corner near the house of Ali Kuli Beg. They stopped for a moment there, when Nazir Ahmed whistled in a peculiar way and received back a whistle in the same tone in reply.

"All is well, my brave fellows," he whispered, "now forward." Slowly they glided out from their dark corner and reaching the garden wall which surrounded the house of the Persian nobleman, they found the small door open, and so they noiselessly entered, and taking a gravel path which went round the garden, they came to the house of the gardener, which they locked from the outside, and a little further the servants' quarters were similarly shut up, by some of the ruffians appointed to do the business. This done, they assembled again, and leaving half a dozen men to guard the gate they proceeded to the apartments of Ali Kuli Beg who slept with all the doors and windows open in his upper room. Boldly entering

the room, they surrounded the couch with drawn swords, and at a sign from Nazir Ahmed, four of them silently lifted up the bed of Mihar-ul-nissa and carried it into another room which they closed from outside, and then resumed their places round the bed.

Nazir Ahmed, who was no coward, now placed the point of his dagger on the chest of the sleeping nobleman and awoke him from his sleep.

"Who are you," demanded Ali Kuli Beg, half asleep, "what have you come here for?"

"We are men like you," replied Nazir Ahmed in a feigned tone of voice, "and have particular business with you."

"Surely, your business can wait," said Ali Kuli Beg turning; he was still drowsy and under the influence of opium.

"Impossible," said Nazir Ahmed pricking with the point of his dagger a little harder; "unless you divorce Mihar-ul-nissa and pay me ten thousand mohurs, I will send you to everlasting rest to awaken no more."

"Who dares dictate terms to Ali Kuli Beg?" he exclaimed angrily, as he snatched the dagger from the hand of Nazir Ahmed and flung it to the other corner of the room, "depart, or you are a dead man."

"Fool," said Nazir Ahmed, "listen to reason; death hovers at your pillow and this bullying is useless. Your life is entirely in our hands. Divorce Mihar-ul-nissa and point out your gold coffers and you may yet be allowed to live."

"Divorce the queen of my heart?" burst out Ali Kuli Beg. "Not while there is life in me. No, a thousand times, No." As he said this he silently grasped the sword which lay beside him; the glittering swords which sparkled round him and the sense of danger drove his lethargy away, and with a sudden spring he jumped out from his bed and took his stand many yards away from his assailants.

"Assail him," exclaimed Nazir Ahmed, as with a drawn sword he rushed on Ali Kuli Beg and forty swords came down upon the fearless Persian who, with wonderful dexterity, foiled the aims of all, and like a wild bull rushed on them and took his stand on the other side of the bed; the attack seemed to have awakened a sleeping volcano, as the dauntless Persian, like a maddened lion, dashed against his hunters who sought his life

and hurled himself down upon the compact body of forty men with all his force. With one stroke he smote the foremost of the band, the head of another fell at his feet, and about ten heads fell on the carpet in the twinkling of an eye, when he sprang again to another corner, but before his assailants could form themselves and attack him again, he was on them and in an instant ten more fell before his flashing sword. Nazir Ahmed was disconcerted, but disdained to turn back, and with drawn sword fell on the noble Persian, his followers joining him; Ali Kuli Beg was hard pressed, when the door suddenly opened and a body of his servants entered the room. Nazir Ahmed stepped back and, jumping out of the room, disappeared in the garden and was soon in the street, closing the garden gate behind him. Ali Kuli Beg and his servants looked everywhere for the assailants, but finding no trace at last retired to rest in another apartment, ordering the bodies to be removed from his room.

"Allah be praised!" said Mihar-ul-nissa when they met after the affray. "The great God in His mercy has saved you for me. But dear husband, Agra is no place for us now."

"Dearest," Ali Kuli Beg replied, "there is nothing to be afraid of. These fellows will never venture to molest us again; it ill becomes Ali Kuli Beg to leave the capital merely because he had an encounter with a gang of robbers."

"Who can tell if these ruffians were sent by some of our enemies," suggested Mihar-ul-nissa, "dearest, you are so careless."

"Don't be uneasy about me, my darling," said Ali Kuli Beg, "I have nothing to fear from hidden enemies, they are too contemptible to be thought of; come, let us leave this thing aside and talk of love and bliss which your very sight fills me with." So saying they retired to rest again.

Though it was past midnight, Jehangir still occupied his seat in the banqueting hall. Debauchery had made him a night-watcher while the embers of his disappointed love, which smouldered within, allowed him no rest, though he was trying as usual to while away the long hours of night amidst dance and music, wine and song. A party of extremely pretty girls were in attendance, their sweet voices pouring out melodious songs as ruby wine leapt out of the cup. Their pretty feet softly trod over the velvet carpet; they darted on-

ward with their arms out-stretched as if to clasp the beloved, as if inspired with love and hope but soon the measure recalled them to the point where they had set out from. With folded arms and plaintive voices, they now turned round, their loose silks reflecting all the colours of the rainbow ; but they brought no pleasure to the heart of the king, who ever and anon looked round as if he was in search of something which his heart longed to see ; at last almost tired, he rose, and as a shout of blessing and salutation rose from the assembled guests, entered his private apartment.

"Nazir Ahmed," exclaimed Jehangir, as he saw him crouching in a side gallery, "what has happened ? I am afraid you have been unsuccessful again. Ah ! my fate is against me."

Nazir Ahmed fixed a wavering gaze on the Emperor but was unable to reply ; seeing a golden cup filled with wine in the hand of a page in attendance, he snatched it from his hand and drank it off and then followed the king to his room.

"Forgive me, sire," said Nazir Ahmed, "but I was not myself. That wild Persian would have killed me had I not been able to make good my escape. About twenty brave men have already played their last act in your Majesty's service."

"What do you mean," enquired Jehangir, "how could he kill so many all alone ?"

"He is a demon," said Nazir Ahmed, "but we would have got him down had not his servants come at the opportune moment to his help. Alas ! those gallant friends lost their lives in vain. They were ever ready to unsheath their swords at my slightest bidding."

"This must be avenged," said Jehangir stamping his foot on the ground, "the families of your friends will be amply provided for."

"Ali Kuli Beg shall have no rest," said Nazir Ahmed biting his lip. "I am not a man to be treated like a wild dog."

"Go on," said Jehangir, "have you any new scheme in your head to fulfil my desire ? I am all ears to hear you."

"An idea has just flashed through my mind," said Nazir Ahmed, "which may kill the serpent and yet leave the club untouched."

"What is that ?" asked Jehangir, "for I am anxious to keep up appearances, otherwise I can at any moment have my Mihār-ul-nissa with me."

"Sire," said Nazir Ahmed with an air of importance, "when he

comes to your Highness to-morrow, admire his courage and swordsmanship in full durbar and stifle him with encomiums and fill him up with tall ideas about his own strength, and then I will come with a famished tiger in the outer court and all will end to our entire satisfaction."

"Explain yourself," said Jehangir, "I don't follow you."

"It is all quite plain," said Nazir Ahmed, "I will come with the tiger and scoff at the gallantry of Ali Kuli Beg and express my readiness to fight with the beast with a single sword. I am sure he would then come forward to fight unarmed and get killed."

"The plan seems to be a good one," said Jehangir, "let us see how it works. Now, good-night," and so saying, the emperor went to his bed, to pass a sleepless night in counting the stars.

Jehangir rose betimes in the morning and took his seat in the inner court of the lofty pavilion facing the Jamna and the open maidan, where often his father, the mighty Akbar, sat to see the elephant fight. All the nobles of the court had already assembled there; Ali Kuli Beg was a little late, but it was not fear or suspicion which had kept him back; he had risen late and so was not able to come at the usual hour.

When he came and knelt down to salute the Emperor, Jehangir received him kindly and enquired with great concern if there was anything wrong which kept him from attending the court and made him so late.

"Sire," said Ali Kuli Beg, "I was exposed to many dangers yesterday; first a mad elephant attacked me and I had to drive the wild animal back, then a gang of dacoits broke into my house and wanted me to give them gold and threatened to take my life, but by the favour of God half of them lost their lives in the attempt while the rest disappeared in the darkness which helped them to escape. That is why I was late in getting up and coming to your blessed presence."

"You are a wonderful person," observed Jehangir, "and there is no one equal in valour to you in our court; surely, it is no easy thing to fight single-handed with a gang of armed dacoits and a mad elephant."

"Pardon me, sire," said Nazir Ahmed who was in attendance, "Ali Kuli Beg has done nothing wonderful in fighting a number

of thieves and wounding a mad elephant. My grandfather used to hold the elephant by its tail and never allowed it to stir, and fought even tigers unarmed."

"Still," said Jehangir, "the gallantry of Ali Kuli Beg deserves praise, and I am sure he too could fight a tiger unarmed."

"Sire," replied Nazir Ahmed, "pardon my intrusion, but your Persian nobleman has not performed such a singular feat of strength or gallantry as to merit praise from the lips of your Highness."

"Sir," said Ali Kuli Beg fiercely, turning to Nazir Ahmed and no longer able to restrain himself, "if you will allow your tongue to wag so freely in the presence of His Majesty, I shall be compelled to teach you better manners when we meet again outside."

"My Lord," replied Nazir Ahmed, "it will not add to your laurels if you kill a person unaccustomed to the use of arms, and it is useless to brag. If you are really brave, fight a tiger unarmed or acknowledge defeat. I would this very moment walk into the arena and kill the tiger myself."

"By heaven," said Ali Kuli Beg, "it is not for a page to fight a tiger, but if a lion comes before me, you will see it rolling in the dust."

"Don't brag like this," said Nazir Ahmed in a provoking tone, "there is a tiger in the arena and it ill becomes you to claim to be a lion killer when you have only driven back a few thieves."

"I am no braggart," said Ali Kuli Beg angrily, "come with your tiger and see what I can do with it."

"I will put your bravery to trial," said Nazir Ahmed, "are you really in earnest?"

"Certainly," said Ali Kuli Beg vehemently, "if you don't produce your tiger, you yourself shall fight with me."

"We shall see," said Nazir Ahmed as he whispered something in the ear of an attendant who was near him. The man disappeared and a little later a famished tiger jumped out from a room into the arena; he had been kept without food and now moved about restlessly and looked dreadfully fierce, but Ali Kuli Beg was not frightened; he made a salute to the Emperor and then quickly went into the arena, and opening a gate, leapt out into the wide court. He flung aside his sword and turned towards the tiger with a countenance all crimsoned with anger. The tiger rushed at him with a bound, but with unrivalled coolness Ali Kuli Beg bounded aside, and grasping

its hind quarters raised it over his head and dashed it against the ground. He did not allow the beast to rise but dashed it again and again until the fierce animal was dead. A hurrah of applause greeted this wonderful feat of physical strength. Coming back, Ali Kuli Beg saluted the Emperor and turned to walk back. Jehangir was extremely surprised and put out, but recovering his self-possession, showered gold coins over the head of the victorious Persian nobleman. He rose from his throne to receive him and bestowed a robe of honour and conferred the title of lion-killer ("Sher-afghan") on him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Jehangir retired to his own room. There he sat with his head on his elbow in a deep reverie, absorbed in his own thoughts and wrapped up in despair, when the door opened and a jolly-looking corpulent man entered and shook him by the shoulder. The Emperor looked up as if unable to recognise the intruder or too absorbed to take any cognition of his visitor and took no notice of him.

"My brother, my sovereign," said the corpulent man with great concern, "what ails you? I cannot bear to see you in this state. Tell me what engrosses your mind and I will at once set out to do your bidding. There is nothing in the world which cannot be attained with determination and pluck for the Emperor of India."

"Is it you, Kutub-ud-din?" asked Jehangir as if waking up from a deep sleep. "When did you return from Bengal? Chance presents you to my eyes when I least expected, though you were badly wanted and it is just as it ought to be. Pardon me for not speaking to you at first. I was too absorbed, and as I did not expect you I failed to recognise that my own brother had come to help me out of my troubles."

"I returned only this moment," replied Kutub-ud-din embracing the Emperor, "and hastened to see my own jolly Prince Salim; but the weight of empire seems to have driven all jollity out of your mind. What troubles can the Emperor of India have which cannot be got over?"

"Alas!" said Jehangir, heaving a deep sigh, "my thoughts are fixed on something which with all my power I cannot make my own without committing a gross injustice, which I am not prepared

to do, and so I am baffled by my own servants. I am like a prisoned lion who feels shackled all around. Alas! the poor are the only happy people in the world, they have so much less to care for, and are masters of their actions, while every act of a ruler is watched by prying eyes, to be seized and criticised."

"Cheer up," encouraged Kutub-ud-din, "I thought you had lost some great province, but the wound seems to have been inflicted by some object nearer home and would be cured by some healing lips. There is nothing in the world which is beyond the power of your Majesty, but of course the fairies even made Solomon their slave and he forgot all his wisdom."

"No joke," said Jehangir, "I am dying, and you take it as a mere joke."

"Not a bit," assured Kutub-ud-din, "but I don't see any reason for your despair, for if you so commanded, even rivers would change their course and flow according to your heart's desire."

"Flatterer," Jehangir exclaimed, "even my own servants refuse to obey me, and you will make me believe that I could rule oceans; but in India we are brought up in the school of flattery."

"I am no flatterer," replied Kutub-ud-din, "order me to turn the rivers back and flow out in easy channels and I will do it, and as for your bleeding heart, tell me who wounded it and I will bring the healer to you. But fret not like this, it pains me to see you in such a dejected mood."

"My dear foster-brother," said Jehangir, "I know how you love me, but if I tell you what I require your help in, you will perhaps begin to preach and discourse on the iniquity of the whole thing, so I must tell you it is all useless. I have already done my best to turn aside my heart but it refuses to do so, and unless you promise that you will help me whether my cause be moral or immoral, just or unjust, it will be useless my speaking to you about it. At the same time I may assure you that I cannot live without getting my heart's desire."

"You only excite my curiosity," said Kutub-ud-din, "you are my law-giver and there can be no better judge of morality or immorality than a ruling sovereign. Tell me what you wish to be done and I will set to work without asking a single question."

"There," said Jehangir joyfully, "that is like my own dear

brother. I will now tell you everything. You know how I loved Mi-harul-nissa and that she loved me in return. It was for her sake that I went into rebellion, but since the death of His Majesty I have been trying to do my duty as a king and stifle the flame which burns within. I have failed to quench it, though. I spoke to Ali Kuli Beg and asked him to divorce his wife, which he refuses to do, and his resistance has set fire to my smouldering passion, and I cannot eat, drink or sleep till Mi-har-ul-nissa is mine."

"I see," said Kutub-ud-din, somewhat sulkily but resolutely, "Ali Kuli Beg was a great friend of mine but I have plighted my word and will adhere to it. It shall not be said that Kutub-ud-din refused to do a service to his own Emperor. I won't show my face to you if I am unsuccessful. Ali Kuli Beg is a gallant nobleman and I may lose my life in the business. Now good-bye ; God bless you. Pray for your old comrade and think of him sometimes if he loses his life in your service."

"Stay," said Jehangir, as Kutub-ud-din turned to go, "there is no hurry about it."

"I must go at once," said Kutub-ud-din, "I can have no rest till I have done my work," and thus saying he abruptly walked out of the room.

Kutub-ud-din was foster-brother of Jehangir. His mother had brought up Jehangir and he had played with him from childhood. He was a stout, resolute man, of an excitable temperament, and from his very childhood was taught to regard the service of his Prince as his only religion, and so he did not defer the work which he was told to do and at once proceeded to Ali Kuli Beg.

"When did you come back from Bengal?" exclaimed Ali Kuli Beg as he rose with great affection to receive him and extended his arms to embrace him. But as Kutub-ud-din held back, Ali Kuli Beg dropped his arms and added, "I hope time has not changed the sentiments of friendship which united our hearts."

"My friend," replied Kutub-ud-din with composed dignity and true feelings, "my heart yearns to cling to you as a friend, but circumstances have changed and I must perforce obey their influence."

"You are enigmatical," retorted Ali Kuli Beg, and began to play with his sword, "and I am no philosopher ; not to be a friend is to be an enemy."

"My friend," said Kutub-ud-din, "for I regard you still as such, listen to me. You are in great danger and unless you can conquer your pride and vanity, your days are numbered."

"What do you mean?" asked Ali Kuli Beg. "It ill becomes you to menace me in my own mansion. Tell me what danger threatens me."

"Prince Salim's anger and my sword," said Kutub-ud-din with great dignity.

"Ha! ha!" burst out Ali Kuli Beg scornfully, "you have been sent by His Majesty, and I suppose you will promise to spare my life if I resign my wife to His Majesty. I tell you that it is useless to speak to me about it."

"Listen to me," said Kutub-ud-din. "I sympathise with your feelings and know how hard it is for you, but the case is peculiar, and you will do better to listen to reason. Jehangir is infatuated and will crush anything that stands in his way."

"I never expected to hear this from you," interrupted Ali Kuli Beg. "My honour is dearer to me than my life, and I am deaf to all that you may say."

"I admire your sense of honour," admitted Kutub-ud-din, "but my orders are final and I must warn you against the folly of opposing the Emperor of Hindustan. Draw back from the precipice while there is time."

"One has to die, after all," said Ali Kuli Beg, "and why not now with honour than a little later with ignominy? I must tell you that I cherish my wife as the sustainer of my life and apple of my eyes. I reject your proposals and resign my commission which His Majesty granted. I will retire from this place and live now as my own master."

"It is all useless," said Kutub-ud-din, "you cannot escape. I give you three days to think over the matter when I will come again for an answer."

"I disdain to fly," said the proud Persian angrily, "you will find me ready to receive you in my country-house a few miles from here; had anybody else made such a proposal he would never have quitted this place alive. Now, good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Kutub-ud-din, "I will be with you this time on the third day."

"All right," replied Ali Kuli Beg, "I shall be happy to attend on you at any time you may please."

Three days passed. Kutub-ud-din received no reply from the Persian nobleman ; he disliked the idea of fighting his own friend, but he had given his promise and so he resolved to do his duty and with an escort of armed soldiers marched up to the country-house of Ali Kuli Beg. Ali Kuli Beg courteously received him at his gate, and the only thing unusual about him was a two-edged sword which he carried with him.

"Now," said Kutub-ud-din abruptly, "tell me what your reply is ; if you still persist I am here to do the needful and take your wife away without your consent."

"Don't let your tongue wag so loosely," cried Ali Kuli Beg, "you have no right to speak thus of my faithful and beloved wife."

"Faithful, indeed," Kutub-ud-din retorted, "she was only a maid when she permitted Salim to visit her alone in her own garden."

"You have no right to calumniate my wife," burst out Ali Kuli Beg, "and now take it," and he plunged his sword in the bulky person of Kutub-ud-din.

"Fire," cried Kutub-ud-din, as his bowels gushed out and he fell on the ground.

Kutub-ud-din's escort raised their guns and fired, but quick as the eye can wink Ali Kuli Beg's sword flashed again like a lambent flame and killed the attendant who was near at hand, and the suddenness of his attack confused the guards who fell back a little but fired a volley hitting him in the arms.

"Come forward one by one," the brave Persian exclaimed as he brandished his sword, and turning towards Kaba he threw some dust over his head by way of ablution and faced his antagonists, but his challenge was not accepted and a shower of arrows pierced his breast and he fell beside his dying friend Kutub-ud-din.

"Friend," murmured Kutub-ud-din with some exertion, "I simply tried to do my duty in obeying the Emperor."

"Never mind," said Ali Kuli Beg, "we die as friends."

"God bless you," gasped Kutub-ud-din as he tried to grasp the hands of his friend, and their souls flew together to Heaven.

A man at once rode to report the matter and was met by Nazir*

Ahmed who heard the news with great delight and ran to inform the Emperor about it.

"Sire," he cried from the other end of the hall, "Ali Kuli Beg is no more, but Kutub-ud-din has sacrificed his life in your Majesty's service."

"Good heavens," ejaculated Jehangir, "is Mihar-ul-nissa once more free?"

"Yes sire," exclaimed Nazir Ahmed, "Kutub-ud-din was not slow in taking up the matter though he lost his own life. I am told," he added in an undertone, "that Mihar-ul-nissa was exceedingly shocked and her lamentations cannot be described."

"Do I dream," murmured Salim as he strode hurriedly, trying to overcome his feelings and make his ideas coherent: "so the gallant Persian is no more, he fought with my foster-brother and killed him; this is the report that you have received."

"Yes, sire," replied Nazir Ahmed, "it was a personal servant of mine who accompanied Kutub-ud-din and he brought the news."

Tell them that I am very sorry and consider it a misfortune to have lost two faithful and devoted servants. Their families will be cared for, the family of Kutub-ud-din is already in the palace. Let an order be issued that Mihar-ul-nissa be brought to the palace as well and treated with the greatest consideration. Please have this order executed without delay."

Nazir Ahmed bowed and withdrew, the necessary orders were at once issued and a suitable retinue sent to bring Mihar-ul-nissa to the palace to be consoled by His Majesty the Emperor.

The beautiful moon shone in the skies above, while the stars twinkled as Jehangir strolled in the lofty balcony of his palace, lost in blissful reveries, and cast many glances towards the road and with a throbbing heart looked for something which still seemed to be not in sight. At last his heart leapt within him as he saw a palanquin enter the palace gates with an imperial escort about it, and in another moment a female form stepped out and was ushered into the room which opened in the balcony. Jehangir stepped in, the bearers bowed and withdrew shutting the door after them.

Jehangir turned round and went up to the veiled lady. She proudly unveiled her face and he beheld, pale and saddened but still the glorious face of Mihar-ul-nissa. His eyes met her scornful glance,

and there was the expression of anger in those orbs, restlessness, and a deep and sad enquiry to discover what the Emperor wanted to do with her. Jehangir was overpowered and clung to a pillar for support.

"Sire," said Mihar-ul-nissa who was the first to speak, in a calm and dignified tone, "will you please let me know your pleasure? I should like to retire; it is many years since I have seen your Majesty."

"Years," repeated Jehangir vaguely, approaching her with a slow and faltering step. "Years—you have not numbered them."

"Surely not," said Mihar-ul-nissa. "your heart does not seem to have improved."

"My heart," said Jehangir "was far, far away from me."

"Sire," said Mihar-ul-nissa, who could hardly control herself and spoke rather incoherently. "Have I your leave to sit?" She dropped on an ottoman beside her. "My mind is unhinged. Pray let me go back to the house of my husband."

"Husband," murmured Jehangir dreamily, "don't talk to me, in this way, dearest. It is cruel of you to speak to me of him."

"Yes! my husband," protested Mihar-ul-nissa angrily. "The noble soul who has gone to heaven; his memory is dear to me. I will cherish it all my life."

"Listen to me," said Jehangir in a supplicating voice. "I have loved you always and shall love you till my death. I cannot tell you how I have suffered and pined for you. You too promised to love me but you became another's, yet your image has never been absent from my heart, your name is always on my lips. I tried to forget you in wine, women and work, I sought to dismiss your image but you remain the Queen of my heart and now that you are free. . . ."

"Free," interrupted Mihar-ul-nissa, "never. I am not faithless like you to forget my plighted word and forget my husband. God knows how I waited for you and how nobly the man who became my husband tolerated my feelings, but you forgot all about me, it was then that he won my heart and I became his and shall always remain so. It is cruel of you to give me pain by separating me from him."

"Pain," cried Jehangir. "I would rather die than give you pain."

"So it is thus that you sympathise with my affliction," retorted Mihar-ul-nissa, "that you seem to be happy when I am suffering and in pain."

"To say the truth," said Jehangir, "I cannot affect to be mournful when my heart leaps within me on finding you near me and gives me hope that you will yet be mine."

"I would indeed," said Mihar-ul-nissa, turning aside, "that I had not been here, but I came, for resistance would have been of no avail. Sire, I cannot be anything to you and if you have any heart I hope you will not inflict on me unnecessary pain."

"Oh," cried Jehangir in a sudden and agonized voice and, rising, flung himself at her feet, "let bygones be bygones, don't reject me. Beloved ! why struggle with your own heart : you too once loved me and promised to love me for ever. Am I not dear to you still ?"

"No," muttered Mihar-ul-nissa though her heart throbbed within her and would have replied otherwise, "no," she repeated with some effort. "You are mistaken if you think that anything can now move me. There are thousands better and fairer than I am who will be happy to have a smile from you, but as for me, I am dead."

"Mihar-ul-nissa," implored Jehangir again, "don't make me miserable when you can make me the happiest creature on this earth. I who rule empires stand before you as a suppliant, I hope you won't refuse me."

"Salim," replied Mihar-ul-nissa coldly though softly, "your name is still dear to me, but I can have nothing to do with a man who got my devoted husband murdered."

"Cruel Mihar-ul-nissa," murmured Jehangir, "in remembrance of the old days have mercy upon me. Your husband died in an open fight and cannot return, while you can make me happy by giving just one word of hope."

"Jehangir," said Mihar-ul-nissa rising, "it is useless, kindly leave me alone ; this interview is extremely painful and the sooner it ends the better."

"Is it really painful ?" muttered Jehangir, as he sprang to his feet. "I am very sorry, madam, to have given you trouble. I will never trouble you again"; so saying, he walked out of the room.

"Nazir Ahmed," he said to his attendant, "conduct the widow of Ali Kuli Beg to the Queen-Mother's apartment and enrol her

as her Majesty's attendant with Rs. 60 a month as her maintenance allowance. My orders are irrevocable" he added, as he saw Nazir Ahmed hesitating.

CHAPTER XIX.

Time is a whirlgig and brings everything round. Hardly six months were over when Mihar-ul-nissa had given up her lamentations and taken to work. The allowance fixed for her maintenance by Jehangir was extremely inadequate for her wants ; her apartments were altogether bare and uncomfortable ; she did not care to approach the Emperor for the increase of her allowances, but haughtily strove to supplement her small income by her own handiwork. She worked beautiful pieces of embroidery, painted silks with exquisite delicacy and invented new ornaments which were bought with great avidity by the ladies of the Harem. Such was her inventive genius that anything she touched seemed to take a new beauty from her hand, and so in a short time she changed her bare, dingy rooms into beautifully adorned apartments. Everything that artistic instinct, inventive genius and exquisite taste could produce was to be found in her little habitation which was now always crowded by the ladies of the Harem, who came to consult her about fashions and styles and admire her rooms. It is strange how people forget the past and look for light and happiness in the dark future : Mihar-ul-nissa was no exception. It was only a little less than a year since her husband's death and she had already forgotten him and often thought of Salim and her first love. The month of Ramzan was over ; the roar of artillery had already announced that the moon had been seen and the whole city, was filled with new life and bustle. It was a beautiful morning of the Id and the Mohammedan world was bright with gaieties, people dressed in their holiday garments were promenading the streets and embracing each other as if they had met after a long separation ; the chilling silence of solemn asceticism had vanished with the rise of the new moon in the blue ethereal sky, and was succeeded by pleasure and merriment ; the common people seemed to be in high spirits and enjoyed the delicacies which the rich Mohammedans provided for them. It seemed as if they were indemnifying themselves for the long abstinence so scrupulously

observed. The imperial seraglio was full of excitement and bustle, the rooms had been adorned, choicest delicacies provided for the guests, and the ladies of the Harem vied with each other in the choice of their ornament and dress. They all gathered in the large apartment of Queen Mother where they all met to celebrate the day. Mihar-ul-nissa was also present: she was in a white muslin dress without a single ornament or jewel, but the simplicity of her dress only enhanced her fascinating beauty and added a certain dignity to her irresistible charm; she walked about, greeting her friends, surrounded by her slaves, who were dressed in richest brocades; she was the centre of all admiration, the cynosure of all eyes, still in the prime of youth and in the zenith of her beauty: she seemed to be the veritable "sun of women" as her name implied.

For ten weary months Jehangir had not set his foot in the seraglio but had been trying to forget Mihar-ul-nissa in dissipation and drink; but it was Id to-day and so he came to pay his respects to the Queen-Mother. Mihar-ul-nissa saw him coming and stepped into a separate apartment, but Jehangir saw her slide away; the mere glimpse awakened in his mind the pent-up love of years and it was with great difficulty that he managed to greet his mother, though his eyes ever and anon turned towards the room which held Mihar-ul-nissa. At last, unable to control himself any longer, he begged leave to depart and walked to the apartments of Mihar-ul-nissa; he opened the door and there before him lay Mihar-ul-nissa on a sofa, dressed in snow-white clothes, shining like the moon. Jehangir was thrilled with emotion, while he stood just in the door gasping for breath. Mihar-ul-nissa turned round and saw the pale and saddened face of Jehangir deeply touched and agreeably surprised. She rose from her couch, gracefully, and made the usual salute by touching the ground with her forehead. Jehangir stood like one struck dumb, and then moving forward he caught her in his arms, which she allowed him to do; he held her close to his breast for ever so long, and then, as if waking from a dream, he impressed on her rosy lips a passionate kiss and at length sank on a sofa near by.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked as, shading his eyes, he looked at Mihar-ul-nissa who now sat beside him. "Is it possible, will you be mine after all?"

"My Prince, my Emperor," said Mihar-ul-nissa in a soft musical voice. "I am yours till death. It was your neglect which drove me away from you, and then you wrenched me from my home, my only refuge, and my spirit refused to listen to you under such conditions."

"Dearest," said Jehangir, full of inexpressible joy, "you have given me new life ; since you spurned me from you I have known no rest or pleasure ; you were always present in my mind, but circumstances after my father's death compelled me to act otherwise than I wished ; the rebellion of my own son added to my anxiety and I had to be extremely circumspect, otherwise how could I ever live so long away from you ?"

"It is ages since we have met," murmured Mihar-ul-nissa as a tear trickled down her cheeks, "and after what changes and experiences !"

"God knows how I have been counting every moment," said Jehangir, "but time did not weigh heavy on your mind, of course."

"I too have suffered," said Mihar-ul-nissa, fixing her bright eyes on Jehangir, "but enough of this. It is I and a ray of happiness has stolen into my broken heart."

"Mihar-ul-nissa," said Jehangir in a suppliant voice, "I wish you to forgive me for what I may have done to win you back to myself. You know how I love you, and how I suffered, when I saw you the bride of another ; my intense love for you is my only excuse ; and when even you refused and spurned me I was tormented with remorse and have been sufficiently punished."

"What is done cannot be undone," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "even so was it willed by the Allah ; we are mere instruments in his hands to do what he bids us do and follow our appointed fate. God knows what is still in store for me."

"Love and happiness," replied Jehangir as he pressed her to his breast. "How is it, dearest, that your slaves are so richly dressed while I find you in a plain muslin dress—though it becomes you wonderfully ?"

"Those born to servitude must dress," said Mihar-ul-nissa with a fascinating smile, "as it shall please those whom they serve. They are my servants and I try to make them happy. But I that am the slave of another, and that the Emperor of the Mughals, must dress according to his pleasure, not my own."

"The Emperor of the Mughals," said Jehangir, kissing her majestic brow "is a slave of your slaves, and thinks it a great honour to have a ray enter his heart from that orb of light which give light to all womenkind."

"How changed since I last saw you," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "my blooming Prince has changed into a sombre, solemn person : what has wrought this change ?"

"The wound which you inflicted here," said Salim, putting his hand on his heart, "has been bleeding, and this is the result. However, the evil days are now over, and like the fasting month of Ramzan the moon itself has dropped into my arms and illumined me with its light, so I fast no more."

"Ah !" said Mihar-ul-nissa, as a dainty dimple adorned her chin, "you abstain 30 days in a year and secure the blessed heaven as your abode, overflowing with choicest luxuries, delicious wine and houris of unrivalled beauty."

"God has sent my houri to me on earth," replied Jehangir, "and I care not for heavenly nymphs. With you beside me even a wilderness will be a paradise to me. While to-day I get the heavenly pleasure, why should I believe in the promised heaven ? My heart and mind are tied in your silken tresses and in them my heart rejoices."

"Flatterer," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "you don't mean what you say."

"Put me to the test," said Jehangir, sinking down on his knees. "Bid me to live or die. I am yours till death, tell me if you will now be mine."

"Rise," said Mihar-ul-nissa, as sobs choked her voice, "I am yours and yours alone," and she fell into his outstretched arms.

The time glided by, but Jehangir and Mihar-ul-nissa sat on the sofa wrapped in each other. The sun went down and the moon appeared high up in the sky ; it was only then that the Prince spoke in an enraptured voice and exclaimed, "The lovely moon has risen up in the sky. The lost key of the cellar has been found."

Deep vows of everlasting fidelity were exchanged, when the Prince rose to summon the Kazi and announce his intention to his people. The Kazi was not long in coming, and he quietly celebrated the marriage of Jehangir and Mihar-ul-nissa the same night, while an edict ordering general rejoicing was issued. Next morning the

sun shone on a scene of indescribable grandeur and splendour. As for Jehangir, he could not think of parting for a moment from his lovely bride and came to take his seat on the throne to receive the homage and congratulations of all his people with Nur Jahan beside him. A fine silk curtain hung from the throne to keep his bride safe from the vulgar gaze as she was declared Empress of India with the title of Nur Jahan or Light of the World. The festivals and banquets which followed the happy event can be better imagined than described ; the whole population seemed to rejoice with their sovereign, dances, fire-works and refreshments were provided for rich and poor alike and from every side poured in sweetest melodies and gay bursts of merriment and laughter, while the big dignitaries vied with each other in celebrating the happy marriage of their Emperor and were lavish in their entertainments.

The honeymoon passed, but Jehangir's love in no way abated ; he cherished his loved Mihar-ul-nissa as the only source of his life and the love which filled his heart seemed to leave no place for anything external to it. He told his ministers that he had nothing to do with the empire and had resigned it into the hands of his wife, " for myself I want nothing more than the sight of my beloved, a loaf of bread and a cup of wine. Nur Jahan has wit enough to rule all the kingdoms of the earth." As a matter of fact Nur Jahan rose equal to her duties ; she regularly took her seat in the window behind a curtain and heard all the petitions and passed fitting orders ; she heard the complaints of her people and administered even-handed justice, while Jehangir used to sit beside her gazing at her with intense admiration and love. Only once she failed and committed a grievous mistake. Mihar-ul-nissa was blessed with no offspring and in her zeal to secure the throne for her favourite Prince Purvez, she alienated from her side Prince Khusru who at Jehangir's death ascended the throne as Shah Jehan, and did not treat her properly. Otherwise her administration was in every way conducive to the well-being of the empire.

Agriculture which had been much neglected was encouraged, many provinces desolated by the constant feuds and wars of the nobles were re-peopled and cultivated ; the security of property was given to the farmer, fruits of industry were guaranteed, useful arts were revived and art generally patronised. The country, in short,

assumed a new aspect under Nur Jahan. No distinction was made in the administration of justice, between Hindus and Mohammedans; both were worshippers of God each in his own way, both members of the same community and subjects of the same Emperor.

Once only she had trouble, when Mohabat Khan rose into rebellion and took Jehangir a prisoner; nothing daunted, Mihar-ul-nissa herself took the field against her perfidious general and mounted on an elephant she herself led the advance guard. Three of her drivers were killed but she never turned back and continued to shower arrows on the enemy; at last Mohab at was defeated and Nur Jahan marched back with Jehangir at her side in triumph. But her triumph was short-lived. For soon after Jehangir breathed his last and Shah Jehan ascended the throne. Nur Jahan retired to Lahore on a small pension where she shortly died and is buried near Shahdara in a dilapidated tomb, in strange contrast to the magnificent tomb of Jehangir. She built an extremely beautiful monument in the loved memory of her father which still stands at Agra; in fact she wanted to build the tomb in solid silver but was persuaded not to do so as any avaricious monarch might dismantle it for mere love of money, and so she raised a mausoleum in marble inlaid with various valuable stones. As to her own resting place, she must have been filled with an almost prophetic inspiration when she exclaimed :—

On my poor tomb there is neither a lamp nor a flower,
Neither a moth burns its wings,
Nor the bulbul sings from her bower.

THE END.

*Aira Estate,
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JOGENDRA SINGH.

THE EARLY POEMS OF EDMOND ROSTAND.

IN Monsieur Rostand's earliest volume of Poems, *Les Musardises*, published, as we gather, when the author was twenty, there is a poem entitled *Les Nénuphars*, wherein the poet compares the budding and blossoming of the water-lilies to the gradual flowering of his thoughts, some of which are already unfolded and perfect, others, still closed, float idly on the surface, while some are as yet no more than a sense of vague vitality, mysteriously germinating in the depths.

When a volume of poems by a young and unknown author is put into the hands of the critic, it is in these last dim stirrings beneath the waters, these almost impalpable indications of further life, that he feels the most poignant interest. The budded flowers of the Poet's thoughts have perfume, have delicate grace: but are they blossoming out of the mere exuberance of youth, or do their roots reach down to the eternal verities? Has their fecundity been exhausted in this one effort, or will the virile sap of manhood mount through their veins, and the glory of their whiteness spread beyond the remote sun-steeped pool where first they flower?

Such questions as these would naturally suggest themselves to the readers of *Les Musardises* on its first appearance; and one eminent critic, Monsieur Augustin Filon, was able to divine, beneath the indeterminations of this slim volume, the germ of that genius which was to develop into the mystical loveliness of *La Samaritaine*, the magic romance of *La Princesse Lointaine*, the rollicking heroism and sublime pathos of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and the grave philosophy of *L'Aiglon*, a drama magnificent as a sombre and hurtling sunset.

We are allowed the privilege of quoting a passage from one of Monsieur Rostand's rare letters—a letter addressed to Monsieur

Filon—which is highly interesting from many points of view, and particularly as showing the author's own attitude towards the first-fruits of his pen. "Vous m'avez," he says,

Vous m'avez, le premier de tous, encouragé ; vous avez attaché à une œuvre de début qui passait inaperçue et à quoi je n'attachais moi-même aucune importance, un prix qui m'a donné à réfléchir ; à l'heure où je me cherchais, vous m'avez aidé à me découvrir : vous avez prédit les bonheurs excessifs qui me sont arrivés avec une clairvoyance dont je ne suis pas encore revenu. Aujourd'hui vous me défendez—vous défendez ce qui est un peu votre œuvre—avec une éloquence et une finesse exquises

To-day we have not to play the difficult rôle of prophet ; ours is the easier and humbler occupation of tracing out, as far as is possible, the connecting links between the final achievement and the first essay. We have been fortunate in obtaining a copy of *Les Musardises*, a book somewhat inaccessible, which in all probability will not be reissued ; and we shall endeavour to find indications of the finished portrait in the original sketch, and to catch, in the prelude, those under-notes that are to swell at last into a triumphant music.

The work of very young writers is frequently remarkable for its precocity ; the genius has come to flower unusually early—some of Chatterton's verses, for example, written at the age of fourteen, show the perfection of style, the maturity of thought, that belong to experienced manhood. But there is always something painful in such cases of abnormality, even when they do not end in tragedy ; and fortunately, Monsieur Rostand is not one of those who had the terrible misfortune of being born old. The verses in *Les Musardises* breathe the very spirit of youth with all its enthusiasms, its aspirations, its freshness of outlook ; and the later dramas, rich in thought and experience, still retain its vigorous pulse.

The story of Cyrano, the story of L'Aiglon, treat of failure as the world counts failure ; and one of the most striking characteristics of *Les Musardises*, which distinguishes it from the works of other young writers, is the intimate sympathy the poet evinces for those that have been worsted in their combat with the world. This young man of twenty, standing on the threshold of life, keenly sensitive to all the subtle and lovely influences that surround him,

chooses to dedicate his book to those that are mocked and disinherited, insulted by the cowardly public, and dubbed failures. On this morning of battle, when he goes forth for the first time to break a lance, not knowing yet what he is, or what he is worth,—

Je pense á vous, ô pauvres hères,
A vous dont peut-être, ce soir,
Je partagerai les misères,
Parmi lesquels j'irai m'asseoir,
Et très longuement j'envisage,
Pour bien voir si j'ai le cœur fort,
Pour m'assurer de mon courage,
La tristesse de votre sort.

But it is not only because he himself may share the lot of those that have failed that he has so deep an understanding of the sufferings of these cohorts of the unclassed and the misunderstood ; though, indeed, this attitude of sympathy towards that which we may become is sufficiently rare in literature, and the only parallel we can at the moment recall is Mrs. Meynell's poem : *Letter of a Girl to her own Old Age*. But Monsieur Rostand has gone further, —he has set himself to enquire into the causes of failure, and his investigations have yielded him exultant proof that failure is often more glorious than success.

Monsieur Rostand's utterances on the subject of artistic failure are of great interest, especially in regard to his exquisite mastery over the difficulties of which he is so vitally aware. He takes his art with unusual seriousness of purpose ; poem after poem tells of his, eager laborious chase for the exact word. Some ideas, he says, only allow themselves to be caught in snatches, "*L' Idée est délicate et la forme la blesse Des poèmes trop faits,*"—and so he writes the "*Ballade des Vers qu'on ne finit jamais,*"—such verses being not only the best-loved by the poet, but in very deed his best. "*Il est des pensers tres subtils,*" relates all the long and painful labour of bringing forth the dream unmutilated, unbruised, and how, at the end,

Quand on a longuement forgé
Quelque belle forme savante,
On a trop souvent égorgé
L'Idée, en son esprit vivante !

But the loveliest record of the Poet's endeavour to capture the spirit of language is to be found in *La Forêt*. This charming poem

describes how the Poet fell in love with the forest—really in love—in love with her streams, her mosses, her winged insects, her mysterious and solemn peace ; and how he longed passionately to take her into his verse, and to catch her charm, her perfume, her silence :—

Je voulais découvrir les mots exacts pour dire
L'églantier qui fleurit, la brise qui soupire,
Le mystère si calme et frais du clair-obscur,
Les petits airs penchés des clochettes d'azur

Qui se livrent, sans doute, à quelque babillage,
Et les sourires bleus du ciel dans le feuillage,
Le soleil qui parfois en rais semble pleuvoir,
Je me mis à pleurer de ne pas le pouvoir !

We, who do not judge by so high a standard as Monsieur Rostand has set himself, cannot but feel that the forest did actually yield herself to the Poet, and gave him ungrudgingly of her beauty and her light.

Where success is so difficult, much failure is inevitable, and Monsieur Rostand's love goes out to those who have failed because they have aimed too high,—to those who

. pour vouloir trop bien faire
Finalement n'avez rien fait.
A vous qui portiez dans vos têtes
De trop beaux idéals rêvés,
A vous tous, à vous grands poètes
Aux poèmes inachevés

Monsieur Rostand's attitude towards Nature in *La Forêt* is characteristic of much French literature. English poets, generally speaking, seek to identify themselves with Nature—a feat not wholly impossible, and often productive of exquisite joy : French poets, it seems, strive rather to identify Nature with themselves, to imprison it within the compass of their souls, and the failure to do this often induces despair. Nature, Monsieur Rostand complains, represents a great indifference, and if her lover were to hang himself on one of the branches of her trees, not a periwinkle would fade, not an iris would sadden, not a flower of the honeysuckle weep.

The Poet does not only concern himself with artistic failure : he gives us examples of worldly failure too—the failure to win the

applause of our fellow-men, the failure to compass the ordinary happiness which is their destiny.

In *Le Chien et le Loup*, two poets encounter old friends, who have not met for a long time. One of them is unsuccessful—he wears a second-hand worm-eaten coat—he is often cold and hungry and bedless, but he remains, in spite of all this, young and splendid and proud. The other is evidently one of fortune's favourites—he is dressed with the elegance of a fashion-plate, his verses are applauded every night, he is the pet of Editors. Such success is easily achieved, he explains; you have only to frequent drawing-rooms, pay great attention to old ladies, write sonnets in dainty albums, advertise yourself cleverly :—

Et surtout, car il faut pour plaire être banal,
N'écris plus rien de neuf, plus rien d'original,
Pas de choses trop étonnantes !

The unsuccessful poet rejects this advice with scorn, passionately defending his liberty, and upholding the dignity of his art. The poem ends with his eloquent address to the country of Bohemia and its inhabitants.

A far more subtle study of the same problem is to be found in *Le Vieux Poète*. The characterisation of *Le Chien et le Loup* is rough and ready; the noble and the base, the material and the ideal, are boldly contrasted, and the more delicate lights and shades of temperament ignored. In *Le Vieux Poète* we have a character-study of deeper penetration; the noble and the base, the material and the ideal, are represented as at conflict in one soul. In this poem we may trace the promise of the dramas that are to be—of the psychology, various in ambiguity, over which Monsieur Rostand shows in *L'Aiglon* so supreme a control. This poem tells how an old poet, dying unrecognised, advises his young friend never to write verses. What have his own aspirations, his valiant endeavours in the cause of art brought him for reward? He has missed the happiness of home and wife and child: and the vile multitude gives its acclaim, not to the writer of poetry, but to the writer of vaudevilles. And now, before he dies, he longs for recognition—a little glory, a few rays of his future apotheosis Even the chimney-corner would be pleasant with its warmth and ease. And so this idealist,

this dreamer, this maker of beautiful poems gives on his dying bed the following advice to his young friend :—

Ne fais jamais d'art !—Ne t'ingère
Jamais de penser du nouveau !—
Mais fume des pipes, digère,
Et crains les rhumes de cerveau !—

The irony of it !—The pity of it !—This is drama indeed. And there is drama in the conclusion. For on the day of the old poet's funeral, after the coffin has been lowered, the young man walks in the fields, and forgets amid their scent and their freshness and their joy all the evils that the other has suffered " Et j'écrivis, rentré chez moi, mes premiers vers."

As the germ of *L'Aiglon* is perhaps to be found in *Le Vieux Poète*—the supreme difficulty of fighting against circumstances—so we may not be wrong in tracing the first hint of Cyrano in *A un Vieux Pion*. We discover here that sympathy with ugliness, that love for an ugly exterior because it enhanced by contrast the beauty of the soul within, which is the main theme of the great Gascon comedy. Even in the dedication of *Les Musardises* Monsieur Rostand seems to enjoy lingering over the half-ludicrous appearance of the army of failures :—

Personnages funambulesques,
Laid, chevelu et grimaçant,
Pauvre don Quichotte grotesque
Et cependant attendrissant. . . .

The poor usher in a provincial school is described in still more whimsical fashion. His patched elbows, his long shiny coat, his breath smelling of spirit and tobacco, the handkerchief printed in large squares with which he blows his nose with the sound of a trumpet—we are spared none of these details : but they are given us, not that we may make mock at humanity, but in order that we may realise the beauty and heroism that lurk under the most unprepossessing exteriors. For this strange figure, jeered at by the boys, nicknamed "Pif-Luisant," is hailed by Rostand as "grand poète incompris, ivrogne de génie." Surely, we are not wrong in finding in this old usher the first shadowy sketch of the immortal Cyrano ? One incident is particularly significant ; the schoolboys chalk up the Usher's grotesque profile on the wall ; and we are

driven to think of that pitiful tragic-comic conclusion to Cyrano's burst of poetry :—

Je m'exalte, je m'oublie,—et j'aperçois soudain
L'ombre de mon profil sur le mur du jardin !—

These three character-sketches have life in them—"blood and tears."

One interesting question remains—Do we perceive in this volume any trace of that romantic love which makes the beauty of *La Princesse Lointaine*, and the tragedy of *Cyrano de Bergerac* ? One of the sections of *Les Musardises* is called *Le Livre de l'Aimée*, so there is material for the examination. Now Roxane and La Princesse Lointaine belong to that high realm of poetry wherein every lady wears a glamour ; if we do not wholly love them for themselves, we love them for the lofty atmosphere that surrounds them, and their appeal is universal. On the other hand, the sentiment of *Le Livre de l'Aimée* strikes the English reader as being a trifle French and local. The great passions, the strong emotions, are the same all the world over ; but in the embroidery of the sentiment of love, national divergencies creep in. *Le Livre de l'Aimée* is a pæan—a very charming pæan—on all that the lady wears or uses : there is a ballad to her little muff ; the sun shining through the parasol of rose-satin touches her complexion with rose colour ; the lover takes the satin slippers which she puts on her little pink feet, and

Avec un amour enfantin
Je les garnis de fleurs écloses, . . .
Sur ma table, chaque matin,
Je remets des nouvelles roses
Dans chaque soulier de satin.

Even her powder puff has a poem to itself, and in a sonnet-letter the lover writes,

. . . ConteZ moi votre nouvelle robe,
Et si vous avez mis votre jolie chapeau.

The English poet does not, as a rule, concern himself with these matters, for he regards his lady as a goddess and a mystery—something incomprehensible, exquisite and apart : while the Frenchman thinks of his beloved primarily as a woman. It is not a question here as to which of these conceptions is the truer, or which is likely to bring the greater happiness to the lover—on such a point

there might be considerable diversity of opinion: we are only considering here the immediate effect of these conceptions upon literature.

In one respect Monsieur Rostand's love-poems are in line with the great romantic love-poetry of the world—they show the Poet in ardent search for the spirit that is behind the appearance. He has not said everything when he has compared his beloved to a doll, to a mother, to a flower; it is not enough to have described her loveliness and her grace, and the charm of all she wears and touches: something yet remains undiscovered, untold:—

Mais ce qui te fait toi,—l'attribut qui te fait
Demeurer dans le temps et l'espace la même,—
La cause dont tu n'es que l'adorable effet
* Qu'est—ce donc ? Car enfin c'est bien cela qui j'aime!
C'est ta personne vraie, impalpable à saisir,
Pour t'avoir bien à moi, qu'il me faudrait étreindre
Car c'est plus que ton corps que rêve mon désir:
C'est ce qui te fait toi que je voudrais atteindre!

We recognise in these exquisite verses the creator of Roxane, who came to love a man not because he was splendid to look at, but because he had a heroic soul.

In conclusion, it would have been difficult to have foreseen from *Les Musardises* the vast range over which Monsieur Rostand's sympathies were to extend, the myriad diversities of character he was eventually to embrace. Neither is there any hint of the Homeric laughter, the glowing courage of his later productions, nor of the delicious wit which informs such fantasies as *Les Romanesques*.

But, on the other hand, we discover in this first essay the germ of that philosophy of glorious failure which flowered later on into *Cyrano* and *L'Aiglon*: we discover that strange and intimate sympathy with the ugliness that hides a lovely soul; we find living studies of character, and a strong sense of dramatic situation. This book also shows Monsieur Rostand's mastery over the ballad-form which he uses with such delightful effect in *Cyrano*; his early verses follow one upon the other with a smoothness of rhythm, afterwards to make the music of the dramas like the crystal flowing of brooks.

Far echoes haunt the verses : we read in *Les Musardises* " Et ta voix parle avec l'ineffable murmure D'une eau courante et fraiche," and we remember the perfect line in *L'Aiglon*, " L'eau qui dort dans vos yeux, et coule dans votre voix."

So, as we read, shadows play upon the walls of the little volume, shadows of a world beyond—a world of heroic passion and strange beauty.

ETHEL WHEELER.

*Herne Hill,
London, S. E.*

A CYCLE SONG.

Oh, to glide again down some hawthorne-scented lane,

Oh, to gaily throw off mile after mile :

Oh, to feel the thrill of a glorious rush down-hill

Sitting easy in the saddle all the while.

Oh, to plunge thro' aisles of green where the sun is hardly seen,

And you hear the blackbird fluting to his dear,

And then out o'er rolling meadows fleck'd with April lights and shadows

While the wet wind whistles shrilly in your ear.

Oh, my heart it aches with longing as the memories come thronging,

And I wonder are the skies still softly blue ?

Do the violets in the grass waft their perfume as you pass

As in the long ago they used to do ?

Oh, I've roamed in countries fairer, with a beauty richer, rarer,

And where tropic blossoms heavy incense fling ;

But I'd gladly give them all if the past I might recall

And go wheeling thro' sweet England in the spring.

DOROTHY HARDING.

New York.

INDIANS AND ANGLO-INDIANS.

I HAVE read with great interest the letters and articles that recently appeared in the *Indian Spectator* and in *East & West* on the subject of the relations between Indians and Anglo-Indians. It is not disputed, indeed, it is conceded, that, from a political as well as a moral point of view, it is desirable that a sound social sympathy should exist between the two communities. But how is this end to be achieved? Matters seem to be in such a condition as to depress the most sanguine of men. In my humble opinion, however, the case is by no means hopeless.

I propose to show here that it is not possible to wholly bridge over the gulf between the Indians and Anglo-Indians, and that the absence of friendly intercourse between the two communities is mainly due to the Anglo-Indian's glorifying consciousness of political superiority, the Indian's mortifying consciousness of political inferiority, and the apparent recognition of the difference of political status by Government and certain public bodies. I also propose to suggest some remedies which, if adopted by the Indians, Anglo-Indians and Government, are likely to improve the relations between the rulers and the ruled.

In dealing with the matter, I may have to say something disagreeable or unpalatable. But this cannot be avoided; the end will justify the means. There is assuredly no intention to insult or annoy any person or to intensify the existing bitter feeling.

No two sons of the same parents—not even twins—are exactly the same, or equal to each other in every respect. There is always something which distinguishes the one from the other. This distinguishing factor may be said to constitute a gulf (a very small gulf in the beginning) which widens as the brothers grow older and the number of distinguishing factors (such as different tastes, different pursuits, different social positions, &c.) increase. Some of these distinguishing factors are in favour of the one, and some in favour of the other, so that each is superior and also inferior to the other in certain matters. But let the gulf be ever so wide, the brothers meet as

brothers, have natural love and esteem for each other, and live in peace and harmony because they are sons of the same parents, because they were brought up under the same roof and because there are several things common between them. This unifying influence ceases to work as soon as questions of superiority and inferiority take its place, and then the pleasantness of the meeting, the brotherly love and esteem, and the peace and harmony, all vanish.

If there is a gulf between two brothers, there would necessarily be a gulf—a wider gulf—between two strangers such as Indians and Anglo-Indians are. This wider gulf is made up of several differences, difference of religion, colour, costume, language, manners, customs, habits and ways of thought ; difference of social and political status ; and difference in the stages of civilisation. How can all these differences be removed at once ? It is simply impossible to remove them. But is there anything in any of these differences to prevent a pleasant intercourse between the two communities ? Are not Indians and Anglo-Indians children of the same God ? Do they not inhabit the same earth ? Are they not subject to the same natural laws ? Do they not owe allegiance to the same Crown ? These and other circumstances, which would show that Indians and Anglo-Indians are much more alike than unlike, and which would have an amount of unifying influence, meet with little or no consideration, while undue importance is attached to the differences.

Are not most of these differences mere excuses for keeping the Indian at arm's length ? Is there nothing common between Christianity and the religions of India, and between the Indian's and the Anglo-Indian's ways of thought ? Is his colour a matter over which the Indian can have any control ? It is the result of a fierce sun. Is not the difference of costume chiefly due to the difference of climate ? Is the difference of language an insuperable difficulty ? Do not Indians learn English, and do not Anglo-Indians learn the Indian vernaculars ? Is not the difference of manners, customs and habits due to a difference of religion, climate and other environments ? Cannot the Anglo-Indian find any social equal among the Indians ? If the Indian's stage of civilisation is inferior in material things, is it not superior in spiritual matters ? With most of the above differences existing between them, are not the Japanese "friends and allies" of the English people ? It seems to me that the difference of political status has much to do with the existing relations between the two communities, and that the difference is kept in view by them as also by Government and certain public bodies.

To illustrate the above, let us first take an average Englishman (an

inhabitant of Great Britain or Ireland) who comes out to India for the first time to join his appointment as a Civil Servant. The general complaint is that the very man who is hospitable and sympathetic in the West is reserved or shy, or even harsh and repellent in his manners, east of Suez. The reason is obvious. The one idea that first strikes him, next haunts him and lastly pervades his whole being, is that he belongs to the ruling class and is going out to India to *rule*. He begins to think, but young and inexperienced as he is, he finds himself unable to decide what line of conduct he should follow on arrival in India. Of one thing, however, he is quite sure, namely, that as a ruler he would be superior to those who are to be ruled, and entitled, as such, to claim and exact respect from them. Engrossed by this thought, he forgets his private capacity, thinks only of his official capacity, unconsciously puts on an air of superiority, and unwittingly goes through a rehearsal of the part which, in his opinion, a ruler ought to play in the land which he is to rule. As soon as he puts his foot on Indian shores, he remembers his private capacity as he has not yet joined his appointment, and the question that vexes him is—how to treat the Indians? He has not yet formed any opinion on the point, and he wishes to learn something, if possible, from members of his community who are his seniors in service and experience. Hence, before and after joining his appointment, he watches with keen interest their conduct towards the Indians. And what is the result? He finds that they do not always respond to the Indians' greetings; that they are generally unwilling to admit Indian visitors; that they sometimes calmly smoke and scan newspapers for a considerable time after admitting such visitors; that they frequently snub the Indians as a matter of policy—"to keep them in their proper place"; and that, in a word, they look down upon the subject population as a 'black' race, rude behaviour towards whom they consider a political necessity. This is the first lesson learnt by the young English officer from his seniors.

The second lesson is taught by his Indian subordinates in the mofussil. These are people who generally depend on Government service for their livelihood, who think—and rightly think—that for all practical purposes their European superior is the Governor in Council, and who, therefore, do not mind having recourse to any means or methods for securing their own petty interests. They address him in the most flattering terms, anticipate his every wish, describe his requests in private matters as official orders which must be carried out under all circumstances, flatter propensities which his social equals of the ruling class would promptly repress, and look after his comforts when he is out on tour, taking half a dozen village

servants from each village to the next village to show him the way or to carry his kit or to pilot his butler's cart with a lantern, and pitching the tents and obtaining the provisions before he arrives at the camping ground.

Indians, who are not the Sahib's subordinates, but who live within his official charge, also worship him. Being naturally a quiet and in-offensive people, devoted to peaceful habits, their motto is "Respect the ruler and do not incur his anger or displeasure." They accordingly show him every possible respect wherever he goes, and do not mind any little inconvenience or trouble caused by him or by his tour. To be noticed by him, to have a talk with him, to make him small presents, to give him a *pan suparee* party, are so many honours to them. For fear of incurring his displeasure, they rarely argue with him and generally say "yes" for "yes," and "no" for "no." If they meet with any unkindness or discourtesy on his part, they do not resent the treatment, and seldom think of retaliation. If they receive any injury from him, they are unwilling to go to law or to take the law in their own hands. An apology or some little compensation is generally considered sufficient, for they know that between disputants so unequally matched, the result cannot be long in doubt and redress would be practically hopeless. This is the third lesson.

One more lesson, and the official becomes a *pukka* Anglo-Indian. In course of time, he learns that his very race implies a political status. He hears of the rule or practice which allows an Englishman to go to any sanitarium without undergoing a medical examination, while an Indian (no matter if he be a Judge or an Advocate of a High Court) is not allowed to do so without subjecting himself to such examination. He is told that "cliques" of Indians in any office are not desirable, but he finds that there is no objection to two Englishmen who are brothers or father and son, or father-in-law and son-in-law, working in the same office. He observes that the Code of Criminal Procedure lays down certain special rules for the trial of European British subjects. He finds that the booking clerks at railway stations give precedence to Englishmen in issuing tickets; that there are special third-class compartments marked "for Europeans" and that though an Englishman can, an Indian cannot jump into a railway train when in motion without committing offence against the Railway Act. He also finds that roads, streets, lanes, lamps, dust-bins and water-pipes receive more attention in the European than in the native part of any Municipal Town. And lastly, he reads the reports of numerous cases in which Englishmen charged with murder are discharged or acquitted, the jurors returning a verdict of "not proved" on the ground of insufficiency of evidence, or a verdict of "not guilty" on the

ground that the death was due to accident, or to insanity of the accused, or to weakness of the deceased's spleen.

There is no wonder if the official, after learning the above lessons well, confines himself to his own fold and keeps the Indians at arm's length. There is no wonder if the Indian sees "pride in his port and defiance in his eyes." There is no wonder if the Indian finds him irritable and even aggressively rude, unkind or insolent.

I do not know what lessons are learnt by a Military officer, but I have heard it said that if the average Civil officer is bad, his Military brother is often worse. This is perhaps due to the fact that the Military officer has his arms and ammunition always at his side. A remarkable instance of the insolence of an officer (probably a Military officer) is given by Col. Sir David Barr in *East & West* for February, 1902 :—"A certain Raja arrived by train at his capital, and to the astonishment of those who were on the platform to meet him, he was seen to emerge from a second-class carriage. He explained that he preferred travelling second class, because he had spent a part of the previous night in some (not great ?) discomfort in a first-class carriage owing to the fact that, at about midnight, a young officer, who had been shooting all day and was very weary and stiff from the exercise, had got into the same carriage and had, in the most good-natured way, but at the same time somewhat forcibly, ordered the Raja to shampoo his legs for an hour or so until he fell asleep. (A capital instance of good nature, no doubt !) 'Yes,' said the Raja, when his friends expostulated with him for submitting to perform this menial service, 'I *might* have told him who I was, but I don't think he would have believed and I think he would have made me shampoo his legs all the same.' " Now, what was this insolence due to ? The Colonel says that "the Raja cruelly misjudged his companion, for, if he had, at the outset, explained his identity, it is impossible to believe that any English gentleman would have asked him to pommel his legs." So the *Raja* was cruel, and not the officer, and *he* was wrong in not explaining his identity, and not the officer in omitting to ascertain his identity. The Raja says that any explanation of his identity would have been useless. This shows that the "good-natured" but "somewhat forcible" order was accompanied by some threat. Was the officer a senseless man ? Did he not know that persons likely to perform menial services do not travel first class ? Was there nothing in the Raja's dress or features to show that he was not a menial ? Could he not and should he not have ascertained his position by asking one or two questions ? Why did he order the Raja to perform the service as if he was his domestic servant ? I have dwelt on this

instance of insolence at some length because it is very remarkable in itself, and because it shows how a military officer of wide experience looks upon the whole thing as a small matter and makes a lame attempt to explain away the conduct of his countryman. He has, however, the goodness to admit that Englishmen, when travelling by sea or land, are not at their best; and an Indian is almost tempted to ask—When are Englishmen at their best in India?

So far about officials. Now take an average Englishman who is not an official. He comes out to India as a business man—say as a lawyer or a trader. For purposes of his business and in matters falling within the scope of his business, he is perfectly social and polite. But for all other purposes and in all other matters, there is not much to distinguish him from his official brother. Both belong to the ruling class, both are “Europeans” and both are “European British Subjects.” Of course, the non-official has not come to rule, but he has relations, friends or acquaintances among those who have come to rule, with whom he mixes and from whom he learns how to deal with Indians in general.

As regards remedies, I think unity, self-respect and education will raise the Indians in the estimation of the Anglo-Indians notwithstanding the difference of political status between them. I would, therefore, address the Indians as follows:—

You have systematically violated the law of unity or the law of love, and you are now suffering the consequences. Most of your frictions, ills and sufferings are the result of want of unity or love. But you are not still opening your eyes. You may have your differences which must and will exist, but the differences ought not to come in the way of any common cause. Harmonise conflicting elements, and promote a unifying spirit. There may be some individuals among you who deserve respect from and are respected by the Anglo-Indians. But you must have respect as a nation—as one people. You must, therefore, learn to become one people. If you show that you are one people, you will surely be respected as a nation, not only by the Anglo-Indians but by all the nations in the world.

If you have no respect for your own selves, how will others respect you? You must, therefore, have self-respect which means not only respect for your individual selves, but respect for whatever is your own, such as your country, your religions, your costumes, your manners and customs. You are born in India. You must respect India as your mother. You must adopt principles of conduct which are conducive to the greater good of your mother-country. You must encourage Indian industries, arts and crafts; and you must, for that purpose, economise time, money and energy, now

applied in various useless directions. You must have faith in your religion. It will keep you in fear of God and prevent immoral and objectionable practices. It will also prevent strangers from criticising things you hold sacred. There are many precepts common to all the religions of India. You should make it a point to follow such precepts under all circumstances. Englishmen have respect for their nationality and their national dress. They therefore do not dress in any Indian style even during the hot weather, though their usual dress is most unsuitable for such weather. But some of the Indians are Europeans from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet throughout the year. Some dress in a semi-European style, and some dress in their own style, but carry their *pugdis* or *phetas* or caps in their hands for the purpose of ventilating their heads. A person attending an office or a Durbar may have to dress in a particular fashion, but to have a similar or nearly similar dress on all occasions is ridiculous. If you suppose that your social position is enhanced by dressing above your rank or by dressing in the European or semi-European style, you are very sadly mistaken. The dress costs much, and the only return for the outlay is to get laughed at by all sensible persons. As regards manners and customs, it may be pointed out by way of example that some Indians shake hands not only with Englishmen but also with their own countrymen instead of greeting in the usual way ; some go out for a walk with their ladies hand in hand, and some get only their chins and cheeks shaved, leaving their heads unshaved. None of the above imitations, taken alone, means much, but all taken together serve to show that you have no respect for anything which is your own, and so to lower you in the estimation of the Anglo-Indians.

The Anglo-Indians are an educated people, and you cannot claim respect from them unless you equal or surpass them in education. It is a fashion to say that there are many educated men among the Indians, but very few of them have received education in the real sense of the term. The Indians must have liberal education, but on Indian lines mainly, and it must be given as far as possible by the Indians themselves. The education must include religious and moral instruction. The object of the education must be to Indianise, not Anglicise, the students. The education must enable them to stand on their own legs, so that they need not depend on Government service for their livelihood or on foreign countries for the necessities and comforts of life. Not only the higher and the middle, but also the lower classes of the people, must receive education adapted to their callings and wants. Free education must be given to persons who cannot pay the fees or buy the books. Those who

have no means of livelihood must be fed and educated. For these purposes, free schools and colleges must be opened in all parts of India. Money spent on unnecessary carriages and horses, unnecessary motors and bicycles, unnecessary garments and scents, unnecessary ornaments and furniture, unnecessary illuminations, feasts and presents on the occasion of marriages or royal or viceregal or gubernatorial visits, and money spent on memorials such as statues and portraits, can be much better employed in building and maintaining schools and colleges for the above purposes. If Government does not recognise these schools and colleges, and does not admit the students to University examinations, you can hold your own examinations and give your own names to them, e.g., the Matriculation may be called A. Examination, the Previous may be called B. Examination, the Intermediate may be called C. Examination, the B.A. may be called D. Examination, and so on. There is nothing in a name. It is the leaders of the people, who, by their faulty or mistaken notions, are responsible for the sufferings and failures of the multitudes. They should not prefer comfort and self-interest to honour and national interest. They should not listen to difficulty-mongers, but begin work heart and soul. It is said that the ladder of success is made up of rounds of failures. Hence they may not obtain success at once. They may fail many times. Whenever they fail, their motto should be "Try again."

I would address the Anglo-Indians as follows :—

All barriers of race, colour, &c., are overstepped when there is a strong motive. Let that motive be to endear yourselves to the Indians in order to make your Empire safe and secure. Have a sense of responsibility, and do not be reckless of the evil effects that may follow any rude actions on your part. Show common politeness to all Indians, and seek intimacy with educated Indians. In mixing with Indians, exercise tact, good temper and forbearance. The excellencies of your character and your pious deeds will follow you into eternity. Make consciousness your school and its bites your guides. The official should not justify his bad conduct by saying that there are ill-bred and ill-mannered people in all communities. He has come to rule, and he must prove by his conduct that he is properly sent to rule. He should always remember that he has two capacities. When he is not in his office and when he is not discharging any official duty, he is not a ruler but a private individual. The Indians expect him to behave towards them as he would expect them to do were they in his position and he in theirs. When, as a ruler, he has a right to command, he will surely be obeyed, but if he exercises gentleness in the manner of

enforcing that obedience, he will make it a cheerful duty and soften the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. He should try to be loved without being despised, and feared without being hated.

I would address Government as follows :—

'To control the growing spirit of division and hatred, the Services should be recruited by men of better education—an education which sets a man free from bigotry and dominion of low appetites and passions, which inculcates tolerance and charity in him, which helps him to find good in everything, which does not allow conscience to be blunted by any surroundings, and which teaches him to respect others for their qualifications and forget their faults and defects. Mere examination in prescribed subjects is a bad method of selection. Also mere high birth and aristocratic connections will not do. The candidates must be gentlemen, not nominal gentlemen nor gentlemen by position, but inherently gentlemen. Indian legends, romance and traditions, next to true Indian history, should be among the subjects to be studied by them.

Efforts should be made to bring about a spirit and tone in the Englishmen (official and non-official) who are already in India, which would ensure courtesy and consideration being shown to Indians. If necessary, wholesome checks should be resorted to.

With due regard to the higher political machinery, the difference between Indians and Anglo-Indians should be maintained in as few matters as possible.

DESH-HITECHHU.

ITE MISSA EST.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* for March 1905, Lady Wimborne states that the term "Mass" is harmless enough, being derived from the Latin word *missa* in the phrase "Ite, missa est," "Go, it is dismissed." This derivation of the word Mass from the Latin *mittere* is, however, arbitrary, unscientific, and meaningless. It is a pseudo-derivation based upon an accidental similarity of sound; accepted only when the original meaning of the expression was forgotten. In truth the real significance of the term is not so entirely harmless as is supposed. The word runs through many languages and is used in a certain variety of senses; but the initial conception is meat, and so flesh-offering or sacrifice. Far older than the Christian era, how has a word connected with heathen mysteries been incorporated in the most solemn office of the Catholic Church? The key to the enigma is to be found in the same number of the *Nineteenth Century* that I have already referred to. In his suggestive article in that number, on the Greek Mysteries and the Gospel Narratives, Mr. Slade Butler points out the Greek origin of many of the circumstances that surround the institution of the Eucharist, and the similarity of the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries to the communion of the bread and the cup. The brief and simple Gospel narratives that record the Last Supper supply no hint of a ceremonial that could spontaneously develop into the magnificent elaboration of the papal Mass. If the liturgy of ancient religions has crystallised itself around the few words of the great Teacher, may not the name of the rite be traceable to a similar source?

In Webster's Dictionary "Mass" is explained as follows:—
 "In the Ancient Churches the public services at which the catechumens were permitted to be present were called *Missa Catechu-*

menorum, ending with the reading of the Gospel. Then they were dismissed with these words, "*Ite missa est*" *se ecclesia*, the congregation is dismissed. After that, the sacrifice proper began. At its close the same words were said to those who remained. So the word gave the name of Mass to the sacrifice in the Catholic Church." Nothing could be more hopelessly illogical. The catechumens and the elders of the church are in turn spoken of as if they severally constituted the *Ecclesia*. On the hypothesis that "*missa est*" means "has been sent away, or dismissed," (not, be it remembered, "is sent away"), what right has any one to affirm that it is the *ecclesia* that has been dismissed? Something had to be supplied that would be in grammatical harmony with and convey some sort of sense to "*missa est*" when the original meaning of the word had been lost, and it was supposed that it signified "has been dismissed"; so some ingenious scholar hit upon *ecclesia* as the subject of the sentence. But there is no foundation whatever for supposing that the word *ecclesia* had lot or part in the matter. The very meaning that has been attached to the word is an impossible one. If there is one thing that *ecclesia* cannot signify it is the congregation apart from the priests. But, according to Webster, it was not only to laymen of an age which permitted their presence at the celebration of the sacred rite, but even to catechumens who were not ripe for this privilege, that the term was applied. Apart from this, to say to the catechumens before the commencement of the rite, "Go ye, the *ecclesia* has been dismissed," is absolutely meaningless. As a matter of fact the *ecclesia* had certainly not been dismissed at the stage referred to. Supposing, however, that the *ecclesia* had already been dismissed before the sacrifice, how could it be again dismissed after its completion? Furthermore, if the original sentence was "*Ite, ecclesia missa est*," what warrant was there for the elimination of the principal word of the phrase? Yet again, of the three or four words that form the sentence, why should the particular word "*missa*" have been selected from its context to denote the great sacrifice? Apart from any special reasons it would have been more logical and more in accordance with custom to take the first word of the sentence, "*ite*," and call the sacrifice by that name. On the assumption that *missa* merely means dismissed, there was no special reason for the selection of that word in preference to the initial "*ite*."

Nor can a formula of dismissal at the end of a service be taken as the equivalent of the service itself. English soldiers could hardly speak of going to their parade as going to the "dismiss" because the order given at the conclusion of the parade is "dismiss." Dean Stanley in the "Christian Institutions" regards the words "Ite, missa est" as "an accidental phrase at the end of the service." It is highly probable that the words have been misplaced in the Latin office. They may as easily be an antecedent to a rite about to begin as a dismissal from one just ended. The probability is that the wrong meaning attached to *missa* induced some ignorant ecclesiastics to place the formula at the end of the service instead of at the beginning of the sacred rite. The full original sequence of the sentence "Ite, missa est" may not be ascertainable. The phrase is probably mutilated. But the current derivation of the term Mass from a word chosen at random out of a juxtaposition of terms that retain no collective sensible meaning, must be discarded.

The modern etymologist is not content with referring a single English word to a Latin one, or a Latin to a Greek. The derivation of a word has to be traced as far back to its fountain-head as may be possible; and the form that it has assumed in various languages in accordance with generally ascertained laws has to be carefully sought out. While frequently the actual birthplace of a word cannot be ascertained, its genealogical tree is, nevertheless, capable of showing the ramifications of its descendants through a multitude of cognate branches. So it is with "Mass." Whatever its paternity may have been, its cousins are to be found in divers language all signifying food or meat. In Old High German we have *Maz* meaning meat. In Gothic *Matz* has the same meaning. In Sanskrit, and its modern descendant Marathi, *Mas* means meat. The Pali equivalent is *Masa*; *Maskhwar*, flesh-eater, may be the parent of *massacre*! Webster says that "Massacre" denoted originally the killing of victims for *sacrifice*. But the food was not meat alone. In Greek we find *μαζα* (*maza*) a barley cake. In Latin we have *mensa*, a table or the food spread thereon. *Secunda mensa* means a second course. In modern Hindustani *Mez* means a table, especially a table for food. In English we have *Mess* meaning food, as Benjamin's Mess in the Book of Genesis, or an "Officers' Mess" in the Army. (In Ogilvie's dictionary this word is also said

to be derived from *missus*, sent ! With no less assurance the Latin dictionary gives the origin of *mensa* as *minor*, to project, or *metior*, to measure, as if it were of little consequence which of these two mutually exclusive derivations were correct. Is it not time that this haphazard and arbitrary system of playing ducks and drakes with words were exploded ?) In the worship of Mithra a round wafer known as *Mizd* was eaten by the communicants. The connection with the Latin *Missia* or harvest, when thank-offerings were made to Ceres in the form of cakes or wafers, not unnaturally suggests itself. Finally, we have the Hebrew word *Missah*, sacrifice. The phrase "Ite, missa est" addressed to the catechumens before the solemn rite, "Depart, it is now the sacrifice," thus becomes intelligible. Used at its conclusion it still remains meaningless. Incidentally, it may be noted that in the Canon of the Mass the sentence is not always used. In minor masses the congregation is dismissed with the benediction. This usage accentuates the importance attached to the term Mass. Did it, as is supposed, bear the "harmless" meaning of dismissed, it might be employed equally well in the canon of any Mass, whether high or low.

The history of the word is incomplete without some reference to the history of the thing signified thereby. In the earlier centuries of the Christian era, when the proselytisers of the Church could not eradicate a custom or religious belief that was cherished by those whom they sought to convert, they incorporated it in Christianity, at the same time giving it a new and purer significance. Under Constantine certain recognised Pagan symbols were so adapted that it became optional on the part of the worshipper to interpret them of the Church, or to explain them from their mythology. The dates of Christian feasts were made synchronous with those of heathen festivals. While it cannot be affirmed with certainty that the birth of Christ took place in the month of December, and there is reason to suppose that it actually occurred in April, Christmas was allocated to the 25th December, the day when the birthday of the Sun-God was celebrated throughout the pagan world, immediately after the winter solstice. The popular worship of Cybele was transferred to the Virgin Mary ; and already existing institutions became the Christmas tree and the Easter bun.

But this method had already been adopted by the Founder of

the Christian Religion. For the great sacrament of Baptism no one would venture to affirm that the sign of water was first employed by him. An immense majority throughout Christendom are entirely assured that the outward visible signs in the Eucharist were ordained as symbols that were hitherto unknown. But the signs of these two great sacraments were employed in the Eleusinian and other ancient mysteries. Of the cake and the cup all the initiated partook, and the name of the former has survived in Mass. It is noteworthy that in the three Gospels which record the institution of the Eucharist there is nothing whatever to lead up to it or to prepare the disciples for what was coming. But the Greek mysteries could not have been unfamiliar to the partakers of the Last Supper; and the simple rite and its attendant imagery of terms would not have appeared to them either extraordinary or novel.

The reference, however, to the Greek mysteries only takes us a step further back. What crude old-world prehistorical custom has come down through the ages, softened and hallowed by time, converted by divine wisdom into the symbol of the purest and highest in religion? Whence this imagery of eating flesh? Roman heathens ascribed to the early Christians a belief that their sacrament was a cannibals' feast. Was the jeer based upon a perhaps unconscious reminiscence of the ancient and barbarous practice of the conquerors devouring the flesh of a hostile chief in order to absorb his courage, strength and wisdom into themselves? Dean Stanley in his "Christian Institutions" admits that the eating of flesh and drinking of blood is no doubt to modern culture a repulsive metaphor; and suggests that it may be "necessary in the name of Religion to expect some change in the outward form of the sacrament not less incisive than those which in former ages, by the general instinct of Christendom, swept away those parts which have now perished for ever."

In getting rid of the word Mass the Church of England achieved a reform of whose magnitude she was probably not fully aware.

EDMUND C. COX.

Karachi.

THE STUDY OF INDIAN SOCIAL HISTORY.

II.

JATI-BHEDA AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

THE sanctity and the supernatural basis of Indian social customs that render them inviolable remove them from the sphere of secular life to that of religion. But it must not therefore be inferred that *ati-bheda* is either indetical with or forms any integral part of modern Hinduism. A hasty glance at the course of Indian religious history will make the relation between these two aspects of Hindu life clear. Religion consists of faith in supernatural power or powers and of rites and practices for the propitiation and conciliation of such power or powers. In the historic development of Hinduism three successive phases, marked off by difference in aims with which propitiatory practices are performed, are distinguishable. Hinduism (literally, "the religion of India") in its earliest phase enjoined the performance of sacrifices for escaping from earthly dangers and attaining earthly ends like wealth, progeny, and power. In the second phase sacrifices and austerities (*tapas*) are performed with the two-fold object of attaining power and wealth in this life and of entering the world of gods after death. And Hinduism in its last phase enjoins practices of devotion and meditation for attaining final emancipation from the cycle of rebirths.

The first two phases of Hindu religious life are represented by the Vedic sacrificial creed or Vedism. Owing, as it did, its origin and development to a *varna* or class which rightly claimed a distinct ethnic origin from the other *varnas*, Vedism could not but bear strong marks of its paternity. The principle underlying the four-fold division of social classes into priests, nobility, agriculturists and herdsmen, and menials, served as the framework of the sacrificial

cult. All its essential elements—the gods, the metres, the formulas (*mantras*), and the hymns (*suktas*), are pervaded by the fourfold division. Agni and Brihaspati are Brahmans among the gods; for Agni is the “purohita” or “hotri” of the gods (R.V. 1.1.1) and “Brihaspati is Brahma” (Ait. Br. 2.38). In the following passages of the Brihad-aranyaka Upanishad (1.4.11-13) we find complete lists of the gods of three other *varnas* :—

Brahma verily was this before, one alone. Being one, he did not extend. He with concentrated power created the Kshatra of elevated nature, viz., all those Kshatras who are protectors among the gods, Indra, Varuna, Soma, Rudra, Parjanya, Yama, Death, and Isāna. . . .

He did not extend. He created the Vis. He is all those gods who, according to their classes, are called Vasus, Rudras, Adityas, Visvedevas, and Maruts.

He did not extend. He created the caste of the Sudras as the nourisher (Pushana).*

There appears to have been even some difference of opinion relating to the *Varna* of some of the gods; for in the Aitareya Brahmana (7-20) we are told of Aditya (sun), who in the Br.-A. U. is classed with the other Adityas as a Vaisya : “Aditya is the divine Kshatra, for he is the ruler of all these beings.”

Among the vedic metres *Gayatri* contains the Brahmanic virtues of “beauty and sacred knowledge” and therefore the Brahman belongs to it; *Tristubh* contains the Kshatriya virtues of “strength, sharpness of sense and power,” and therefore the Kshatriya belongs to it; *Jagati* has the nature of cattle, and therefore the Vaisya belongs to it, (Ait. Br. 1-28.) Among the sacrificial formulas, “The call *somsavom* (i. e., let us both—the Hotri and the Adharyn priests—repeat the shastra) is the Brahma; the *Nivid* (or address either to a single deity or a class of deities) is the Kshatram (royal powers), and the hymns are the vis (subjects).”† And the combination of the *stomas* or *mantras* are also divided in the same manner ;

For among the *stomas*, the Trivrit (nine-fold) is the Brahma, and the fifteen-fold stoma is the Kshatra : (for the king should think) “If the Brahma is placed first, my kingdom will be strong and not be shaken.” The number seventeen represents the Vaisyas, and twenty-

* Dr. Roer's Translation (Bibl. Ind.)

† Haug's *Aitareya Brahmana*, 8-33. .

one the Sudras. If these two stomas (the seventeen and the twenty-one fold) are employed, then they make the Vaisyas and the Sudras follow him (the king).*

The very close relation that existed between the sacrificial cult and the social institutions is more clearly seen in the religious privileges and disabilities of different *varnas* than in such fanciful classifications of the gods and hymns. The Non-Brahmanic sacrificers are taught, "that the sacrifice (only) when joined to a Brahman and metres carries the oblations to the gods." The following story is told to support the dogma :—

The sacrifice once left the gods and went to nourishing substances. The gods said, "The sacrifice has gone from us to nourishing substances; let us seek both the sacrifice and the nourishment by means of a Brahman and the metres." They initiated a Brahman by means of the metres. The gods after having reached the sacrifice, said to him, "Stand still to be our food." He answered, "No, how should I stand still for you (to be your food)?" He then only looked at them. They said to him, "Because of thy having become united with a Brahman and the metres, thou shalt stand still." He consented.†

The king is strictly enjoined to keep a permanent *purohita* or house-priest. "The gods do not eat the food offered by a king who has no house-priest. Hence the king, even when not intending to bring a sacrifice, should appoint a Brahman to the office of house-priest."‡ The Non-Brahmanic sacrificers are excluded from the sacrificial food (Ait. Br. 7.25) and the sacrificial drink "soma" (Ait. Br. 7.29-30).

In an age when all the essentials of religious faith and religious rites are so deeply coloured by the spirit of the four-fold *varna* distinction, it is not possible to view the social life to the exclusion of religion. The history of Vedism and the early social history of India are inseparably interwoven. But the sacrificial creed was not allowed to dominate the Indian spiritual life for a very long time, and with its downfall social life was left to follow a course of its own. Even in the early Vedic period when sacrificialism was a living faith and the gods were invoked with freshly composed hymns, the rites

* Ibid. 8-4.

† Haug's Aitareya Brahmana 3-45.

‡ Ibid. 8-24.

had grown so very complicated that even priests were often liable to forget them (R.V. 10.2.5). But in course of time the creed degenerated into a soulless formalism. In the later Vedic literature (the Brahmanas) the sacrifices (*tapas*) are represented as independent of gods who are said to have gained the celestial world by performing them. Jaimini, in his *Mimamsa-darsana*, carrying this doctrine to its logical conclusion, holds that sacrifices produce their fruit without divine interference; and in cases where the fruit does not appear at once, he assumes the intervention of something miraculous (*apūrva*) that bridges the gap between the performance of the rite and the deferred fruit.*

But such a mechanical creed can hardly satisfy the spiritual want of man, least of all of men whose physical environments—the easy conditions of life and the enervating climate—tend to create a strong spiritual craving. The first blow to Vedism was struck by the early Vedāntists whose doctrines are embodied in the Upanishads. These works mark a great turning-point in the history of Hinduism—the beginning of the end of the old order and the inauguration of the new. Although the philosophical germs of Vedantism are traceable even in the hymns of the Rig-veda, we learn from the earlier and more elaborate Upanishads, the Kāṣhitaki, the Vrihad-aranyaka, and the Chhandogya, that the introduction of Vedantism as a religion was due to the initiative of Kshatriya religious reformers like Chitra Gāngyāyani, Asvapati Kaikeya, Pravahana Jaibali, and Ajātasatru. In the first of these works (K. U. 4; B. A. U. 6.2.) we meet with the story of Gargya Balaki and Ajatasatru, the King of Kasis. Once Gargya Balaki, a renowned student of the Vedas, went to Ajatasatru and said: "Let me tell thee Brahman." But when the Kshatriya sage pointed out to the proud Brahman how very limited was his conception of the Supreme Being, "then truly the son of Balaka came up to him with fuel in his hand, saying, 'Let me attend thee (as my guru).' Ajātasatru said to him, 'This I consider contrary to nature that a Kshatriya should instruct a Brahman. Come, I will tell thee all I know.'"[†] Pravahana Jaibali, the King of the Panchalas, asks Uddalaka Aruni's son, Svetaketu, whether he knows anything about "devayana," the

* Max Müller's "The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy." London, 1899, pp. 276-277.

† Kāṣhitaki Upanishad, Cowell's Translation (Bibl. Ind.)

path of the gods, and "pitriyana," the path of the forefathers. The young man returns home and repeats the questions to his father. Struck by the novelty of the questions, Uddalaka Aruni hastens to the court of the Panchala King and says: "O King, explain unto me what you asked of my son." The King replies, "Since you have thus inquired, and inasmuch as no Brahman ever knew it before, hence of all people in the world, the Kshatriyas alone have the right of imparting instruction on the subject."* For attaining the "devayana" which ultimately leads to the Brahma world from which there is no return to this earth, the king prescribes meditation in forest with faith and truth; while the householders, says he, who perform sacrifices and works of charity, and those who perform austerities (*tapas*) only follow the inferior or dark "pitriyana," and after proceeding from the world of the manes to the world of moon and exhausting the fruit of their actions there, return to earth to be reborn again.† The superiority of the path of knowledge prescribed by the Kshatriya reformers of the Upanishada period is more clearly brought out in the following passage of the Chhandogya Upanishad (2.23):—

Three-fold is the division of duty. Sacrifice, study, and charity is the first; *tapas* (austerity) is the second; and residence as a Vedic student in the house of one's teacher is the third. All these have as rewards heavenly worlds. But he who stands firm in Brahman alone attains to immortality.

Such doctrines led to the formation of the earliest of the orders of wandering mendicants (*Bhikshus*), and Yajñavalkya Vajasaneya, as we are told in the *Bṛihadāraṇyaka*, was one of the first among those who entered the order. A second order of ascetics, that of the *Samkhya-yogins* or *yogins*, the more important elements of whose doctrines are traceable in the *Kāthaka*, *Svetasvatara*, and *Maitrayana Upanishads*, assumed a more hostile attitude towards the sacrificial-rites. They declared *dakṣhiṇā* or gifts to sacrificial priests as one of the *bandhas* or hindrances to *Moksha* (final emancipation). These orthodox teachers of the Upanishada period were followed by more aggressive religious reformers like Mahavira, who re-organised the order of the *Nigranthas* or *Jaina ascetics*,

* *Chhandogya Upanishad* 5-4. Rajendra Lal Mitra's Translation (*Bibl. Ind.*).

† *Br. A. U.* 6-2. 15-16; *Chh. U.* 5-16.

Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, and Makkhali Gosala, the founder of the order of the Ajivikas, who openly condemned the sacrifices as low arts and the Brahmans as impostors. The first two of these heterodox teachers were Kshatriyas; and the third, as his name seems to indicate, was a Vaisya herdsman.

As the rise of the ancient monastic orders represents the revolt against Vedic formalism amongst the cultured men trained to philosophical speculation, the rise of Vaishnavism and Saivism represents the popular side of the same movement. Vaishnavism in the form of the worship of the Kshatriya hero, Krishna, as the human manifestation of Vishnu, marks even a more complete rupture between social life and religious faith than the acceptance of the non-ritualistic teachings of the Kshatriya sages by the Brahmans. The earliest reference to Krishna, son of Devaki, is found in the Chhandogya Upanishad, 3. 18. In this and the preceding section the author gives an account of the sacrifice conceived as resembling a human being. Then follows this remarkable passage :—

Ghora, son of Angiras, having explained this to Krishna, son of Devaki, said, "He (who knoweth this) should, at the time of his death, repeat the three (mantras): 'O! thou art undecaying! Thou art unchanging! Thou art the true essence of life!' Hearing this he lost all desire for other knowledge." *

The "true essence of life" here is *ātman* (soul) as manifested in the sun, and Krishna is represented as having been initiated into the mysteries of both sacrifice and *ātman* by a Brahman Rishi, Ghora Angirasa. But this text does not furnish us with any clue to the origin of Krishna worship. The only kind of man-worship known in the Vedic age was the worship of the *pitarah* or deified ancestors. Krishna may have been originally worshipped by some of the most powerful Kshatriya families as a *pitri*; and the exceptional devotion shown by these early votaries possibly led to the wide acceptance of the cult. The identification of the object of special veneration with the supreme being is a matter of course with the Hindu devotees. The earliest known reference to the worshippers of Krishna is found in Panini 4.3.98, where the formation of the terms Vasudevaka (the worshippers of Vasudeva) and Arjunaka (the worshippers of Arjuna) is explained.

Patanjali in his commentary on the Sutra takes Vasudeva both as signifying the famous Kashatriya hero and the Supreme Being.* But the association of Arjuna who in the Krishna legends is represented as incarnating Nara of the dual Nara-Narayana with Vasudeva's name, and the mention of Arjuna's worshippers, leave no doubt that Krishna worship was prevalent in the time of Panini. There is a great divergence of opinion among scholars relating to the age of Panini, some assigning to him as early a date as 700 B. C. and others as late a date as 300 B. C. But while the strongest argument in favour of a late date, the occurrence of the term "yavana" in Panini's grammar may be explained away on the ground that in the great grammarian's native land, Gandhara, the "yavanas" (Ionian Greeks) very probably came to be known long before Alexander's invasion, the absence of any reference to Buddha or his religion raises a strong presumption in favour of a pre-Buddhist date. Krishna worship is as old as, if not older than, Buddhism.

The inscriptions of the third and the second centuries B. C. seem to indicate as great an antiquity for the Krishna worship. One of the Nanaghat cave inscriptions, which gives a list of the great sacrifices performed by the founder of the Andhra dynasty of Dekhan, Simuka Salavahana (?), opens with the following remarkable invocation :

[O'm adoration] to Dharma [the Lord of created beings]; adoration to Indra, adoration to Samkarshana and Vasudeva, the descendants of the moon, (who are) endowed with majesty, and to the four guardians of the world, Yama, Varuna, Kuvera and Vasava.

Among the names of the donors inscribed on the railings and gateways of Sanchi Stupas occur such names as Vinhuka (Vishnu-datta or Vishnurakshita), Upidadata (Upendradatta), Balaka, Bala Mitra (derived from the name of Krishna's brother Bala or Balarama), Nadiguta (Nandigupta), Nandigiri, and Sivanandi. Commenting on these names Dr. Bühler † writes :—

The occurrence among the Buddhists of names connected with the ancient religion, as well as of such as are connected with Vaishna-

* I am indebted to my friend Pundit Devendra Nath Vidyabhusan, M. A., for this reference to the *Mahabhasya* of Patanjali.

† Archaeological Survey of Western India, Vol. V., London 1883, Chapter XII. (Bühler's Translation.)

vism and Saivism, in these early inscriptions, has no doubt to be explained by the assumption that their bearers or their ancestors adhered to these creeds before their conversion, and that they received their names in accordance with the established customs of their families Their historical value consists therein that they form a link in the chain of evidence which enable us to trace the existence, nay the prevalence, of Vaishnavism and Saivism, not only during the third century B. C., but during much earlier times, and to give a firm support to the view now held by a number of orientalists, according to which Vaishnavism and Saivism are older than Buddhism and Jainism.*

The worship of the images of gods for gaining worldly ends for which sacrifices were formerly performed probably came into fashion in the same epoch. One of Panini's Sutrās (5.3.99) lays down, "If a thing serves for a livelihood, but is not for sale it does not take the affix *Ka* when denoting its likeness or image." Patanjali illustrates this rule by the forms "Siva, Skanda, Visakha" denoting images of these divinities that give a living to the possessor but are not for sale. "What for?" he asks. "(Because) the Mauryas who wanted gold established (their) worship."† We know for certain that Patanjali lived in the middle of the second century B. C. and the Maurya dynasty ruled in Northern India from about 315 to 178 B. C. The Maurya Emperor Asoka prohibited the slaughter of animals for sacrifice. It was very probably his descendants who substituted the worship of images for sacrifices.

Vedantism, Sankhyism, Buddhism, Vaishnavism, Saivism, and image worship—all these forces combined to overthrow the mighty fabric of Vedic ritualism which had done its work by rescuing the Indians from barbarism, but was wanted no more. Great and expensive sacrifices continued to be occasionally performed hereafter as they are performed—though very rarely—even now. But Vedism as an active religious force lost its hold upon the popular mind, and the sacred fires gradually came to be replaced by the holy emblems of Narayana and Siva in every Brahman household. The fall of Vedism led to the separation of the current of Indian social life as embodied in the *jati-bheda* from the spiritual life of the

* *Epigraphia India*, Vol. II. p. 95.

† Quoted by Goldstucker (Panini, London 1861, p. 229.)

nation. The mutual relation between *jati* and religion, as it henceforward came to be conceived, is best defined in the following remarkable utterance attributed to Gautama Buddha in an old Buddhist text :—

In the supreme perfection in wisdom and righteousness, Ambattha, there is no reference to the question either of birth, or of lineage, or of the pride which says: "You are held as worthy as I" or "You are not held as worthy as I." It is where the talk is of marrying or giving in marriage, that reference is made to such things as that. For whosoever, Ambattha, are in bondage to the notions of birth or lineage, or to the pride of social position, or of connection by marriage, they are far from the best wisdom and righteousness. *

Later Brahmanic teachers like Sankara, Ramanuja, and Anand-atirtha might still recognise the force of *jati* as a determining factor in spiritual life under the garb of *adhikari-bheda* or the differentiation of those who are fit for receiving the highest spiritual truth and entering ascetic orders from those who are not so fit ; and they could do so as long as the Buddhist monks were there to meet the spiritual wants of the masses. But with the fall of Buddhism there arose teachers like Vasava-Ramaya, the founder of the Lingayata sect in Southern India, and Ramananda, the Vaishnava reformer of the north, who opened the door of spiritual fellowship equally to all *jatis*. Nanak, who may be called a spiritual descendant of the latter, says : "Thou, O God, acknowledgest the light (that is in him) and dost not ask after his caste. For in the other world there is no caste."

(To be concluded.)

RAMA PRASAD CHANDA.

*Kajshahi,
Bengal.*

* Rhys Davids, *Dialogues of the Buddha*, Ambatta Sutra II. 1. (London 1894.)

PORT SUDAN—A SECOND ALEXANDRIA.

HOW few people know that even now foundations of a prosperous town, a busy harbour, and a delightful health-resort are quietly, yet rapidly, being laid ! Many Eastern readers are aware that Suakim, the town of smells and of ancient dwellings, is rapidly declining, and that the dangerous harbour is now finally selected as the last nail in its coffin ; but it is surely yet news to all to learn that Fielden Bey, who went there last April to pitch his tent next to the only tin dwelling then existing, has now some 130 houses and pretentious stores proudly holding their places in the erstwhile barren desert. Further, an electric station will soon be in full swing ; Wingate Pasha will open shortly the railway from here to the distant mountains, where the metals will join the main line running from Suakim to Khartoum ; and so another means of enriching Sudan will be possible. Again, much traffic may be expected through the peregrinations of travellers, for Sudan will be preferable, as a point to start from, to Suez, for *voyageurs* en route to Gordon's city—the interesting route down Suez Canal can be enjoyed, part of a hot and expensive railway journey avoided, and picturesque hills, the home of the gazelle, viewed from a better standpoint too, by going to the other side of the Bitter Lakes.

Fielden Bey and the Resident Engineer, Major Kelly, are taking time by the forelock in a distinctly wise manner. I need not particularise about the old-world methods employed in the East regarding sanitary arrangements. At Suakim, the writer wondered how certain of the Europeans lived—with their stables and the aroma thereof, under the dwelling rooms, while other domestic arrangements were, to say the least, *worse* than primitive. At Port Sudan, the Bey can exclaim "*Nous avons changé tout cela !*" *Bhand Utchai Sahib !*

It will be possible for ladies to come out to Sudan, now, to live ; and after the rains, the newly planned streets will *not* give out flavours as distasteful as they are dangerous. In many Eastern towns streets are narrow ; the new township will be like Khartoum : it will have wide streets and spacious gardens in its centre ; on the north-western side will be a broad, well-laid-out sea-front, with the beautiful ocean rippling right up to it. Hardy trees, such as grow well in the tropics, are to be cultivated in the gardens and down the streets ; and it is already well lit up at nights.

The hospital is under the control of Dr. Crispin, who has had some years' experience in the East, and is a practical surgeon of merit as well as a well-read doctor. Moreover he is a man of tact, and a good linguist. Another source of attraction here is, that there is quick transport to Europe, the mail taking only eight days, and there are two deliveries a week. So people can trip it out for a month's vacation and visit scenes of old battles, and escape from England's fogs, in a short time, and at no very great expense, *if booked through*. From India the route is *viâ* Aden where a change of boats is necessary. So far, Greeks are the only store-keepers at Sudan, but I fancy when accommodation warrants it, our Indian merchants will soon open out.

There is one great attraction here, apart from business. So far there have been no mosquitoes, no vermin, and no flies to speak of.

Quays for twelve steamers are now in the hands of noisy, gesticulating Italian labourers, for only lately the S.S. "Afghanistan" brought out 10,000 barrels of cement for harbour works alone. And she had to anchor in mid-stream, for the coral reef is as yet in its virgin state and no anchorage is possible alongside *terra firma*. Further, a light-house is about to be erected, and lights on buoys will enable ships that pass in the night to steer a good course to port. At present, entrance and exit are confined to daylight.

By the time these lines appear, the harbour will have been declared opened, as Wingate Pasha was expected when the writer sailed, and Drury Bey (R. N.) was flitting about between his head-quarters at Suakim and Sudan, very busy in his capacity of Harbour Master and general Naval "Boss" of the two harbours.

So far, there is no church, no mosque, no chapel : and, I am glad to record, no cemetery ; and should Mr. Andrew Carnegie see

these lines, perhaps, as Scotsmen are taking a leading part in the development of Port Sudan, he may perhaps present the new port with church and parson ! It would do more good than a library given to a thickly populated district, where more than a moiety of the inhabitants are starving, and the remainder barely earning a livelihood ! A Catholic chapel is sadly needed, for over 500 of the population are of that ancient creed.

A new Government House is about to be built here to receive the Governor and Staff from Suakim, which will, when thus abandoned, become but a third-rate port and town. The English residents, so far, are the clerical staffs of the Bey, of the Engineer, and those employed in the Harbour works and at the offices of the Town Architect. The judge at Suakim comes over for cases put back by the Bey. Major Peacock is an astute lawyer, and handles the cases with shrewdness, but, with Caledonian carefulness too.

It will be interesting to note the increase of the tonnage of the shipping here as the facilities for the ships' entrances improve. With Sudan as a railway base, it is certain that many tons of goods will be delivered here for up-country. Should the railway also shift the shops, and Longfield Bey (R. E.) make his headquarters here, their permanent way inspectors, guards, traffic inspectors and others must make this town their home ; stores will multiply ; the customs and harbour officials will be augmented, and, I do not think I am too optimistic when I prophesy that, in time, we shall have here a much frequented health-resort, a prosperous business town, and, in fine, a second Alexandria.

C. T. COKE.

Durban.

THE MOHAMEDAN COLLEGE AT ALIGARH.

SOME interest in the Aligarh College has been aroused in this Presidency owing to the Royal visit to Aligarh and the magnificent donation of Mr. Adamji Peerbhoy to the Prince of Wales School of Science, which it is proposed to found as a memorial of that visit. But few people in Western India regard Aligarh as a unique institution, except perhaps for the mistaken notion that it is not open to non-Mohamedans. But two successive Commissions—the Universities' Commission, as a representative of which the Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University visited it, and the Education Commission of Sir William Hunter, which paid Aligarh the compliment of holding the first sitting of the Commission in the United Provinces in Aligarh—have borne testimony to its unique character. And now Royalty has honoured it not by a formal visit, but by a close study of the institution in its actual working.

To contemporaries in this Presidency the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 was only a far-off echo, and now, half a century later, it is only a vague memory. But in Northern India, and especially to the Mohamedans, it was the terrible ending of a catastrophe that had begun just one hundred years before on the field of Plassey. Not only was the last vestige of power swept away from the descendant of Tamerlane, but the various strata of Mohamedan society suffered a shock that ended in complete destruction. It was then that a Subordinate Judge, hitherto noted for a high sense of honesty and duty, and a taste for literature and history, which won him the Fellowship of the Royal Asiatic Society for a work which is still the most complete authority on the buildings of Delhi, and who had now acquired distinction for his deep loyalty to the British cause, which he showed at great personal risk in securing the safety of the English in his District, began to think seriously of the turn events had taken, especially in their connection with his ill-fated co-religionists. Official routine does not leave much leisure for other activity in public affairs, but from the time of his issuing in 1858 his first political pamphlet *On the Causes of the Indian Revolt*, of which, to avoid mischievous agitation in a country hardly out of the throes of a great political upheaval, he sent all

but two copies to England for distribution among the political leaders whose attention in Parliament and Committee it attracted in a great measure, down to 1876, when he retired from Government service, Sir Syed Ahmed was the leader of a public movement which aimed at reconciling the rulers and the ruled by removing their prejudices and forming a common platform. The literary and public activity which Syed Ahmed Khan showed testify to his versatility, for they include a commentary on the Bible and replies to Sir William Muir's *Life of Mohamed* and Hunter's attack on the loyal character of the Mohamedans, the creation of a Scientific Society under the patronage of the Duke of Argyll, and a school at Ghazipore, the foundation of the British Indian Association and of several educational committees in the North-Western Provinces, and the establishment of an important Journal of Social Reform and an Anglo-Vernacular weekly Journal of the Aligarh Institute.

But the final shape which his deliberations took was the foundation of the Mohamedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh. The element in Indian polity which was the most dangerous to the preservation of peace in the country were the excited Mohamedans, from whose hands all power had slipped away. To reconcile them to the inevitable result of their past follies, to persuade them to take a sane view of the present, and to prepare them for a future of peaceful but not inglorious subjection to the English, when, without being, as of old, the masters of the country, they could still have a voice in the settlement of the destinies of India—that was the whole object of the life-work of Syed Ahmed Khan, and it was an object worthy of the recognition of the Government as well as the different sections of the people. The only method that he could think of as likely to succeed in removing old prejudices and clearing away the mists of vague visions of power and glory was the slow and laborious process of education on Western lines.

But Sir Syed Ahmed was too practical a reformer to reckon without his host. He knew the Moslem's pride too well to imagine that his co-religionists would take easily to the literature and sciences of their supplanters, especially as they regarded it all to be heathen lore, and also because old suspicions which designing malcontents had roused in order to give to the Mutiny a religious turn, had hardly subsided. Moreover, though himself an enthusiastic reformer in religion, and for that very reason regarded by the majority of his co-religionists as an Infidel for whose death decrees bearing the seals of the *Olema* were obtained from Mecca, he was himself strongly opposed to the education imparted in our colleges and schools which divorced themselves entirely from religious instruction. He there-

fore planned in his mind a Mohamedan University which, while imparting a Western secular education to Mosalman youths, would leaven their lives with the ethics of Islam, and reconcile Mohamedans to European ways of thought and life without impairing their faith in the revelation of the Koran.

A small school—to be dignified into a College whose foundation-stone Lord Lytton laid on 8th January 1877, after the Imperial Assemblage—was founded on the Queen's Birthday, 24th of May 1875. The only visible assets of "the Aligarh Movement" were then eight little urchins and a thatched bungalow. But like all great men, Syed Ahmed had an unswerving faith in the final success of a sincere and righteous endeavour and in his own powers to carry on that endeavour. The plans even then made were the plans of an Indian Oxford; and when he pitched his tent, where Lord Lake had opposed the Mahrattas in 1803 and where now the wolves howled at night to mark the utter desolation of the place, and spread out the lofty plans of his future University buildings, his most credulous admirers and faithful friends laughed at the vastness and the visionary character of the projects. For Syed Ahmed was neither a ruling Prince, nor a rich man, nor even a man with great influence. But he had supreme self-confidence, and he justified it long before he breathed his last in 1898 and was buried, like Sir Christopher Wren, in a corner of the great fabric he had himself raised. Religious prejudices of great magnitude and force were opposed to him, suspicions of his sincerity were entertained, and ridicule, as ever, was made a test of truth. But quietly and firmly and always without ostentation he persevered in his work and had the satisfaction of seeing his life-work appreciated most by the very people who had opposed him most bitterly, but in whose interest he had struggled unselfishly and unflinchingly.

Much as those to whom he bequeathed the work of a life-time and the stimulating example of a high endeavour, have done to further the interests of the college, especially his great friend Nāwab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, who is now a familiar figure in Bombay, owing to his many visits paid in the interests of the college finances in spite of old age and constant ill-health, it has been due to the work of Syed Ahmed Khan in his life-time, and to the influence of his memory after his death, that the Aligarh College now enjoys an annual income of nearly 1½ lakhs, possesses buildings worth 20 lakhs, and has nearly a thousand students on its rolls.

But buildings, finances and numbers, and even the scholastic attainments of its *alumni*, are not Aligarh's most noticeable features. It is "the Aligarh type" which has now become a by-word in Upper India. Its

cricket team has beaten three successive Parsi Elevens, the Calcutta Club, the Bombay Gymkhana and the Patiala team, when J. T. Hearne, Brockwell, and Mistry made such a powerful combination. Other games also flourish, and Aligarh sportsmen roam over all the Presidencies and provinces of India, offering good sport to the best of English teams. That the slouching figure of the average Indian undergraduate is, therefore, seldom seen in Aligarh, goes without saying. But sport and manly bearing are not the only distinguishing traits of the Aligarh boy. He has generally sane views of Indian politics, if he cares to have any at all. In his manners he is, as the late Maharaja of Patiala called him, "a perfect blend of the self-respecting and the respectful." Much of this is due to the life he is made to lead in his residential College, for in Aligarh 90 per cent. of the students live in its spacious and beautiful quadrangles. Tutors from Oxford and Cambridge, who live in the college in close daily contact with the undergraduates, supply them with models of the English gentlemen, and daily religious exercises supervised by a Dean give the necessary Islamic tone to their lives. But it is the stimulating daily contact of 700 young men in a common dining hall, a common chapel, and on common playgrounds, that moulds the character and shapes the intellect of the Moslem students in harmony with the strong public opinion of the place. Naturally such a place would not lack the gaieties of youth, and Aligarh frivolities keep the Proctor, sub-Proctors, Provost, and "bull-dogs" fairly busy. It is, in fact, the combination of an English public school and Varsity life under a tropical sun. And Aligarh men are just as proud of their *Alma Mater* as any Eton boy or Balliol man of his. Every year in the Long Vacation some fifty young men organise themselves into touring parties that visit the various Provinces of India, collecting subscriptions for their college, and their collections have now reached the yearly figure of Rs. 35,000. "Old Boys" have an Association of their own to which they contribute regularly one per cent. of their incomes, and they now propose to present to their college the monthly salary of a Science Professor in commemoration of the Royal visit.

Such an institution is not too ambitious if it looks forward to a day when it will be the centre of a Mohamedan University. This ideal the college has never forsaken in its periods of greatest difficulty. The Government can hardly maintain for ever its rôle of the sole and independent trustee of popular education. In the end education must become a popular concern in India. And unless the present wave of materialism washes it clean of its thousand faiths, which, humanly speaking, is not possible, the country's only chance of unity is through a federation of

religions. A Mohamedan University would not then be as unfamiliar and dangerous an idea as it may now appear to many. Self-government would be associated with the supervisory control of the government as it has, in a way, hitherto been at Aligarh. Thus alone shall we be able to tackle the problem of young India's growing irreligion, for the irreligiousness of the educated is just as dangerous as the ignorance of the religious. Moreover, an opportunity would be given to specialisation, both in letters and character, and we shall be spared the jacks-of-all-trades in scholarship and those indefinable combinations of contradictories in character which the educational treadmills of India seem to be producing. Aligarh, justly proud of the Saracenic civilisation, is already endeavouring to revive and maintain the scholarship and culture of the Saracens without losing touch with all that is progressive in the present age in the West. It has already shown the wisdom of its policy by equipping a school of post-graduate studies in Arabic very much on the lines of the Oxford *Literae Humaniores*, and now by founding a School of Science to commemorate a red-letter day in its history. The combination of Saracenic lore and Western science is suggestive of progressive conservatism, which is very welcome in these days of fads hastily adopted, and equally hastily given up.

His Highness the Aga Khan, who is a zealous partisan of the University movement, has estimated what he calls "the ransom of Islam"—for Aligarh really aims at an entire regeneration of the Mosalmans—at a crore of rupees. This should not prove too great an obstacle in the way of a large community. The late Mr. Justice Mahmoud, the distinguished son of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, used to relate a story of his Cambridge days. The finances of Trinity College happened just then to be in only too flourishing a condition and it was proposed to spend 10 lakhs out of this superabundant wealth on rebuilding the Chapel of Trinity. Mr. Mahmoud happened to remark to a friend that it would be far preferable to hand over this amount to a College like Aligarh than spend it on a building already serviceable enough. His friend asked the Allahabad High Court Judge how many Mohamedans lived in India, and on being told that they numbered sixty millions, he said very earnestly, "Well, my friend, if a community of sixty million men cannot contribute towards its own education the paltry sum of 10 lakhs, it is a sin for others to contribute even a penny for its betterment." If, therefore, Aligarh desires complete self-government in education, it will have to begin with self-help and look out for more men of the stamp of the Aga Khan and Mr. Adamji Peerbhoy. For our part, we would advise it to try Bombay again!

Mott Bagh, Baroda.

MOHAMED ALI.

COLONEL MEMORY, B. N. I.

III.

N EARLY ten years had passed since the terrible period of outrage, hatred and revenge in India, when two ladies were sitting talking at the open window of a pretty cottage in Devonshire, one autumn afternoon. It was situated on the bank of a river and at the end of a lane. This lane led to the high-road from Salisbury to St. Aldhelms. From the garden, looking westward, the tower of the minster rose from amongst trees clothing the gentle eminence, and, in a measure, concealing the buildings of the town.

One of the ladies was Catherine Memory, now Mrs. Spencer ; and the other a girl who had been with her on the ramparts at Mahmudgurh, the afternoon of the fight ; Fanny Green, as she then was. This simple and pleasant woman—not bright or beautiful, but sterling—the daughter of a chaplain, had not attracted Major Plumptre, when he saw her every day, but had conquered him, on a visit paid by both to the same house, in England ; and he married her, as a retired general, and had taken a country house some five miles distant.

“Your father lives at a farm, does he not ?” asked Mrs. Plumptre.

“Yes, at a village, an hour’s walk from here. He has nice rooms, and is very interested in all the rural operations.”

“But is it not bad for him, moping alone ?”

“Well, dear, the truth is, society is more depressing to him than anything else.”

“Does he still feel sore about that battle ? Why should he ? It was all right, it was a victory.”

“The supersession,” said Mrs. Spencer, with a sigh, “cut him to the quick. His courage and determination were all there, but

the deaths of Milsom and Vincent stunned him. I have heard him declare he felt like a murderer for having trusted the men who shot them. And then, we think, Mr. Bradshaw had been cautioning him about the importance of the Fort and overdoing the fuss. The blow struck him down. He retired as soon as he could and never would join a club, or mix in military society. The dishonour of the Sepoys broke his heart, you may say. He had been with them, you know, from his boyhood."

"Your mamma, Kate, did not long survive the Mutiny."

"She was pretty well till the Akbar bank failed. She soothed herself about the supersession by laying it down to the intrigues of Bradshaw and Bracegirdle. She thought the first stupid, and the second unscrupulous, and both jealous. You know the odd names she made out; she called the Commissioner the wooden viper, and the Commandant, the traitor coxcomb."

"How droll she was! Poor dear, everything went wrong with her."

"Her last idea was, a large house and garden in a country town, which she was to govern as Lady Bountiful and Dictatrix. And then the money turned into withered leaves, and she thought all was over; and just faded away in disappointment and the silence of chagrin."

"And you, Kate," said Mrs. Plumptre, "have had troubles of your own, have you not? But all is hopeful now."

"Hopeful, yes, that is about it. But hope deferred is, as the Bible says, like the mirage in the desert. Never mind, we have health and strength, and we are not going to be beaten without a fierce fight."

"And we heard at one time Mr. Spencer was doing so well."

"I will tell you exactly how it all was. Mamma's death and the change in our circumstances removed all obstacles to my marriage with Arthur. If two beggars liked to share their mendicity, who cared? Arthur had given up India; he did not feel that he could succeed there. And then, suddenly, the splendid concern of Colonel Cardwell, the crammer, came, by his unexpected death, into the market, his house and grounds at Southgate and as we hoped, the goodwill in the shape of his clientèle; and Arthur's kinsmen rallied round him, to give him, as they said, the chance of

a life. The money was raised ; we succeeded the Colonel, and you know what happened. Two years of large premises, large prospects, lavish expenditure, empty rooms—and then—the bailiffs, or at least, what their profession represents.”

“ But Mr. Spencer is doing well at the great school here ? ”

“ Fairly well, Fanny. The debt to his relations preys upon him rather. But he is brave and looks ahead.”

Just then the garden gate clicked, and a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy of four or five years old, came back from a walk with his nurse.

Kate did not make much fuss with him, because her friend had no child ; but her eyes betrayed her pride. Mrs. Plumptre could not take her attention off the little darling, for he had all the glory of his infancy upon him, but she was rather pale.

“ Paul,” cried his mother, “ is to have such a treat next week, on his birthday. Nothing would please him but that his grandpapa was to dress up as a soldier, and wear a real sword. Neither Arthur nor I would have asked the dear old man ; but the little chap pressed so, he is actually coming in uniform. He will not leave the fields, but there is a foot-path, and no one will see him.”

Paul here called out, in honour of the subject : “ Hurrah, hurrah ! ”

“ You mentioned, Kate, the name of Bracegirdle just now. You know he has become Sir Charles since the old days, and he is coming to see my husband. He was a widower in India. He has recently married a second wife. She is a town-bred girl, and he is bent on teaching her out-of-doors things, riding and so on.”

“ How curious ! I knew he was Sir Charles, but not that he had married again. We must not mention his coming so near to father.”

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Plumptre drove off in her pony-trap towards home.

Fortunately, little Paul's birthday was a half-holiday at the school, and Arthur Spencer was able to be at home for good after twelve. His dark features were saddened and softened, a few streaks of untimely grey mingled with his deep brown hair, but his fine athletic form looked grand as he stood on the lawn with Paul on his shoulder, peering out for the gleam of red on the ferry-boat which soon appeared, and announced the arrival of grandpapa.

The veteran did not fill out his regimentals ; he had shrunk in a measure, from his former proportions ; but he was very upright, and looked quite the soldier. His sword and decorations were the great attractions to his grandson, and the boy was soon on his knee, fingering the ribands and asking about the metal figures.

Kate was delighted to have her father present at the homely festival.

"You do not feel fatigued ? None of the faintness you told me of, last time ?"

"No, not to-day. It comes without warning, sometimes ; but I walked leisurely. The thickets are so pretty now, with the colours of decay."

"Yes, indeed. Arthur says October has been called the poet's month."

"Have you seen anything of the Plumptres lately ?" asked the old Colonel.

"Fanny drove over last week. I wanted her to have been here to-day, but she has friends with her."

"The General called at my place to show they were back from their summer trip. I was out. Their house is within an easy walk from the farm ; I must go over there."

"Wait a bit, till the guests are gone. Then you will find them alone for a talk."

Luncheon was Paul's dinner hour, and one or two little friends appeared on the scene to join in the meal. The small folk preserved that full-dressed silence, which best clothes and the expectation of tartlets and cream induce. But reserve soon gave way when the lawn succeeded the dining-room, and costume was reduced, by the maid-servants, from splendour to warmer but more practical accoutrements.

It was quite dry, and the garden safe ; and more children arrived, so that there was quite a gay juvenile scene ; but no "grown-ups," on account of the Colonel. Paul would allow no game which did not include the participation of grandpapa : and the old soldier threw himself into the spirit of the day, and became really the life of the party. As three o'clock approached, there was an unmistakable sound heard in the lane, which was mellow music to all youthful ears. It was the time-honoured squeak of Punch himself : and a

roulade on the Panpipes, and a few taps on the drum, left no doubt of the advent of England's most successful dramatic entertainment. The secret had been well kept, and the treat was a genuine surprise. Arthur had stipulated with the performer, that there should be no boxing or sausages or any modern addition, and that Punch's violent and reckless career should at last be brought to an end by the appearance of the mysterious Nick. Not, as the drama declares, Nick the butcher, nor Nick the baker, but old Nick, fitly presiding over the "sombre close of a voluptuous day." Tea followed this great delight, and Arthur promising to see that the little feast was joyfully administered, Kate took the Colonel into her cosy boudoir, that he might enjoy his cup quietly and prepare for the walk back. They had a delightful chat, touching lightly, of course, on past events, but bravely on the future.

"A favourite line, Papa, of mine is," whispered Kate, "let the dead past bury its dead."

"Yes, dearest, I try to forget."

"Add one more word; try to *forgive*."

"Ah well!" her father sighed, but changing the subject, remarked: "your future should not be dark, with such a husband, and such a son."

Kate's eyes were very dim for a moment, but in a cheerful voice, she answered gently: "And, Papa, if your evening has brought peace, the outlook is good."

So the birthday ended: and Paul, who had during the afternoon received from his grandfather a brand-new half-crown, had got the nurse to attach it to his breast with cross threads, and gave his last kiss, as a decorated young subaltern.

The merry crowd still shouting and merrily crying out, could be seen, and even heard from the ferry boat, and it retained its watching attitude till the gleam of red disappeared, as it had come into sight in the morning.

Five had struck as the Colonel was leaving, but the sun was still a short distance above the horizon, and the evening was unusually clear and bright. The pensive gleam of the dying rays gave a penetrating charm to the motionless copses, the hushed fields, as he paced the footpath leading towards his farm, and that relentless past he had purposed to forget, shrouded the old soldier's mind

with a melancholy not altogether displeasing, though his thoughts dwelt unduly, perhaps, on the military life his uniform recalled.

He had not advanced more than half a mile from the river, when a gate and stile led him to a small common where the grass was fresh and soft, and in one corner was a pond with geese and a few cottages. The path went straight across this common to another gate and stile on the opposite side. Colonel Memory was not far from the gate when a mounted groom coming from the lane into which it opened, held up its wooden latch with his whip-handle, and drew it back sufficiently to allow a lady riding a pretty bay horse, to pass on to the turf. She checked it rather sharply with the curb to restrain it till a gentleman, also mounted, could come out of the lane. But her steed evidently felt light-hearted at the sight of grass, and yearned for a gallop. He tossed up his head at the pressure of the curb, and as the bridle was not slackened, he put his head down again between his fore legs, and kicked up once or twice. The gentleman who was keeping back, not to excite the lady's horse, said in a quiet voice : " Sit tight, and give him his head."

The lady had gone through two kicks without discomfiture, but as she probably still pulled at the curb, the horse gave a third, of a more decided nature, and this time she lost her seat and falling forwards, slipped off on to the ground. Unfortunately, her foot got caught in the stirrup, and the horse starting off, dragged her along for a few paces. But her deliverer was at hand. For the old soldier darted forward with an activity quite startling at his time of life, and, exactly at the right moment, secured the rein. The gentleman in the lane and his servant tied their horses to the gate, and ran forward to assist in disentangling the lady. When she was free, it was found that the man who had saved a life in all human probability, had stolen off to the stile, and was sitting on its step with his back to the rails. The gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Bracegirdle, had more easily recognised the Colonel from the familiar uniform, and though it was truly wonderful to him to meet a well-known person in such a costume and in such a place, he lost not a moment in hastening to the stile. The Colonel was alarmingly white and breathless, but Sir Charles kneeling on the pathway and clasping his lower limbs, exclaimed in a voice of deep emotion, " You have rescued my wife from a danger I fear to think of."

The lady, with great pluck, forgetting the shock she had received, came up also, and said : " It was a daring and skilful deed, how can we ever sufficiently thank you ?"

Colonel Memory, whose eyes were almost closed, opened them wide for a moment, and with a great effort, put out his hand. Sir Charles eagerly seized it in both of his, and whilst he retained this attitude, the elder man sank gradually back. His exertion had over-taxed the action of the heart. The Sepoy leader was dead.

A ten days' moon appearing near the zenith was closing as fair an evening as St. Luke's summer could produce. Very different was the scene, but the night approached as gently as the one which fell on the deserted parade-ground, where the band had played, in the days before the Indian trouble.

J. W. SHERER.

*Russell Street, Bath,
England.*

MEMOIRS OF A DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER-POLITICIAN.*

A STUDY.

IT has been well said that lives of great and good men are "a dowry of a nation." Nay, more, the life of a great man must be an inspiration to us, in order that we may also learn, and, learning, try to imitate, those traits which would help us to live a fuller and nobler life. With this object in view, the writer has endeavoured to jot down here a few casual thoughts suggested on going through this interesting biography of Sir Henry Daly, whose name has become a household word in Central India.

It goes without saying that the memoirs of this remarkable Political Officer are presented to the public in an admirable spirit, as it is always a difficult task for a son to write about his father. Here the biographer has succeeded in combining the filial attitude of the son with the judicious impartiality of a biographer.

Nor is this all. The way in which Major Daly has successfully endeavoured to link together selected passages from his father's correspondence and diaries, teeming with acute observations on leading men and stirring events in which Sir Henry himself took a prominent part, is really admirable. What has particularly struck the writer in going through some of the reminiscences is the wonderful insight and knowledge of human nature which Sir Henry shows when commenting on the men and events of his times, although, as the biographer has justly observed in the preface, "they were subsequently modified by General Daly in the light of fuller information."

But this is only one phase in his remarkable character. It is not too much to say that nothing could be better for Young India than to

* "Memoirs of General Sir Henry Dermot Daly, G.C.B., (C.I.E.," by Major H. Daly. Thacker & Co., Bombay.

lay to heart these memorable words of the veteran officer:—"Sure I am that high thoughts and aspirations raise the standard of conduct in life, and that alone is fruit." These significant words were jotted down in his diary when he was barely twenty years old.

Then, later on, writing to one of his closest friends, Sir Henry preached the gospel of work and duty in the following encouraging and hopeful strain: "I rejoice that fortune led me to follow an energetic career in this land of trial. Sorrow not that fate has made you a labourer in the world—rejoice rather"

Nor would it be right to omit reference to the suggestive and thoughtful impressions of Lady Daly with regard to that "Nature's nobleman," Sir Henry Lawrence (whose humble admirer this writer has been, ever since his boyhood) and about whom Sir Henry Daly himself has rightly said, "a rare creature, made for love and honour." Says Lady Daly in the course of her interesting remarks: "He (Sir Henry Lawrence) certainly, more than anyone I ever knew, gives one the feeling of *living for another world*; he is perfectly cheerful, active, and interested in this, yet every now and then some little observation falls from his lips, which proves how fully he is imbued with the feeling of the transitory nature of our present existence, how perfect is his faith that the *real life is to come*" One more quotation from this delightful book will not be out of place here. When writing to his accomplished and amiable consort, Sir Henry Daly once used these touching words, which speak for themselves. "There is nothing you can lay up for 'my boys' so valuable as a kindly feeling for and sympathy in the wants of others: one cannot estimate the good influence on character which such things beget."

Finally, the writer could do nothing better than to take down the following passage from the interesting speech of the Hon'ble Mr. C. S. Bayley, delivered at the Daly Rajkumar College at Indore, in April 1902, while unveiling the bust of Sir Henry Daly. . . . "This much, however, I can say with absolute certainty, that no one who has occupied the post which I have the honour to hold can fail to be aware of the fact that there is no department of the administration on which Sir Henry Daly has not left the impress of his clear intellect, his decision, and integrity of character, and his excellent judgment of men and things."

It is no exaggeration to say that the people of Central India, at least the educated classes, owe Major Daly a deep debt for presenting the life and work of his father in this charming manner. It may also be stated without fear of contradiction, that the late soldier-politician devoted

the best years of his life to ameliorating the lot of the people entrusted to his charge in this province, and that his memory will ever be cherished with sentiments of affectionate reverence and regard, throughout Central India, as long as the British rule in this country endures.

"Race and language, difference in historical inheritance and innumerable other differences may separate, to outward appearance, the nations of the world ; but wherever *true goodness* reveals its presence, heart will answer to heart among the most widely separated peoples of the earth."

" Only the actions of the good
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust."

Indore.

JASMEEN.

“SUNSET AND MOONRISE.”

PORTRAYED BY A HINDU POET.*

I.

LIKE a jewelled mirror in the hand of the Lady of the West, like a flashing gem upon Varuni's brow, or a mighty spark rapt heavenwards from the fire that ever burneth beneath the ocean, the Sun flamed upon the forehead of the western hills. 'Twas as the golden salver that Varuna's bride beareth, what time she waveth the ceremonial lamps before her spouse.

2.

Now, as if the brightness of his soul was dimmed by guilty shame, in that he slew the stars with his fire-arrows, vexed the moon, blinded the myriad eyes of night, withered the water-lilies, and pursued with unhallowed love Varuna's bride, Surya, reft of his beams, widowed of splendour, sank below the western hills.

3.

Surya, I ween, had spurned the Lady Day, calling her a wine-loving wanton who, shameless and forgetful of her caste, wandereth abroad with face upturned to catch the eyes of men. For, even as the bridegroom leadeth the bride into his halls, Surya, hand in hand with the Lady Eve, passed thro' the gates of ocean. And like unto crimson essence sprinkled at the nuptials, the ruby flush of eventide spread athwart the heavens.

4.

Ay me ! The Brahmany ducks grieved full sorely, when the Day-star fled with downcast face : but the lotus-beds were quickened into life and the water-lilies raised their drooping faces. **Darkness,**

* The fifteen stanzas or paragraphs given here are a literal translation of the major portion of the ninth canto of the "Chan Basaveshvar Puran," a poem written by Lakshmeshvar in the mediæval Kanarese dialect about the year 1100 A. D.

beloved of the wanton, covered the earth's wide orb with murky pall : and Kama, calling all men to his mysteries, shook his sceptre o'er the world. But lo ! the stars one by one lit up the heavens !

5.

The groups of stars, aflame in the sky's deep bosom, were as torches borne on high by the world-guardians and spirits who bow the knee to Indra. They were the myriad eyes of heaven searching for the vanished Day-star ; or haply the diamond-river of Kama's glory streaming down the world.

6.

In unbroken chain row upon row of lamps gleamed in the dwellings of men, as 'twere the scattered shafts of the vanished Sun imprisoned by the Gloom, or an army of the Moon's bright spies set in wait to seize the Darkness, who ever avoideth the Moon's face.

7.

Deep-black of hue is Krishna, but blacker is Mai Kali—darker than Krishna and Kali are the Nilgiris, and the storm-wrack is blacker than them all. Yet none can compare with the Night which, vast and formless, hid the world in her embrace.

8.

But lo ! full-faced above the Eastern hills rose the Moon, like the gold weight which Brahma placeth in the scale-pan of the eastern mountains, what time he weigheth them against the western range : or like the eye in Kalrudra's brow, blood-red with the lust of slaughter, at the hour of the world-deluge !

9.

The eastern hills were as the palaces of Gods, and the Moon crowned them like a jewelled dome of gold and silver. And his beams slowly lost their crimson tints, changing to saffron and white, even as a ruby ball which Time, the Arch-Juggler, making merry in the council-hall of Indra, transformeth into gold and shimmering pearl !

10.

Earth and sky were frosted like the moonstone with pure cold light. For behold ! the hour of the Moon's wedding had drawn nigh. The curtain of evening was torn aside, the bridal-song of the bees floated through the air, the stars gleamed as a necklace of pearl upon the bride's throat, and Kama, the High-Priest, placed the hand of the Moon in that of his betrothed, the maiden Night.

11.

Pure as the unsullied fame of a great poet was the Moon's light ; pure as that ambrosial essence which he erstwhiles poured into the goblets of the Gods, earning thereby the hatred of them that grudged his spotlessness. Aye, so pure was the moonlight that methought the milk-sea was rising heavenward to greet her son, or that the Sun yearning to mate with the Lady Night had ta'en the form of Chandra and subdued the fiery lustre of his rays !

12.

The Moon was a very Queen, her beams a royal smile. The Moon was the flowering tree of Paradise, her beams the pollen shaken from its blossoms. As Ganga's current floweth from Shiva's crest, the radiance streamed earthwards. Beauteous was the Moon as a young virgin with wealth of flaxen hair. Her beams, as they pierced the uttermost strongholds of Darkness, sparkled like drops of water, like foam-flakes on the ambrosial sea.

13.

Ah ! what a theme for the poet's song ! In the waking light the hills shone like Indra's silver mountain, the fowls of the air were white-plumaged as Indra's swans, the myriad-hued flowers became pale as the flower of Indra's paradise. E'en the dark elephants were white as Eiravata, the serpent-brood as Vani, and Yamuna flowed crystal-clear as the river of Heaven.

14.

The wide earth and the palaces thereof, the temples and dwelling-places might have been fashioned by the Most High from unsullied-silver. Methought the dark earth was a mighty crystalline jar, brimful of pearls, and the Moon a cover of sparkling quartz to seal the mouth of it.

15.

But lo ! a shadow stained the Moon's fair face, as 'twere a message writ thereon by God, or a caste-mark on the pale brow of Heaven. And changing fancy told me that the Darkness had ta'en shelter in the bosom of the Moon ; that the Moon was a vessel of nectar for the Gods, closed with the black seal of Indra. White as a child's soul was the Moon, and dark the mark as unforgiven sin.

S. M. EDWARDES. .

AN INDIAN MILITIA FOR INDIA'S DEFENCE.*

THOUGH Russophobia dates back to the beginning of the last century, costly action to strengthen our position in Northern India against attack by Russia only began in 1838, when for the first time we invaded Afghanistan. Soon afterwards, under the same obsession, we conquered and annexed Sindh (1842) and the Punjab (1849), thus extending our dominion to the line of the Indus. There, for the next twenty-five years, we sat still in fancied security, closing our eyes to Russia's progress towards us. We woke up in 1877-78 to find her in military possession of Central Asia as far south as the Oxus, and her envoy in Kabul negotiating a treaty with the Amir. To convince the latter that England, not Russia, was his friend, we drove him from his country, and after two years of warfare and vicissitude installed as his successor a friendly and capable member of his family, engaging that so long as he held no intercourse with the rival Power, and left the management of all his foreign affairs to us, we should pay him annually a fixed subsidy, and guarantee the integrity of his kingdom.

Though at the time the territories comprising it were known and loosely described, the exact boundaries had nowhere been clearly ascertained and defined; hence, before the engagement could become effective, the delimitation of Afghanistan with Russia, Persia, and India was necessary. Work in the field was soon after begun, and, in spite of delays, difficulties, and the Panjdeh crisis in 1885, has been slowly and thoroughly carried through, with the result that all the States and tribes, parties to the operations, have exact knowledge of their common frontiers and the political relations subsisting between them. In each case the actual boundary-lines, marked by cairns of stones or mounds of soil, and the lands adjacent thereto, have been mapped in a way which would compare favourably with the Ordnance Survey sheets of English countries.

In prosecuting the work, once preliminaries were settled by nego-

* A paper read before the East India Association on July, 2, 1906.

tiations, Russia was slow, determined, but fairly reasonable, and Persia evasive and obstructive. Our greatest troubles occurred in surveying and fixing the lines between the eastern front of Afghanistan and the Pathan tribes occupying the mountain ranges immediately west of the valley of the Indus. However, after twenty years of persistence, and the expenditure of many lives and much treasure, the whole series of operations—with one small exception in Mohmand territory—has at last been accomplished, and India has now a triple line of defence against aggression by Russia, viz., (1) Afghanistan, a buffer State; (2) the belt of highlands between our actual and Afghan frontiers, held by a number of independent Pathan tribes within our exclusive sphere of influence, and extending for 500 miles from the Pamirs to Biluchistan; and (3) our actual frontier, mostly acquired in 1849, loosely described as the valley of the Indus.

The strength of our most advanced and weakest line depends on the will and ability of the two responsible powers—the Amir of Afghanistan and the British Cabinet of the day—to fulfil their respective obligations. Whether or no we should have the power—assuming the will—to do our duty, would depend upon the number of soldiers we should be able to put in the fighting line and maintain there, and the amount of loss we could inflict upon Russia by the blockade of her ports and destruction of her sea-borne commerce. The strength of our second line, the western hinterlands of the Pathan highlanders just beyond our actual frontier, is problematical; it corresponds with the “scientific frontier” of the late Lord Lytton, and has some excellent defensive positions, which it would be difficult to turn or take if the local tribes were with us—an “if” upon which no reliance will ever be possible, depending as it would upon the success of our arms in the field and the amount of well-paid service which we should give the tribesmen.

The strength of the third line, that actually held by us, is enormous, the eastern ends of the only two present-day army approaches to India, those *via* the Khyber on the north and Kandahar and Biluchistan on the south, being strongly fortified and garrisoned, the former at Peshawar and Rawal Pindi, the latter at Quetta. In addition, all the secondary positions of strategic value throughout the Indus valley are interconnected by railways, which are linked up with the main lines of the Indian peninsula. So satisfactory is this, our ultimate line of defence—a glacis of roadless mountains and unproductive wilds for a depth of 400 miles beyond it, and behind it all the resources of the Indian Empire ready to hand—that *if we had a sufficient number of reliable troops to hold it*, and were not bound by treaty to defend Afghanistan, the two more advanced

lines might be wholly disregarded, and we might await in perfect security the slow and exhausting nearer approach of Russia towards the Indus.

The crux of the problem of defence was, is, and long will continue to be, that contained in the italicised words in the last sentence. Until the middle of the seventies, the advocates of inaction, with whom the Liberals identified themselves, had reason in their contention that the forward policy was unwise, premature at least, as Russia's outposts were still separated from India by many hundred miles of sterile, difficult country, through which no large army could penetrate and survive as an organised field force, and that consequently, India being poor and already secure, her resources should be spent internally on improvements, and not externally in forcing our friendship upon Afghanistan, and probably provoking a quarrel with Russia. When, however, that Power reached the Oxus and began intriguing with the Kabul Government, public opinion in England realised that a new situation had been created which demanded from us energetic action of some sort, and before 1885 had generally endorsed the Conservative policy of delimitation, and the assumption of responsibility for the preservation of Afghanistan as a buffer State.

By guaranteeing the integrity of Afghanistan we advanced India's political frontier to the Russo-Afghan delimited line, and have since stood committed to defend it against aggression by Russia. When undertaking that obligation we doubtless supposed that, should events in Europe or Persia induce our rival to put our ability to the test, we should have the power to prove it, and to further secure the desired result we augmented our Anglo-Indian army by 10,000 British and 20,000 newly-raised Indian troops. Had we foreseen that before the passing of a generation Russia would be in a position to seize Herat and occupy Afghan territory up to the Hindu Kush before we could put a single division in Kandahar, and, further, that for every man we could maintain in the fighting line Russia would be able to keep five, it may be doubted whether we should have undertaken responsibilities so hopelessly beyond our means of performance as they were and still are.

What changed the whole situation was the rapid completion of Russia's system of strategic railways up to her Afghan frontier—two lines linked up with her European systems, one on the south, from the Caspian to Merv, the Oxus, and Andijan, and the other on the north, from Orenburg, in South-Western Siberia, connecting with it, supplemented by a branch extension from Merv to Kushk, a military outpost and

depot only two forced marches from Herat. Even so equipped, we doubted whether Russia would be able to place and feed more than two or three divisions in Afghan Turkestan. Her recent war with Japan has now demonstrated that she could at any time maintain there or nearer the Indus, not 50,000, but 500,000 troops. In Manchuria, 5,500 miles from Moscow, and connected with it by the frail thread of a single-line railway, with a long break at Lake Baikal, she recently placed and supplied for eighteen months over half a million of soldiers. What she did in the Far East she could very easily do in the Middle East, at less than half the distance from her bases, with two railways in rear, and continuous sources of supply conveniently near the theatre of war, viz., Southern Russia, Persia, South-Western Siberia, and the more productive of her Central Asian districts. These sources are capable of contributing quite as much food to an army in Afghanistan as South-Eastern Siberia, Mongolia, and Northern Manchuria did in the late war to the Russian forces in the field. If, instead of forcing war upon Japan, Russia had thrown her weight upon Afghanistan, with India as her ultimate objective, she would have had a fair chance of overwhelming all the fighting forces of Afghanistan, India, and Great Britain combined. Fortunately for us, she preferred the line of most, not least, resistance, and is now for many years to come impotent for serious aggression against a first-class Power.

Even without the reserve of strength afforded by our happy alliance with Japan, we have now ample time wherein to solve the problem of India's defence against invasion. Being now a Continental Power, with a frontier which must be defended, marching with that of Russia for 700 miles, and she being almost invulnerable to our navy, how can we so increase our land forces as to be in a position to fight her on equal terms somewhere between the Oxus and the Indus? That is the problem. Whether in the event of her seizing Herat we should, under any conditions, attempt to expel her by direct attack is a question which may be deferred for another generation, by which time Russia may be again aggressive, and we may have an army fit to oppose her. At present we have in India 220,000 soldiers, one-third of them British, the rest Indian. We have also nearly 30,000 Native Reservists. Of this Anglo-Indian army, 70,000 are already stationed in the Punjab and its two connected trans-Indus provinces, and that number will probably be raised to 100,000 within the next ten years. We have also scattered over India 30,000 volunteers, all Britishers, and some 20,000 Imperial Service troops. Though the aggregate—300,000 men—is considerable, less than half would, in an emergency, be available for active trans-Indus service; and

of our field force a considerable portion—the fraction depending on the theatre of war and the disposition of the intervening tribes—would be required to protect our lines of communication. As regards the troops retained on our actual frontier and *cis-Indus*, it must be remembered that we could not denude our Empire Dependency of its soldiers, garrisons being necessary for its strong places, arsenals, cities, and some districts and towns; nor would it be possible to call out the volunteers generally to replace troops moved forwards, because 12,000 of them are railway employés, and of the others the bulk are serving the Government in some capacity. Then, too, some of our Indian regulars—many of those recruited in the Deccan, for instance—are unfit for arduous warfare in Afghanistan, a mountainous country with a severe climate.

If we take 100,000 men as an extreme estimate of the number of troops we could put in our fighting line, and add thereto 30,000 half-trained and uncertain Afghans, and if we assume that this mixed Anglo-Indo-Afghan force could beat an equal number of Russian troops, our army in the field would still be overborne by the disciplined hordes Russia could hurl against it. Whence, then, are we to procure the additional troops necessary to defeat or wear out the invader? The question has never yet been fairly faced and answered.

For some years now we here at home have been tinkering with our little British army, but, improve it as we may, until we enormously increase its numbers, we shall never in any crisis be able to spare, except at very great risk to ourselves, and at a cost which would be crippling, more than 40,000 to 50,000 foreign service soldiers as special reinforcements for India.

Lord Roberts recently, when appealing to the nation to adopt universal military training, pointed out that, in the contingency contemplated, it would be "imperative" that we should be in a position to put at least half a million British soldiers in the fighting line in Afghanistan, relegating the protection of our communications to Indian troops. That probably was intended as a counsel of perfection, for if we could mobilise a foreign service army of half a million men we should hardly waste it in Central Asia, but use it for counter-attack on Russia's Baltic littoral. By so doing we should reduce the cost per man by half or more, minimise our home risks from jealous European Powers, and force a quick issue; in Central Asia we might fight to mutual exhaustion without conclusive results in the field.

As it is obvious that, unless here in England we adopt the Continental military system—which is unlikely, our people shortsightedly

relying on our navy and insularity, and shutting their eyes to outside factors—our small and costly home army will never be able to contribute largely for the defence of India, it follows that she must draw most of her material for that purpose from her own population. Dare we, then, take a new departure and convert a considerable fraction of that population into half-made soldiers? That is the question towards the solution of which I venture to offer some suggestions.

If we dare but hold that Indian troops, though recruited from the best available material, led by British officers, and fighting in conjunction with British troops, are not sufficiently reliable to beat equal numbers of conscript Russians—*cadit quæstio*—we shall not be able to stem Russia's next movement towards India. On this preliminary point of quality I think the preponderance of expert opinion favours the belief that Sikhs, Ghoorkhas, Pathans, and after them the best classes of Hindu Jats, Rajputs, and Punjabi Musalmans, are as good fighting men as any in the world. Only a few months ago Sir Ian Hamilton, in his scrap-book on the first part of the Russo-Japanese War, recorded: "Every thinking soldier who has served on our recent Indian campaigns is aware that for the requirements of such operations a good Sikh, Pathan, or Gurkha battalion is more generally serviceable than a British battalion." In the next page he wrote: "Why, there is material in the North of India and in Nepaul sufficient and fit, under good leadership, to shake the artificial society of Europe to its foundations."

On the main question, that of trustworthiness, opinions will always differ. Certainly, for many years after the Mutiny, we acted on a policy of distrust. Since early in the seventies our attitude has been gradually changing, as proved by the successive steps of the arming of the Indian troops with the same or as good a rifle as that in the hands of their British comrades, the establishment of corps of Imperial Service troops, the addition since 1885 of five new Indian mountain batteries to the six previously existing, and, finally, the partial introduction of Lord Kitchener's new distribution and concentration scheme.

Notwithstanding these indications of a broadening confidence in the loyalty of the most martial tribes and castes of India, the composition of our Anglo-Indian army continues to be one-third British to two-thirds Indian, and, with the exception of the mountain batteries just referred to, and one garrison battery, the whole of the artillery in India is British. Further, though from time to time Indians have petitioned to be enrolled as volunteers, and nothing in the Indian Volunteers Act, 1869, as amended in 1896, shuts out any class of "loyal subjects" from so

serving, Christianity, and a skin showing at least partial European descent, are still indispensable for eligibility.

Though it is true that, as a whole, our combined Anglo-Indian army constitutes India's defence against external enemies, it is equally true that the British third is more England's garrison in India than India's reserve of force against hostile movements from outside. The belief that justice is the basic principle on which the stability of our rule in India depends is no doubt correct, but ultimately it depends also on our power to enforce order, and this we preserve by maintaining the perfect equipoise of the forces of possible disturbance. To that end we determine the composition of the class and caste regiments of the Indian army, and the ratio of British to Indian troops.

This policy of equipoise, analogous between nations to what is called "the balance of power," is undoubtedly sound, but if we compare conditions in the sixties with those of the present time, it will, I think, be conceded that what may have been necessary or advisable then is so no longer. Progress in education, great industries, communications by sea and land, and world knowledge acquired by reading, observation, and travel, has borne in upon all Indians of insight and intelligence a reasonable conception, if not of their citizenship in the British Empire, at least of the solid advantages enjoyed by them from their place in it; and as to the masses whose aspirations hardly extend beyond the next full meal, they know that their daily bread is more secure under the British Government than it would be under either of the two possible alternatives, Russian or Home rule.

If the above views of the oneness of India with our Empire be accepted, the desired equipoise *quâ* forces inside India would be preserved were we to considerably reduce not only the numbers of the Anglo-Indian army, but the standard ratio of its white to its brown constituents as well. India, however, being liable to land attack by Russia, and in a minor degree by France also, requires for her security an army fully twice as numerous as that which she now possesses, and as limitations of men and money render it difficult or impossible for us to send her large reinforcements from this country, the best and most economic means for increasing her defensive forces would be, I believe, by the creation of an Indian militia.

About fifteen years ago, in conjunction with a brother civilian, now the head of a department under the Government of India, I submitted proposals on the subject to the military authorities, and there the matter ended; we were told our ideas were impracticable, as they involved a

departure from the established proportion between the British and Indian soldiers. Perhaps, in view of the circumstances sketched above, the subject may now be considered, examined and decided upon its merits.

Recruitment for the militia would, of course, be by voluntary enlistment. Since 1880 Indians have from time to time petitioned to be enrolled as volunteers, but, so far, the movement has been confined to urban "intellectuals," particularly Bengalis, a class which, however loyal and patriotic, would be unfit to resist Russians or the Afghan climate. For militia service we should have to draw, certainly in the first instance, on the hardiest of the cis-Indus peasantry of Northern India, namely, on those tribes and classes who supply most of the Punjabi recruits for the army—Sikhs, Jats, Rajputs, and the group loosely congregated in the Army List as "Punjabi Musalmans," in which term are included the many branches of Pathans and Biluchis who are settled in the districts immediately east of the Indus. All are of good physique, inured to hardships, and imbued with fighting traditions; hence for rough campaigning under any conditions it would be difficult to find better raw material.

Though army service is generally popular with them, they are, Sikhs excepted, so numerous that the great bulk of their active manhood remain in their villages occupying themselves in husbandry and other rural pursuits for nearly nine months in the year. For three and a half, from about the middle of November to the end of February, there is little or nothing for them to do in the field. The cold weather, then, the busiest time for soldiers, is the idlest for agriculturists. In those months they would be proud and happy to serve the Government in any capacity, provided that the work was honourable, remunerative, and, if possible, congenial and not very far from home. No employment better fulfils the first three provisos than soldiering, and service in a tribal and territorial militia would further fulfil the last. Thus the Government has ready to hand a practically unlimited source of supply for an Indian militia of the best quality, and if the matter be taken up and wisely and considerately worked, I am certain—and I lived amongst and interested myself in the Punjab peasantry for over thirty years—that by the time when Russia will have recovered from the effects of her last war and its domestic consequences, we should be able to put as large an army in the field against her as she is ever likely to move and maintain south of the Oxus, if not in Afghan-Turkestan, certainly cis-Hindu Kush, in which case India's preparedness would be the best possible guarantee for Russia's peacefulness.

From the following statement the fields of enlistment in each part of

the Punjab and the British cantonments within each area of population will be seen at a glance:—

Tribe or Class.	Approximate Numbers (Census of 1901).	Locality of Densest Population.	British Cantonments within the Locality.
Sikhs	2,200,000	Central Plains	Lahore, Amritsar, and Jallunder
Jats (mostly Hindus)	5,000,000	South-East and Mid-Punjab	Ferozepore and Umbala
Rajputs (mixed)	1,800,000	Eastern hills and generally eastern half of the province	Jallunder and Umbala
Punjabis Muslims	3,000,000	Western plains and Salt Range	Rawal Pindi and Multan

Out of the aggregate 12,000,000, the males between twenty and forty years of age would certainly be one in eight, or 1,500,000, from a sixth to a third of whom would probably be keenly eager to serve in the militia. Whether the establishment of an Indian militia on a large scale will be practicable, safe, and a good investment, or the reverse, can only be proved after giving the experiment a fair trial. Personally, I am convinced that it is the only possible form of insurance against invasion, risks, and scares open to us. Some of the grounds for this opinion have already been given.

All interested in India know that the peasant and yeoman proprietary of the Punjab are sturdy, laborious, manly, and very poor; that the land revenue annually collected from each holding does not average more than thirty shillings; and that Government employment in the agriculturists' idle season would be very popular. It may not be so well known that in their villages the soldier is the most honoured, the *muafidar* the most envied of men; the latter term means the holder of a *muafi* or revenue-free parcel of land. If, then, the Government, in addition to paying the militiaman at military rates during his few weeks of annual training, were also to grant him a small *muafi* on all or some of his unmortgaged fields, not only would almost every small farmer volunteer, but the prize of a *muafi* would be a spur to his speedily mastering his drill in cantonment and practising thrift in his village. Once an "effective," four or five weeks' training in each subsequent year would probably suffice to keep him up to standard. As after each course his rifle and uniform—excepting, perhaps, some symbol of his honourable calling to wear on occasion at home—would be kept for him by the military authori-

ties, he would, whilst a civilian, revert to his position in the body politic of unarmed peasant. In the event of being called out to prepare for active service, probably a few months of hard drilling and rifle practice would qualify him for duty on the line of communications; thence, as regiment after regiment approached the standard of the regulars, they would be pushed forward to feed the fighting line.

As regards risk, it is hard to see where the element of possible danger to our security comes in. *Per se* a drilled but unarmed peasant *muafidar* must be a better supporter of order than an ignorant yokel, whose world knowledge only extends to his village boundary. The annual experience of drill in a large cantonment would prove a liberal education for him. After all, too, even were risk possible, it should be faced. There is no alternative. We must safeguard the land approaches to India, and that is impossible unless we can at short notice double our fighting forces in India. As we have not the men or, for that matter, the money to put and keep in the fighting line trans-Indus 100,000 British troops—Lord Roberts demands five times that number—we have no alternative but to use Indians for India's defence.

As regards the value of the investment, the upkeep of a militia force 100,000 strong would be less than that of 20,000 Indian or 8,000 British troops: hence the cost would not be great; moreover, the whole of the money would circulate in the country. The heaviest outlay would occur during the first two years from the date of raising each regiment, as arms, kit, shelter, would all have to be provided, and the period of training would be longer than afterwards. As a small set-off, there would at first be a saving in the recurring item of *muafies* for efficient. Then, too, the scheme would come into full operation very gradually, and would probably be worked out, once the experimental stage was passed and success assured, in such a way that by the time that the initial expenditure of constitution of regimental units had practically ceased to appear in the militia budgets, the complement of strength, whether 100,000 or more, would be reached.

In elaborating the scheme the matter of greatest difficulty would be the provision of British officers. In peace-time probably two per regiment would suffice. If the existing complement with mounted infantry regiments were increased by that number, the Indian army might be drawn upon during the training periods for that purpose. How best to meet the case of a general mobilisation for active service, when hundreds of additional British officers would be required, is a problem of detail to be solved by forethought and expenditure. It would be easy to provide

and distribute them throughout India until the contingency contemplated should arise, but the expense would be considerable and the waste of good material great, as the finding of full peace employment for such large numbers of Englishmen would be hardly practicable. Whatever the ultimate cost of an Indian militia adequate to India's necessities, whether it add 10 per cent. or more to her present military budget, the price paid for insurance would be small.

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A GROUP OF BOOKS ON ORIENTAL SUBJECTS.

"The Philosophy of the Upanishads," by Dr. Deussen, Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6*d.* net ; "Benares, the Sacred City," by E. B. Havell, A. R. C. A., London and Bombay : Blackie and Son, 12s. 6*d.* net ; "Calcutta Past and Present," by Kathleen Blechynden. London, Calcutta and Simla : W. Thacker & Co., 7s. net ; "The High-Road of Empire," by A. H. Hallam Murray. London : John Murray, 21s. net ; "Here and There, Memories Indian and Other," by H. G. Keene, C. I. E. London : Brown Langham & Co., 10s. 6*d.* net ; "Dilys," by F. G. Penny. London : Chatto and Windus, 6s. net ; "Caste and Creed," (new edition) by F. G. Penny. London : Chatto and Windus, 6s. net ; "The Waters of Destruction," by A. Perrin, London : Chatto and Windus, 6s. net.

It would be impossible to over-estimate the value to European students of the religion of India of Dr. Deussen's new work, that has been admirably translated into English by the well-known Wesleyan Minister the Rev. A. S. Geden, who claims for the present edition that it is the first adequate exposition of the Upanishads that has appeared in English. The new volume is the second part of its author's general History of Philosophy, but it is complete in itself and deals exhaustively with a subject of great fascination to the occidental as well as to the oriental mind ; for in the treatises known as the Upanishads, several of which are connected with each of the Vedas, culminates the Indian doctrine of the Universe, so that they are to the Brahman of to-day what the New Testament is to the Christian. In his Introduction, that must be mastered if the arguments of the main body of the book are to be understood, the learned author discusses the meaning of the word Upanishad, which with the majority of oriental scholars he takes to be secret, for the treatises deal with mysteries that it is forbidden to disclose to any but the

very elect; defines the place those treatises take in the literature of the Vedas, and gives a brief summary of their history, tracing it back to a very remote antiquity. Moreover, he explains with remarkable precision what he takes to be the fundamental conception of the Upanishads, which is a kind of dual unity, for he says, "All the thoughts in them move around two fundamental ideas: the Brahman and the Atman, terms which are as a rule employed synonymously, Brahman being the unknown that needs to be explained, Atman the known through which the other unknown find its explanation, Brahman as the first principle so far as it is comprehended in the universe, Atman so far as it is known in the inner self of man." Urging his readers "to hold fast to this distinction of the Brahman as the cosmical principle of the universe and the Atman as the psychical," Dr. Deussen sums up the entire philosophy of the Upanishads in the following pregnant sentence: "That philosophy," he says, "may be expressed by the simple equation: Brahman=Atman, that is to say, the Brahman, the power which presents itself to us materialised in all existing things, which creates, preserves and receives back into itself all worlds, this eternal, infinite, divine power, is identical with the âtman, with that which, after stripping off everything external, we discover in ourselves as our real and most essential being, our individual self, the soul. This identity of the Brahman and the Atman, of God and the Soul, is the fundamental thought of the entire doctrine of the Upanishads."

The deep and special significance, not only for religion in general but for Christianity in particular, of this recognition of the unity of the soul with God, will be seen at once, and Dr. Deussen dwells eloquently on all that it involves, pointing out that with their lofty conception that the supreme function of existence does not consist in the satisfaction of self-interest but in its suppression, the Upanishads are to the Vedas what the New Testament is to the Old. "The New Testament and the Upanishads," he says, "are the two noblest products of the religious consciousness of mankind, and when we sound their deeper meaning, are nowhere found to be in irreconcilable contradiction, but serve in a most attractive manner to elucidate and complete one another." Dr. Deussen claims indeed that the Upanishad teaching, if not actually essential, is of very great value for the full development of Christian consciousness, and after pointing out the inevitable consequences of any attempt to connect the Christian conception of the sole agency of God with the Jewish realism which sets God and man over against each other as two mutually exclusive substances, he makes the suggestive remark: "In this darkness there comes to us light from the East, from India."

It is not necessary here to follow the thoughtful writer in his minute dissection of the religion and philosophy of the Upanishads under the headings of Theology, Cosmology, Psychology and Eschatology, in which the long search for Brahman is related, His essential characteristics and the representations that embody the popular conception of Him are described, the doctrines of maya, transmigration, emancipation, &c., are examined and the practical philosophy of the Upanishads is summed up; but it may be added that it is in the chapters devoted to the consideration of the problems of the soul that Dr. Deussen best shows his sympathy with Indian thought. In them, in spite of the great difficulty of the subject, he never fails to make his meaning clear, but unfalteringly traces step by step the evolution of the many theories respecting the development of the spiritual ego of man.

Although not so abstruse, and appealing therefore to a wider circle of readers than the "Philosophy of the Upanishads," the new volume from the pen of the scholarly Principal of the Calcutta School of Art is far more than a mere popular account of Benares. It is in fact practically a history of the evolution of the two antagonistic religions of Brahminism and Buddhism of which the city, held sacred by the professors of both, was at different times the headquarters, and the numerous illustrations that supplement the text include reproductions of some of the remarkable sculptures discovered at Sarnath in 1904 and 1905, such as those of the broken Asoka column with the lion capital in the Persepolis style and the fine bas-relief of Buddha preaching.

In his opening chapter Mr. Havell dwells enthusiastically on the bright freshness of the early Veda hymns that he says "reflect the joy of a simple pastoral life in the golden age when the children of men played with mother nature in her kindest moods and the earth and the stars sung together." Thence he passes on to note the first inception of the idea of the compelling power of prayer and sacrifice that later became the key-note of Brahminical ritual, and to dwell on the importance in Hindu religious literature of the Brahmanas, embodying the priestly tradition of sacrifice, and the Upanishads, which he defines as the records of debates on metaphysical questions and the theory of sacrificial practice. To illustrate the contents of the latter he quotes several typical tales embodied in them with a few examples of the sententious aphorisms that are the concrete expression of their teaching, such as; the real self is neither born nor dies; only self knows self. The idea of caste is next traced to its original source which the writer says was race protection, and its later developments are described; the great epic poems, the Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyana, are eloquently dwelt upon and

a most vivid word picture is given of the influence they exercise at the present day over the people of Benares. "One cannot be in the city many hours," says Mr. Havell, "without noticing how closely the stories of the Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata are interwoven with Hindu thoughts and fancies. The pilgrims who pass in the boats on the river chant the refrain Rām ! Rām ! Sitā-Rām ! It is echoed by the ash-besmeared Sadhus along the banks and scrawled by schoolboys on the walls, and Sitā, Hanuman, the King of Monkeys, Krishna and the great fights of the Mahābhārata are the subject of innumerable paintings on the walls of temples, monasteries and houses." Benares is indeed a perfect epitome of Indian life, customs and popular beliefs, and it is at the ghāts, or flights of steps leading down to the river that the people are seen at the most representative moments of their existence. Although it was, of course, impossible within the limits of a single volume to describe all the rites and ceremonies observed in the sacred city, Mr. Havell has made a judicious selection of several distinguished by their beauty and religious significance, such as the Diwālī or Feast of Lamps in honour of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Fortune, held at the end of the month of Kartik (October-November), and he passes in rapid review the whole series of Ghāts, from that of Dasāsamedh or the Ten-horse Sacrifice to the one at Barna Sangam, where the Benares river joins the Ganges, giving some of the legends connected with each and describing the different classes of worshippers who frequent them including the Sadhus or mendicant religious devotees, of whom he says there are no less than five millions in India. Mr. Havell dwells much on the fact that Buddhism, in spite of the number of converts made by its great Founder when he came to Benares, failed to take a permanent hold upon the population, who soon reverted to Brahminism, and he concludes his deeply interesting study of a city that is still a stronghold of the ancient faith with a warning to Christians of the uselessness of merely inveighing against Hindu superstition, declaring that what is needed, if the hearts of the people are to be won, is a sympathetic study of Hinduism in all its aspects.

Very different from the old-world Hindu town of Benares is the modernised and anglicised Empire city the history of which is brightly given in her "Calcutta, Past and Present" by Miss Blechynden, who has woven into her narrative many interesting details of the lives of former residents, culled, she explains, from old diaries and other personal records that have been placed at her disposal. The writer has herself lived for many years in Calcutta and is thoroughly familiar with the present aspect of the European quarter, but she unfortunately almost ignores the modern oriental town which, in spite of its squalor, is of no little importance to its

prosperous contemporary. That Calcutta is an English capital, the seat of English statesmanship and a centre of British commerce in India is fully recognised, but there is no adequate description of the working class suburbs where the natives and Chinese ply their handicrafts and trades or of the crowds of Hindu worshippers who daily flock, some of them from far distant districts, to bathe in the Hooghly, which, as a branch of the Ganges, is credited with all the virtues of that venerated river. No account of Calcutta can be considered complete that says nothing of the scenes to be witnessed on Tuesday mornings at the shrine of Kali at Kalighat, where sacrifices are still offered up to the Goddess of Destruction and a typical Hindu crowd assembles to watch the beheading of the kids and lambs that have been first dipped in the muddy river. In spite of these omissions, however, there is much that is interesting in Miss Blechynden's book, and she is to be commended for the care with which the illustrations have been chosen, for they include many plans of the old city and reproductions of monuments and buildings now destroyed.

A truly delightful record of a delightful trip is the "High Road of Empire" of Mr. A. Hallam Murray, who has the rare privilege of combining the gifts of literary and art expression, so that his text with the excellent reproductions of his beautiful water-colour drawings admirably supplement each other. In the latter the many difficulties with which the artist has to contend in tropical countries, of which the brilliant sunshine is perhaps the most serious, have been very successfully dealt with. Mr. Murray's point of view is always well chosen, he knows how to suggest detail without bringing it into too much prominence and to interpret the gorgeous colouring of the East without exaggeration. In his brief preface he defines his aim to have been to recall pleasant memories of the fascinating land of India to those who have already fallen under the spell of its potent charm, and to awaken in the minds of others a determination to become better acquainted with the great Empire the guardianship and prosperity of which are at once the pride and duty of England. The appeal, he adds, "which India makes to us is as many-sided as it is universal"; and he expresses a hope that his book may help "to pave the highway of sympathetic understanding which must unite East and West if we are ever to rule India by the heart."

Beginning with Bombay, the salient characteristics of which are well described, Mr. Murray passes into other important cities of India, including Poona, Bijapur, Allahabad, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, Amritsar and Jodhpur, concluding his deeply interesting narrative, into which he has deftly woven enough of the history of the past to make

the present intelligible, with an account of a visit to Ceylon. The chapters on Benares that is still the heart of Hindustan, on Agra in which the Taj Mahal is most eloquently described, and on Thanesar the cradle of the Hindu race, are perhaps the most interesting, but in each and all will be found proof of the writer's ready sympathy with those with whom he was brought in contact, and his insight into the significance of incidents that many travellers would scarcely have noticed. Apropos of Benares, he says "here above all other places, in this swarming mass of humanity, is one forced to realise the depth and strength of the national life of India, that are not nearly so forcibly brought home to the outsider in Calcutta or Bombay. In this fountain of Hindu fanaticism beats the quick pulse of the people; to this sacred spot from the utmost corners of the land stream, in endless pilgrimage, thousands upon thousands of devout Hindus, who through the narrow alleys and dark passages of the city constantly course along jostling one another in a ceaseless flow, towards the temples, or the sacred river, to drink, or in bathing to wash away their sins, or to die if need be, in the arms of old Ganges, the mother of life."

The Taj Mahal seen for the first time in the gloaming impressed Mr. Murray and his friends almost with awe which seemed to demand that they should take off their shoes and uncover their heads, and the fascination it exercised on him led to his returning to it again and again, but he refrains from any fresh criticism of its architecture or details of ornamentation, though he shows his own æsthetic sense by his evident appreciation of the aim of the designer. Something of the same intuitive sympathy marks the remarks of this cultured writer on the Hindu religion that is so often misunderstood by the occidental student, for in his chapter on Thanesar he says: "Hinduism is a religion of marvellous vitality that has withstood the impact of more than one great faith. Zoroastrianism, Buddhism and Muhammedanism have all made converts but have been powerless to destroy it," and, he adds, laying his finger on its most distinctive quality, "It alters, it endures and it assimilates, but remains at the core untouched." In a word, the "Highway of Empire" is far more than a mere record of travel; it is a work full of valuable information conveyed in a manner likely to aid in drawing closer the bonds of union between rulers and ruled, for it emphasises the idea which is at the root of all successful dominion, that the guiding principle of Imperial rule should be self-sacrifice for the good of the community.

While Mr. Murray's book is thoroughly up-to-date and full of suggestion for the future, Mr. Keene's "Here and There," a collection of memories of his life in India and elsewhere, is retrospective only. Moreover,

it is written entirely from the conservative point of view, and contains no hint of the spirit of change that is at present in the very air not only of the West but of the East, though it is as yet impossible to predict in what direction that change will take place. In a previous volume, "*A Servant of John Company*," the writer criticised many of his contemporaries severely, but in his new book he endorses Sir William Hunter's summary of the main incidents of Lord Dalhousie's rule as "conquest, consolidation and development," and says of Lord Lytton "that in the decorative side of his great office he was impressive and admirable," adding "that the more cultured amongst Anglo-Indians highly relished his mordant humour and affable manners." Perhaps the most interesting chapter of "*Here and There*" is that on the great revolt, for the Mutiny still exercises a wonderful fascination over the imagination; but it seems a pity that Mr. Keene confines himself to generalities, giving no incidents of the terrible time.

Far more vividly than Mr. Keene's scattered *Reminiscences* do the *NOVELS* of Mrs. Penny bring before the reader the romance and glamour of the East, for she is in true touch with them. She writes with a personal knowledge of the scenes she depicts, and she has the imaginative faculty which enables her to suggest where detailed description would be wearisome. In her "*Sanyasi*," already reviewed in this magazine, she seems to have touched her highest point of excellence, but her "*Caste and Creed*" and "*Dilys*," though their plots are far less complicated, are also works of art, their stories of enthralling interest and their settings thoroughly true to life.

In "*Caste and Creed*," of which a new and considerably altered edition has just been published, the heroine is a beautiful Eurasian girl and the conflict in her nature of the characteristics of the East and West are very finely brought out; the author deals with rare tact with one of the most difficult problems with which the Indian Government has to contend, and in the course of her narrative she incidentally brings into strong relief the differences between the Hindu and Christian religions. In the opening scene, in which the Scotch merchant unwittingly accepts his future wife from the native trader instead of the usual gift, the note of tragedy which is to dominate the whole romance is already struck, and the reader is prepared for the complications that are to ensue from the union of typical members of essentially alien races. Zelma is the idol of both parents, who from first to last endeavour to undermine each other's influence, and the development of the girl's character under conditions so conflicting is traced with a masterly hand, the interest culminating when in despair

of help for the dying father from the God of the Christians she goes with her mother to the Hindu temple, only to meet with fresh disappointment.

In "Dilys" Mrs. Penny has chosen a very different theme from that of "Caste and Creed," for the difficulties of her heroine are the result of education only, not of mixed race, and the chief charms of the story are the life-like descriptions of the ways of the Lumbardee gipsies by whom she was brought up and the vivid realisation of the irreconcilable differences between them and their rulers. Dilys is more like the heroine of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels than a 20th century English maiden, but her lover and the minor characters, native, Eurasian and European, who aid in the denouement of her fate, are all evidently drawn from life and are touched off with truly humorous insight into human nature. The description of the interview between the native sisters, one of whom has married an Englishman, the other a fellowcountryman, is especially clever with its significant suggestions of underlying motives, and the scene in the cave when the hero all but loses his life in his obstinate determination to arrest the foster-brother of Dilys is most forcibly realised.

In her "Waters of Destruction" Mrs. Perrin, whose acquaintance with India is as intimate as that of Mrs. Penny, give a very realistic picture of a comparatively little known side of life up-country far from the beaten track, where years are often passed by young Englishmen cut off from all intercourse with their fellow-countrymen. The hero Stephen Dire, an Irrigation officer, is driven by the utter loneliness of his position to form a union with a native girl, to whom he is married by a dying missionary who had come to baptise but was overtaken by cholera before he could do so. With true chivalry Stephen remains true to his wife in spite of all the tragic results of his weakness, coming out of his troubles with a nature refined and ennobled by all he has gone through. The sad awakening from his brief passion, the gradually tightening of the coils that bind him, the tragic death of his little son, the despair of the mother that ends in insanity, the nemesis that overtakes all who in spite of repeated warnings trusted in the security of the viaduct spanning the Waters of Destruction, are graphically brought before the reader, who is, however, wisely left to imagine the happy ending of which no actual hint is given.

NANCY BELL.

Richmond, England.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.*

WE gladly welcome the third edition since 1897 of the Abbé Dubois' great work on "*Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*,"—a book which had remained so many years out of print that it came nine years ago almost as a revelation. Mr. Henry K. Beauchamp, C. I. E., has shown not only diligence, judiciousness and good sense in his editing of the Abbé's text, but, what is equally rare, and from the reader's point of view hardly less important, his translation renders the meaning of the original in good free English. In his preface the Editor says, "With any other people than the Hindus such a work would soon grow out of date; but with them the same ancestral traditions and customs are followed nowadays that were followed hundreds of years ago, at least by the vast majority of the population." We are glad to think, however, that many of the customs recorded in these pages are being gradually pushed into the background of Hindu life and the backwaters of Hindu religion. To this extent, at least, there is growing up a public opinion in India, which none would gainsay—that cruel and disgusting rites can only hide the true inwardness of any religion. In another place, where the Abbé has expatiated at some length on the unholiness of the Brahmin, Mr. Beauchamp remarks that the Brahmin is not so black as Dubois has painted him—which is, perhaps, only confirmation of our remark. Between the Brahmin of a century ago, who naively told the Abbé that the commission of abominable offences was simply a matter of taste, and the Brahmin gentleman of to-day, who assists the Editor in the revision of his proofs, is there not a great gulf fixed? On the whole, we find Dubois a perfectly unbiassed critic. He was a priest and a missionary, and therefore, perhaps, we should receive his strictures on Hinduism, as it appeared to him, with caution; but he was also a Frenchman, and coming to the south of India, where but a few years before his countrymen had striven unsuccessfully for supremacy, we should be equally ready to find a harsh criticism of British dominion in the peninsula. His generous appreciation of British administration, however, in great measure disarms the suspicion of unfairness, while his extraordinary industry in gathering authentic accounts of the life of the Hindus is that of a student zealous for the increase of knowledge—not that of the counsel for the prosecution, who learns no more than will buttress up his case.

In the Abbé's day, as in ours, poverty was the prevailing feature of life in Southern India. He saw little hope of happiness through spiritual

* "*Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*," by the Abbé J. A. Dubois, Translated and Edited by Henry K. Beauchamp, C. I. E., &c. Third Edition. Clarendon Press, Oxford. Six Shillings.

"*Things Indian*," by William Crooke. London: John Murray. Twelve Shillings.

improvement, but he feared woe from worldly impoverishment. As abstemious as a Brahmin, he is as dissatisfied with Indian food as an epicure, and he has no remedy to suggest for a lack of energy in the people which seems to arise from the poverty of the soil itself. The Editor remarks of the supine acceptance of misfortune which the Abbé deplotes, that it may be due rather to the doctrine of Kismet—is it not equally possible that the doctrine of Kismet arises out of the necessity for giving a reason for constitutional apathy?

Even the industrious Abbé Dubois could only record a certain number of observations, while the items of interest peculiarly Indian would fill a larger cyclopædia than has yet been compiled. A useful contribution towards this hypothetical work is "Things Indian," by William Crooke, late of the Bengal Civil Service. In a hundred and fifty-five articles conveniently arranged alphabetically, the author discusses all things from *Mah* to *Muhi*. They are partly the fruits of a course of reading which the author undertook in the preparation of a new edition of Sir H. Yule and Mr. Burnell's "Anglo-Indian Glossary," and are in some cases items to be found already in that work, treated now in more detail; in other instances they are entirely new; but new or old, they are all interesting. The difficult subject of "Eurasians" for instance, could hardly be treated more comprehensively in five pages, though the reader to whom India is an unknown land is still likely to be left, as heretofore, with a very imperfect comprehension of the social status and condition of those who, on the more fortunate side, "melt quickly" into the white race, and "record themselves in the Census returns as Europeans—Scotch or Irish by preference" On the subject of the "Barrasaul guns" Mr. Crooke cannot enlighten us, and unless science comes to his rescue, we shall probably have a brand-new legend in the near future that they are the echoes of that "bloody business at Barisal" which is even yet agitating the Bengal press. The account of Medicine in India is more entertaining to the reader than its practice could possibly have been to the victims of this fearsome art. After discussing the shortcomings of the Hakim, the author goes on, "The Hindu Baid is, if possible, a more incompetent practitioner," and yet we are told also that "Medicine is to the Hindu a divine revelation." There is something that needs mending here. But we might go on through the whole 155 articles in this manner. It is sufficient to say here that the whole book is well written and scholarly, and each article has at the end a short bibliography from which the reader will be able to learn more should he desire to deepen a superficial knowledge.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Ascent of India. Sympathy makes us grateful : respect makes us proud. Sympathy does credit to those from whom it proceeds : respect adds to the self-satisfaction of those to whom it is accorded. A people would, therefore, prefer to be in a position where it is respected, instead of being treated with mere sympathy. Shortly after he came to the India Office Mr. Morley acknowledged that India was not a barbarous country, but had an ancient civilisation, and the people of this ancient and renowned part of the civilised world ought, therefore, to be spoken of with the respect that was due to them. Latterly, impressed by the high-handedness and want of regard for the feelings of the subject population with which the government of this country is sometimes apt to be carried on, he has spoken much of sympathy ; and at the Royal Asiatic Society he congratulated an oriental scholar on the spirit of sympathy with which he had treated the writings of a Shaiva saint. India would be pleased to have both sympathy and respect—sympathy in practical administration, because the people have no effective voice in the government of their country, and respect, because all men desire it, and especially those who have had a distinguished past. A recent writer on India, who had accompanied the Prince of Wales, closes his impressions of this country and its people with the remark that the Indian civilisation shows signs of decrepitude and that we may, therefore, be excused for feeding upon hopes of a glorious future. This concession is good-natured and sympathetic, but it does not fill us with pride. We should like to cross-examine the historian who has arrived at the conclusion that the latter day history of India has been one of decline, and not of ascent, and we should like to find out the nature of the decline and its exact significance.

For those who follow Spencer in his application of biological laws to society would behold in our alleged decline the prophetic handwriting on the wall, and gloomily forebode death as a natural consequence and goal of decay. While in a general way every student of history knows that civilisations have flourished and civilisations have decayed, as if they were living organisms, the science of social evolution has not attained anything like exactitude. Deferring to the judgment of theorists, in so far as they inculcate a general correspondence between the life of an organism and of a society, how are we to apply the theory to India? In the first place, we have to notice that the Indian population is not made up of one race. If the history of one race is believed to indicate that that race has exhausted its vitality, there may be other races within the four corners of India, who have still to play their part on the stage of the world's history, and who are as yet only in the green room. When we speak of the ancient Indian civilisation, we speak of a civilisation which flourished on the banks of the Indus and in the valley of the Upper Ganges. It was the work mainly of the Indo-Aryans, to which other races, too, contributed in a certain measure, but not in such measure that we should necessarily read in its progress and decline the intellectual history of any other race. In Bengal we have the Mongolo-Dravidian race, as Mr. Risley calls it; in Western India the Scythian; in Southern India the Dravidian. Are these races also worked out, and, if so, why? The Bengalis may have unexhausted stores of vitality in them, and may possibly have a bright future before them. A great Empire, identified with Buddhism, rose and fell at Patna. But, in the first place, Buddhism was not a distinct "organism" from the systems of philosophy and civic life which had prevailed before; and secondly, while the seat of the Empire founded, or rather consolidated, by Chandragupta and Asoka was as far east as Patna, the history of the races in the valley of the Brahmaputra and of Lower Ganges was not bound up with the vicissitudes of that Empire. It is generally believed that the star of India set about the time when the followers of Islam appeared on the banks of the Indus. But the rise of the Mahrattas, synchronously with the beginning of the decline of the Mughals, and the subsequent history of the Empire among the Scythians of Western India, as Mr. Risley would perhaps call them,

throw considerable doubts upon the usual theory that the "Indian" civilisation had its day, and the people of India had attained to the full measure of their growth before the Muhammadans conquered them. The Mahrattas did not, indeed, found a distinct type of civilisation, and even the Southern Dravidians bowed before the superior civilisation of Northern India. But the intellectual conquest of Rome by Greece was not a consequence of the degeneracy and loss of vitality of the Romans. The Mahratta Empire lasted for a comparatively short time, but its history makes us pause before accepting the pessimistic conclusion that India, as a whole, had attained its senility when the Crescent was unfurled in the land of the Five Rivers. It is said that all races, hailing from more robust climes, degenerate when they settle down in the enervating plains of India. Physically this may be true. But, how far, if at all, it is true intellectually, remains yet to be proved.

Comparing the different periods of Indian history with one another, apart from racial considerations, are we quite sure that the people have retrograded all along the line? Can such be the uniform verdict of the theologian and the moralist, the artist and the man of letters? There might not have been temples and idols in ancient India, but from the Indian standpoint itself a difference in the nature of the visible object set up for veneration does not make much difference in the value of the worship offered, or of its effect on the heart and mind of the worshipper. We cannot enter upon the delicate task of comparing the popular creeds of modern India with those of ancient India, but two points would be worthy of special notice in such a comparison. In the first place, when we speak of modern Hinduism, we include among Hindus animists and a number of tribes and communities whose existence is totally ignored when we speak of the religion of ancient India. If the Khonds were offering human sacrifices until the British Government stopped the practice, there is nothing to show that such practices were unknown from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin three or four thousand years ago. All evidence points to a contrary conclusion. There is proof of the highest kind to show that belief in magic and sorcery is as old as the period to which the history of human beliefs in India carries us. Human ignorance and human fears can boast of a very long ancestry, and in making a comparison between ancient and modern India we have to

remember that ancient India was no more homogeneous than is modern India. Secondly, it will perhaps be generally admitted that there has been an increasing tendency in India to bring down the Unseen Powers of the Universe from the clouds into the heart of man. The contemplation of external Nature and the Powers behind it gives a healthy tone to the mind, while the turning of the search-light into the human heart, with all its imperfections, is apt to engender a kind of morbid pessimism, from which have developed certain undesirable institutions and ways of looking at human propensities and even divine proclivities. Making allowances for these pit-falls, and the descent of some people into them, can it be said that the lyric element which has gone on deepening in the mind and the utterances of the Hindu devotee is itself a symptom of degeneracy? If a thousand years hence our modern sacred literature were to be compared with ancient literature, can we believe that the latter would be pronounced to be richer in devotional spirit, or purer and more elevating in tone than the former? Can it be believed that Goutama Buddha's reformation was a wanton attack on the innocent and faultless practices of his time, or that his reformation has had no permanent beneficial effects on the intellectual and moral advancement of India? Certain good things might have been dropped in the march forward, but if we take the same geographical area and the same ethnical entities for the purpose of comparison, it will perhaps be found that on the whole the religious history of the people of India has been one of progressive evolution, rather than of degeneracy. Modern India has retained the best philosophy of ancient times. It is not, therefore, easy to say with what intellectual products the moderns would have provided themselves if they had not inherited the priceless legacy. Such speculations must necessarily be idle. If we compare the intellectual power of the latter day teachers, like Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhva, with that of the authors of the earlier philosophical works of India, we are not sure that we must arrive at the conclusion that the people of this country have lost their stores of intellectual energy and vitality. If such a conclusion must be drawn in India, it must be drawn in almost every country in the world. England has produced only one Shakespeare, one Bacon, one Jeremy Taylor and one John Bunyan. India has produced one Buddha, one Mahavira, one Nagar-

juna, one Sankara The so-called degenerate days of India produced a Nanak and a Tukaram, a Kabir and a Chaitanya. Their works need hardly fear comparison with similar productions of earlier ages.

Have we any means of comparing the character of the people of modern India with that of their ancestors? If the ancients solemnly laid down the injunction, "Speak the truth," the moderns have not laid down otherwise. If the character of a nation depends upon its surroundings, especially its political liberty or subjection, have we any reasons to suppose that there was more of oppression and injustice in latter-day India than in early times? Lord Curzon's remarks on truthfulness elicited a large number of quotations from Sanskrit works. An equally large number might be adduced from the vernacular productions of a more recent date. A Mahrati poet, for example, sings :—

Truth is our Duty, truth our regular observance, truth only has the name of God constantly on the lips. Truth ensures devotion, truth obtains peace, by the side of truth stands salvation. Truth is the true austerity, truth the true prayer, truth is the real nature of service. Truth is courage, truth is the family rite, truth is the essence of wisdom.

As our comparison must necessarily depend upon isolated recorded examples of heroism, loyalty and other virtues, it may be mentioned that in latter-day India trusted and faithful ministers and soldiers sometimes vowed that they would not only lay down their lives for their royal masters in war, but they would immolate themselves and follow the kings to the other world even when they died a natural death ; and there are epigraphical records to show that the vows were kept. The immolation of widows, sometimes voluntary and sometimes otherwise, was a cruel and barbarous practice. But where it was voluntary, the courage and disregard of life could not be denied, and for our present purpose it may be mentioned how the Mahratta ballad-singer even now recites with admiration the heroic deed of so great a lady as the widow of Madhavrao Peishwa :—

Then, while all the people held their breath,
She mounted on the stone of death,
And clapped her hands: the signal given,
Fierce rushed the roaring fire to heaven,
And forth her spirit soared.

While some would attribute the real or supposed degeneracy to

climate; others would ascribe it to social customs, especially the seclusion of women and early marriage. Materials for comparison are not as ample as one could wish, and it may be doubted whether we always make a fair and impartial use of the materials that are available. Visvavara was perhaps a gifted lady : otherwise a hymn attributed to her could not have been preserved in the Vedas. But one fails to see how Mira Bai was inferior to her. Let the compositions of the two ladies be compared. If Maitrayani held discussions in Janaka's court, so did a learned lady in the court of a Mysore Raja, and perhaps of other Hindu kings in recent times. About the culture of the generality of women in ancient times our knowledge is just little enough to be misleading. Yajnavalkya had another wife, besides Maitrayani, of whom it is recorded that she had "only such knowledge as women generally possess." In a very old Sacred Book of India it is written that "women are to this day given to vain things : to him who dances and sings they most readily take a fancy." The same Brahmana, while acknowledging that woman is one-half of man, quotes Yajnavalkya to the effect that whenever women eat, they do so apart from men ; and it lays down that a husband should not eat in the presence of his wife. The rights of women have improved since the days of the Smritis in some respects, at least in Western and Southern India ; and though the age of marriage has been lowered, the ideal of marriage has not deteriorated. It has certainly gained in refinement since the days of Niyoga. The zenana, which has during recent centuries been so largely adopted in Northern India, is in certain respects a blighting institution. But the achievements of the Brahmo and Native Christian ladies in the provinces where the zenana prevails must remove all apprehensions regarding the permanent effects of the system on the national mind. The great blot on modern Indian sociology is the hurry in which boys and girls are introduced into the matrimonial state. The effect that this change has had upon the physical and moral stamina of the particular communities which have deteriorated in this respect cannot be easily estimated. Intellectually, somehow, the "baby-born" communities have held their own against other communities ; one reason, perhaps, is that boys and girls do not always remain such, and they make larger contributions to the race when they are sufficiently grown up than when they are too young. *Hence the effect on a

whole community may not be very perceptible, and its accumulation may take a long time. When the evil disappears, as we have no doubt it slowly will, it will perhaps be found that the communities which have been suffering from it have recovered such vitality as they would have otherwise possessed. As we cross-examine the theorist about national decay, and as we discuss the effect of female ignorance and early marriage on the physique and mind of a race, we are reminded of the interesting circumstance acknowledged by Socrates in the famous Symposium recorded by Plato, that it was a woman who taught that great teacher the duty of admitting one's ignorance when one does not know.

The golden age is always in the past. That the Indian people, their morals and their physique, have been decaying is a tradition which has been for centuries recorded in Hindu literature. A great Indian scholar once said that these pessimistic wailings must have originated after the Muhammadan conquest. We can, however, trace them to periods much earlier. The Brahmins may imagine that it was the success of the heretical Buddhists and Jains that made their ancestors pessimistic. This pessimism, however, was not confined to Brahmins: it is found in Buddhist works as well. Long ago the Buddhists wrote that the King of Kosala once dreamt a dream in which he saw sixteen visions; in one of which "tiny trees and shrubs burst through the soil; and when they had grown scarce a span or two high, they flowered and bore fruit." This was interpreted to mean that in times to come "the passions of men will be strong; quite young girls shall go to live with men, and they shall conceive and bear children." Indeed Buddha himself is represented as having preached to the Brahmins of his time that they were a degenerate race, that their ancestors shunned delights and lived laborious days, and hence they were "graceful, large and handsome." Subsequently they coveted the wealth and women of the Kshatriyas, and begged from the rich secular rulers their chariots and their horses, their jewels and their women-slaves. So, the true custodians of Dharma having degenerated, every caste coveted the riches of every other caste: discord began and men were given up to sensual pleasures. These explanations of degeneracy are interesting, for the modern, historian, too, ascribes a similar cause—prosperity and the love of pleasure—to the decline and fall of the ancient civilisations

in Europe and in Western Asia. What we have to notice is that if the Indian traditional accounts are to be credited, the decay began even before the time of Goutama Buddha, which in many respects is regarded as the golden age of India by modern scholars. The moralist has reasons to say that the ruder times are the more virtuous, and that civilisation weakens the moral fibre of man and sows seeds of decay. But it is always difficult to discern the kind of civilisation and prosperity that is to be avoided—if it can be avoided—until after the decay has perceptibly set in. And it is not certain that a recovery from apparent decay at a given time is impossible.

Whatever may be said of the physical and moral decline of the founders of the Aryan civilisation in India, the industrial arts, as far as their history is known to us, flourished in times when the moralists had already begun to deplore the degeneracy of the race. The most stupendous and the most admired architectural monuments of India belong to a period when the Brahman bemoaned the decline of his Dharma. And although the Muhammadan conquest might have given a check to the multiplication of temples, the Muhammadans did not allow the art of building to be forgotten. The Taj came into existence in Muhammadan times, though architects from beyond the borders of India might have taken part in its construction. The Dacca muslins and the Kashmir shawls were all the products of a late age. Indeed, if the Muhammadan side of the case were to be represented by a scholar like Mr. Amir Ali, for example, we might be led to question whether the Moslem rulers were in any way responsible for the decay of Indian civilisation, so far at least as its industrial side is concerned. If the decay is of a doubtful character, and if the retrogression cannot be shown to have affected the deeper currents of national life, the hope of a brighter future need not be treated with contempt even by the biological sociologist. Before the historian commiserates the modern Indian, let him make sure of his facts and understand their true significance.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE House of Commons has passed a Resolution declaring our opium traffic with China to be immoral, and recommending that early steps should be taken to put an end to it. From the stand-point of the people of India it is observable that the general policy of one nation compelling another to admit within its country what the former has to sell, is not condemned. On the contrary the mover of the Resolution suggested that while sacrificing the revenue of the Indian Government, some favourable terms in lieu thereof might by negotiations be secured for the legitimate trade of the Empire with China. The House was not oppressed by any doubts of international morality, but by the havoc wrought by the individual vice of the Chinese. Mr. Morley has read that the effects of opium-smoking are dreadful : we have read equally harrowing accounts of the misery caused by drunkenness in England. Is it the traffic in opium that is immoral, or the production of opium and making it available for sale ? There is apparently nothing immoral in omitting to put a stop to the production and sale of intoxicating liquors in England. Mr. Morley explained that the action of the Government in the production of the drug was of a restrictive character. The immorality would appear to consist neither in mere compulsion—for you may compel the Chinese to buy Lancashire cloth—nor in the mere production of a harmful article of consumption, but in compelling the Chinese to admit into their country a harmful drug. If the Chinese Government be not anxious to suppress the habit of opium-smoking, but only desirous of shutting out the foreign drug, to provide the supply locally, would the compulsion to accord an equal treatment to the foreign and the native drug, with liberty to discourage the use of both, be immoral—at least more so than a similar compulsion with regard to any other article ? Mr. Morley apparently thinks that there is nothing particularly immoral in such a bargain, for he argued that there is no evidence to show that the Chinese Government was anxious to put down the habit. And yet he assented to the Resolution. This has naturally created some amount of perplexity in India. Mr. Morley seems to have acquiesced in the Resolution,

so far as it went, because it committed him to nothing very definite to be done within any definite period of time. He practically made the House understand that nothing would be done until the British representative in China was consulted, and some agreement was effected with the Chinese Government, if it intended in good faith to suppress the evil. How do the matters stand now? Under treaty obligations China cannot impose more than 30 taels per chest as import duty without the consent of the British Government. The rules made under the Treaty of Tientsin provided that the provincial Governments might levy any amount they chose as transit dues. The Chinese Government seems to have found it inconvenient to levy the transit dues in the interior. After prolonged negotiations between the two Governments, the Chefoo Convention provided that the *likin* might be collected at the port, in addition to the import duty, but it was not to exceed 70 taels per chest; while at the place of consumption any additional taxes might be levied at the discretion of the provincial Governments, provided that the foreign drug was not made to pay anything which the native drug did not pay. Attempts have been made by the provincial Governments to levy heavy taxes on opium in the interior; whether the object was to suppress the vice or obtain more revenue, is not clear. But the attempts have been resisted by the people. It will perhaps be easier to increase the collections at the port, but if simultaneously nothing is done to restrict the production of the native drug, it will be clear that the object of raising the duty on foreign opium is not to put down the vice, but to favour the local producers. Every Government may have such a right, but the exercise of a right to favour a native product, as against its foreign rival, is quite a different matter from the suppression of opium-smoking. If the British Government does not look at the question from the standpoint of international equity, there is no reason why the Indian Government should be deprived of its revenue by any artificial or arbitrary methods, because opium is a harmful drug. The opium revenue is in any case doomed. For China has begun to grow her own opium; its quality is improving and it will drive out the foreign drug in course of time. Where is the morality of making a virtue of necessity, of shaking the sands of a doomed revenue, and perhaps obtaining more valuable concessions instead?



In the course of the debate on opium traffic Sir Henry Cotton told the House that the people of India would gladly abandon the three millions sterling of the revenue derived from that source, if a corresponding saving were effected by a reduction of the military expenditure. Dr. Rutherford also stated that several leaders of Native opinion, consulted by him, were of a similar opinion. Mr. Morley,

on the other hand, assumed that the people of India would not willingly forego the revenue, and certainly Mr. Morley will be found to be right, if any public inquiry is instituted. The National Congress has never condemned the opium trade, and no Indian publicist has openly expressed the certainty of his delight if the revenue were to be sacrificed. Indeed taxpayers in any country would understand why if the military expenditure were reduced, we here would like some other tax, which we ourselves pay, to be reduced. Whether the House believed that Mr. Morley's statement or Sir Henry Cotton's was more in accordance with the probabilities of the case, it will perhaps be admitted on all hands that the absence of any machinery for ascertaining what the people of India think on any subject is one of the remarkable features of the constitutional position of India. It is true enough, as the Secretary of State said at the Royal Asiatic Society, that if there are educated men in India who discuss the politics and philosophy of Europe as well as any Englishman, there are also tribes scarcely more advanced than the tribes of Central Africa. But evidently the opinion of some tens of thousands, obtained in an open regular manner, is better than no opinion similarly obtained. There can be nothing like a unanimous opinion on important public questions either in England or in India. If proof of this simple truth were needed, one might quote what happened at the last Madras Provincial Conference. The Subjects Committee, by a majority, put forward a Resolution recommending that the local Legislative Council should be so expanded as to provide for one elected member for each district. Opinions were found to be sharply divided on this subject: the dissentients pointed out that the Government must always have a majority in the Legislative Councils, and if we ask for such a large number of elected members that the Government cannot conveniently appoint the required number of officials to have a preponderance as against the non-official element, the whole proposal runs the risk of being rejected as impracticable. Consequently one party proposed a more modest proportion of elected members. The National Congress does not think it necessary to provide for a Government majority, and would give the veto to the head of the Government to be exercised if necessary, in the event of a defeat of his Council. The Resolution was at last passed, in order to avoid a possible danger of weakening the hands of the friends of the Congress in Parliament, who, it seems, are sanguine about getting everything they want. If the proceedings of the Congress admitted discussions—these differences of opinion might come to the surface. It can hardly be believed that the country gains by their suppression.



Is there any prospect of the military expenditure being reduced in India? We have yet to know how Mr. Haldane's reforms will

affect the portion of the British Army which serves in India. H. E. the Viceroy has expressed the opinion that the recent reverses, instead of crushing the military ambition of a spirited nation like Russia, may rather be expected to have stimulated a desire to retrieve the lost reputation. Looking to the internal condition of India, although there is profound peace in the land, the European community may well discern symptoms of a state of things which cannot be described as one of progressive security. Grown-up men nowadays have generally enough of useful and paying work to do, and they will not, as a rule, parade streets with bamboo sticks in their hands and Sivaji pagris on their heads. All this kind of patriotism is left mostly to schoolboys. Yet we can quite understand the Government attaching some amount of importance to the gospel of force that is now and then preached, and it may well discount the professions of an efficient and devoted attachment, which may safely be relied on both in the case of internal and external trouble. However, we hope against hope that the army will be reduced.

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THE IDEAL, THE REAL, AND THE ACTUAL.

I

THE REALITY OF THE IDEAL.

THESE two expressions, real and ideal, are common enough. We constantly hear people speak of a good or a bad ideal, an impossible ideal, or use some such phrase as "It's all very well in the ideal, but we have to do with reality and must come down to hard facts."

Such a way of speaking gives the impression that the ideal is opposed to facts, is something vague, shadowy, and distant, and the real something definite, tangible and present; that—to use a homely illustration—ideals are castles in the air, and realities good substantial brick and stone houses.

This popular notion throws rather an opprobrium upon the ideal, making it synonymous with the unpractical, and it is not at all uncommon to hear the term "idealist" used when what is meant is a day-dreamer, a man wanting in appreciation of the ordinary facts of ordinary life. That there are unpractical persons we all know, but they are not necessarily idealists. Indeed, our present considerations will rather tend to show that practical life would come to a stand altogether, were it not for ideals and idealists.

The tendency of common sense is to regard the ideal as having no existence except in the mind of the person or persons who think about it. The real, on the other hand, is there anyhow, whether people think about it or not, and is consequently far more important and interesting to all who wish to live rather than dream. This is a very plausible, and apparently a very sensible, way of putting things, but doubt arises as to whether it is so satisfactory as it seems, directly we reflect on the great number of things that have existed in some mind or other, perhaps more than one, before they ever became or

could become what we call realities. From a child's plaything to the policy of a great nation producing world-wide effects, it may in sober truth be said that it existed in thought before it ever existed in fact. But to exist in thought is characteristic of the ideal ; to exist in fact is what is popularly called the real. Since, then, the real depends upon the ideal for coming into being at all, it seems as though the ideal must certainly have some better account to give of itself than the vague and shadowy existence which is all that many people would award it. And indeed, we need not go far to find this notion very decidedly qualified. Thus, in ordinary books and conversation, a distinction is made between "vague" and "definite," "low" and "high," and even between "practical" and "unpractical" ideals, clearly indicating that common sense itself does not relegate all ideals to the realm of dreams.

If, for a moment, we substitute the word *aim* for ideal, light is thrown on our considerations. An aim, though until attained it can only exist in mind, is nevertheless a very real thing. The aim of a soldier, of a statesman, of a man of business is his lodestar ; it is what he wants to do or get done, to make as much of a fact to other people as it always is to him. It means to him at once something to strive for and the act of striving ; and no one, however practical and however full of common sense he might be, would think of denying the reality of aims. A practical ideal is an aim ; it is something more as we shall find later on, but it is always this, and therefore it always entails the doing of work. A true idealist is not one who soothes or amuses himself by dreaming of what might be, but one who directs his whole energy towards bringing the might-be out of the realm of the possible into that of the actual.

It will be noticed that in the foregoing sentence, the terms *possible* and *actual* have been used instead (as it may seem at first sight) of those hitherto employed, the ideal and the real. But it is not instead. The possible is not synonymous with the ideal nor the actual with the real. Upon the first of these assertions it is hardly necessary to insist. We all know that there may be impossible ideals, ideals which, owing to the conditions of human life or of the universe at large, could not become facts, and later on we shall have occasion to consider what constitutes the possibility or impossibility of an ideal, and whether all so-called impossible ideals deserve the

name. For the moment, however, it is of more importance to dwell upon the difference between the *actual* and the *real*, because popularly these are too often regarded as synonymous, and in consequence many grave practical mistakes are made—chiefly perhaps in education.

It is a fairly common experience to find an acquaintance, perhaps even an intimate friend, showing himself under stress of circumstances in a quite novel light, rising to heights of fortitude and self-forgetfulness which we should never have expected of him, or sinking into a moral degradation which in his case we had not deemed possible. The stress passes, normal conditions return, our friend appears what he was before—but to us he is not the same. A revelation of the real man has been made, so different from the man as he actually appeared—nay, does not appear to us—that we can never forget it, never, even in the moments when he seems most unlike it, lose the impression: “Not this, but that is what the man really is.”

An experience quite as common, sometimes very painful, sometimes very exalting, is the revelation which a sudden stress or emergency may make to us, not of others, but of *ourselves*. Awful heights and depths of our nature are thus unveiled. Afterwards we say in wonder, perhaps in horror, “Was that *myself*? Could *I* have harboured such a desire, committed myself to such a line of conduct?” Or it may be that the sudden call has brought out higher moral or spiritual capacity than we had dared to think ours, and then in awe and thankfulness we feel that a glimpse has been afforded of what, by God’s help, and strenuous effort on our own part, it is “in us” to be. In either case, whether the flash of insight has been into the heights or depths or both of our complex nature, we are vividly and enduringly impressed with the conviction that at such moments we come into closer touch with the reality of ourselves than at any others. “This,” we feel, “is my true self, though it may not be what I actually am at the present moment.”

It is owing to this recognition, sometimes unconscious, of a more real self in us and in others than is usually shown, that there is any significance in such expressions as “Be true to yourself,” “Cultivate your higher self,” “Strive to touch (or to bring out) the best self in him.” In all such precepts there is a tacit assumption that the “real” self is something greater, better; more what ought to be

than the actual self, the self which is usually apparent, by which we ordinarily judge and are judged. If we are anxious that this better, higher self should become the actual self, we make it our aim. We strive with purpose and resolution to "live up" to it. We foster all that seems to give it practical power. As we do this, we find that fresh and fresh possibilities open out before us. We constantly see more of what the real self might be, of what is in us and in others to attain. And still as we press on, further capacities appear, new heights rise up to be scaled, new victories reveal new regions to conquer. All this is fairly familiar experience. It means that those flashes of insight which, as we say, show us our "real" selves, show us also our ideal selves, to which, as it seems, we can never attain, never bring into the realm of the actual. We behold our ideal, but it always eludes us. We do not grasp it or give it expression, save very partially, in our lives.

The question then faces us, can it be expressed? If not, what, after all, is its practical importance? How can we understand it, make it our own?

It may at first sight seem a paradox to say that nothing which is most our own, closest, deepest, truest, can be adequately expressed. It is not that we know it too little, but that we know it too well.

In a beautiful landscape or a beautiful picture, that which appeals to us most defies expression in words. When we have described accurately all that we see, and, so far as we can, the effect it produces on us, there remains something indescribable, something which, so far from our feeling it on that account to be unreal, is the very inmost reality and soul of what we are gazing at. Still more is this the case if we desire to express to ourselves or others the personality of a friend. His outward aspect, his features, gait, tricks of gesture and language, all these as well as his traits of character, likings, dislikings, good and bad qualities, we can describe minutely, and when we have done our utmost, something has still eluded our definition, and that the very thing we have been striving to delineate—our friend's self. The living inmost essence of him—that which, because in some mysterious way we are in touch with it, singles him out for us from the crowd of other human beings, makes him, in fact, our friend—is impalpable, and undefinable. It cannot be put into words or symbols; yet it is the

very truth of his being, that which in thinking of our friend is immediately present to us.

Consider now our own personality, that with which beyond all we are familiar. It is known to us as nothing else can by any possibility be known. In what terms can we express it? Can we put our self into words or symbols? Is there anything in heaven or earth to which we can liken it? There is nothing. That inmost reality is grasped by our reason at first hand; it is not mediated in any way whatever.

In every instance that has been given, then, we find the inmost reality of things to be that which escapes definition. All attempts to express it take something from it; prescribe limits within which it cannot be contained. We strive to impose boundaries upon it, but it transcends them all.

Let us turn now to another thought, equally familiar, and yet constantly overlooked. One great trait marks the progress of thought down the ages, stamps with its own peculiar signet all the mental work of mankind. It is the effort to get at *the meaning of things*; at the meaning of life, of death, of natural phenomena, of religion, of history, of good and evil, of the power of thought itself. Even where the question is not in some form or other actually posed, it is yet implicitly present, even in those scientific researches where the immediate object is to collate facts, not to penetrate beneath them. No branch of science progresses without a theory, even though that theory may be defective, actually false in the light of the further knowledge it has conduced to win; for a string of facts without a connecting theory is also without coherence or vitality, to most minds without interest. But what is theory if not the attempt to give significance to the facts observed?

If we turn from science to other regions of experience, the quest of meaning becomes more pronounced and universal. What is the meaning of this world in which we live? Of its beauty, its ugliness, its variety, its profusion of life, its changeful experiences, its subjection to death, its wonderful order, its apparently still more wonderful inconsequence? What more especially is the meaning of man and man's experience, of his extraordinary possibilities of good and evil, of his brief life with its hand-to-hand struggle against a

seemingly inexorable fate ; its at best partial fulfilment of individual promise, its too frequent waste of power and opportunity ?

We know well that there have been, and there are, thinkers who declare that all this either has no meaning, or that if it has, there is no possibility of penetrating it. Yet, even these persons belie their own belief by the strenuous efforts they make to persuade others that the meaning of all things is meaninglessness. They do not often succeed, for deep in man's complex nature is seated a conviction exactly opposite, namely, that a meaning exists and is discoverable, nay, more than this, that the meaning somehow and somehow is, or at any rate ought to be, *good*.

The present writer remembers reading some years ago a novel whose name she has forgotten, but which described with vividness and power, the bringing up of a young girl in America on completely Agnostic principles. The time came when she found them insufficient and had nothing to take their place. Then came a wonderful experience, to which all, unconsciously to herself, her surroundings and mental discipline had led up. At a moment of perplexity, uncertainty and anguish, there was borne upon her the conviction that her experience was not for nothing, that life and death and the great universe itself had a meaning, a meaning which she did not know, but in which she shared. At once the worst of her suffering was over. She could bear anything now because of the intense reality and power which this conviction of a meaning put into her life.

Until some such experience as this has touched us, we are all more or less in the position of Agnostics, whether we acquiesce in the name or not. The moment when, for the first time, we do indeed realise (in whatever form the conviction takes shape) that the universe "means intensely and (despite all appearances) means well," is the turning point of our lives, the new birth of our spiritual powers, our first dim perception of the *reality of the Ideal*.

For now putting together the two thoughts which have consecutively occupied us, the thought that the deepest reality in all things is beyond expression, and the thought that all things have a meaning, we draw near to perceiving that the reality of our lives and the universe is no other than the Ideal. The Ideal it is which flashes upon us in nature, in art, in the face of a friend, in our own person-

ality, which can never be adequately expressed, just because it is more *real* than any expression we can make or find, which is in fact the *meaning* of ourselves and of all things. Putting the matter in this way, it becomes apparent that the relation of man and of the ~~universe~~ to the Ideal is the closest and most intimate relation that can exist, and that to be conscious of it so that we may regulate our lives accordingly, is a matter of the highest practical importance. So far from being dreamers unless we neglect the Ideal, we are dreamers if we do neglect it. Our object will now be to describe as exactly as may be the relation between the Ideal, its perfect presentment—the Real, and its imperfect presentment—the Actual.

II.

THE RELATION OF THE IDEAL TO THE REAL AND THE ACTUAL.

It will not be necessary to say very much with regard to the first relation, viz., that which exists between the Ideal and the Real, for the last considerations we have dwelt on show clearly—indeed, the conclusion has already been put into words—that the Real is the full, complete, and adequate expression of the Ideal, its embodiment, so to speak. Thus the Real is dependent upon the Ideal; the latter is the moulding power, the former the presentment which results. We might in fact say of this relation what Spenser said of that between soul and body:

- For of the soul the body form doth take,
For Soul is form and doth the body make.

But, as has already been indicated, this perfect presentment of the Ideal by the Real is a thing unknown in human experience. Illustrations of this truth abound. They may be drawn at random from any region of human activity. The artist who is "worth his salt" is never satisfied with his picture, never feels that it is all it might be, all he intended it to be. When his work is praised, as often as not, he expresses his dissatisfaction in the words: "Yes, it's all very well in its way, but not the real thing." The same is true of the musical composer, the poet, the statesman, even of the parent, and in each case, most especially in the last, the sad note of human limitation is often made sadder by the use of the past tense, and we say not "might be," but "*might have been*."

What is the reason of this universal disappointment? Nothing

but the equally universal consciousness that despite every effort the Ideal is still unattained. The artist and the poet have a mental vision of their subject which is incomparably superior to anything they have put or can put on canvas or in words. What they have expressed is indeed beautiful, but what they meant to express far exceeds it. The parent loves his child intensely; feels towards him as he could towards no other; yet all the possibilities of the child's own nature do not seem to him fulfilled, nor the relation between them to achieve the perfection of which it is capable. The father has a thought of his child and of filial and paternal relationship which is better than the actual. The picture, the poem, the relationship—none of them fully achieves all that could have been achieved. They have not attained to the highest, they, as we say, fall short of the Ideal.

So far as we human beings are concerned, the same is true of the whole Natural Order. We have our thought of what it ought to be, and it does not come up to that thought. There are blemishes, there are flaws and failures; there is disease, sin, death. Is it indeed a Divine Universe? Can God be satisfied with this? If His Ideal in creation is a perfect Ideal, why does not the universe express it?

Before attempting to enter upon this question we must consider a little more in detail the relation which human ideals hold to human activity.

In referring to the artist and his picture, we have hitherto assumed that the artist was what we call "great"; that he sees more, and more deeply than the general run of mankind. To such a man, we have said, his work is not wholly satisfactory, because it does not to the full express his meaning. But now let us consider what would result if his meaning were something different; not so full, not so high; if he were of the genus Peter Bell, for instance, so that:

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

He would perhaps be more satisfied with his work. Others, unless they also were Peter Bells, would be much less so. He might technically achieve high perfection, representing the primrose so that it would look as if "it could be touched." But the undefinable

something which in the "meanest flower that blows" may raise "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears" would be utterly absent. The picture of the primrose would indeed be that of a yellow primrose and nothing more. Were the artist a portrait painter, he might achieve the same kind of success with the human face, reproducing exactly each feature, each line, each wrinkle ; but what of the spiritual lineaments, whose absence makes the likeness a failure ? What of the life history with its varied lights and shadows, of the man's personality, of that which is not his face, but himself ? These were not part of the artist's meaning ; he never glimpsed them ; he cannot even give a hint of their presence. Because his ideal was little and low, his work is little and low also ; it cannot, save in technical manipulation, where both may achieve the same excellence, touch that of the man whose ideal for the very reason that it is high and full, is replete with difficulty, eludes expression at every turn, never allows him to feel that he has come near to attaining it. More than anything else, the ideal which the man has present with him in working, makes his work ; it is the formative power.

Nor is this true only of the worker whose materials are inanimate, who has to control brush and canvas, language or musical instruments merely. It is quite equally true of the statesman, the patriot, and the parent, who have to deal with that infinitely more complex, more delicate and more powerful means of expressing their ideal, living human beings. The statesman has in mind his ideal policy, and for its fulfilment he strives continually, working to wards his end in this way and in that ; advancing here, retreating there, but always with the one hope. The patriot never ceases to behold the perfect country with her just laws, her invulnerable freedom, her united citizens. The parent sees his child continually as he would have him ; his ideal may be good or bad, but he directs all his energies to making it actual. There may be obstacles, physical or mental ; there may be heart-searchings, sore and many ; there may be failure, still he *sees*, and as he sees, he endeavours to mould the character of his child. The statesman will never succeed more than partially in carrying out the policy he strives for. The patriot, nay, whole generations of patriots, will never make actual the country of their vision. The child will never be exactly what his parent desired ; but policy, country, and child are all totally

different from what they would have been, had such ideals not existed and not been striven for. And since human beings can never be treated like machines, since each has his own inalienable individuality, the wise statesman, patriot, and parent endeavour to get their ideals understood, appreciated and aimed at by those whom they wish to fulfil them. Not only do they attempt this, but frequently they succeed. The senate, the nation, the child, are fired by the same enthusiasm as those who try to inspire them, and results are achieved which otherwise would be unattainable and inconceivable.

The relation of the Ideal to the Actual is, then, the same as that of the Ideal to the Real. To make use once more of Spenser's analogy, the Ideal is the soul, the Actual the body, only there is this great difference that the Real is the *perfect* body or presentment of the Ideal, the Actual the *imperfect*. It is the Actual that we men and women see, grasp, too often live for. The Real eludes us. On account of our human limitations we are unable to *realise* even our own ideals, how much less that which is not our own, the all-embracing, all-perfect Divine Ideal of ourselves and the Universe. Nevertheless, it is possible for us to perceive even this "in part," and in measure as we perceive it do we come to understand what are in truth possible and impossible, practical and impractical ideals in the universe which, however imperfectly, do yet to some extent reflect its Creator's meaning.

III.

THE DIVINE IDEAL.

In human activity the ideal depends on the man, the work on the ideal. One man will have one kind of ideal, another, another, and their work differs accordingly, even though it lie in the same region of activity ; though, for instance, both men are artists, or both statesmen. In like manner God's Ideal in Creation depends on God, on what God is, and that is why Creation could not be other than it is. Its constitution is such as to be capable of expressing to God, God's Ideal. What shall help us to some extent to see it, to penetrate the Divine meaning, despite the partial vision, inseparable from our finite powers, our finite self-hood ? This only *to know God* as well as His work. It sometimes comes within our experience to

see a comparatively unintellectual person showing a remarkable insight into the thought and work of one far his superior. This understanding arises through the twin powers of love and reverence, and by them we must be possessed if we would enter, however partially, into the Divine Thought and Work.

Who, and what is God? One whom Christians regard as having the profoundest right to speak, and who gathers up the wisdom of the ages in His teaching, tells us that God is Spirit, and that He is perfect; all that He is, He is infinitely. The beloved disciple of the Master tells us further, that God is Light, and that He is Love.

God is Spirit. The inalienable prerogative of Spirit is to know itself; to live in and for itself; to be aware of itself. Partially, all individual spiritual beings, such as men and women, have this power: we call it "self-consciousness." We know that we are, and to some extent we know what we are; but in its absolute perfection Spirit-hood, Personality, pertains to God alone; He is the Infinite Spirit.

God is Light. Light is Knowledge. That God is Light means that God is made manifest, that He knows and is known; that in Him all is clear, open vision, "there is no darkness at all." Again, this Light and Knowledge are perfect, unlimited.

God is Love. The special attribute of Love is forthgoing activity for another; an expenditure of Love and Love's powers, not on self, but on not-self. We have but to look around us to see that Love is abroad in the universe. Nothing is able to live and be spent solely on itself. There is a vast system of interdependence which enforces a continual interchange of life and life's activities, and that frequently at the cost of life itself, an interdependence whose keynote is what we call *Sacrifice*—compulsory in lower beings than man, but in his case often voluntary, and attaining then to such grandeur of proportion, such unconquerable resource, such superb disdain of consequences to self, that it constrains the beholders to feel that Love which prompts it is "stronger than the strongest," and goes down to the very depths of our being. Once more, the perfection of Love is in God alone, here also He is Infinite.

Infinite Spirit; Infinite Light; Infinite Love. If He Who is beyond human expression is thus best expressed, we look for Spirit—Light—Love—in His creation. An Ideal reflects the personality whose Ideal it is; therefore, the Ideal Creation must reflect

God. It is spiritual ; it knows and is known ; its law is the perfect law of liberty, love. To God, this ideal Creation is also real. The individual spirits of which it is composed each and all perfectly express some portion of that Divine meaning which God eternally beholds and loves. But God, Who is Love, wills that His Ideal of the universe should not remain, as it were, buried within Himself, but should be known ; and the creation which human beings behold is the manifestation of this ideal to human spirits.

And here we get a glimpse, at any rate, of why the Universe, as it is to us, is so different from that perfect thing which God sees and knows. The analogy, which has helped us before, of the artist and his picture may here again be of use. We have hitherto assumed that if the artist has a noble and lofty ideal, in so far as he is able to reproduce it, it is perceived by others, but as we are well aware, this is by no means always the case. The eye can only see what it brings with it, the power of seeing. If a Peter Bell is looking at the most exquisitely conceived and faithfully rendered picture that human art can produce, what will he see ? The vivid colouring, perhaps the delicate grouping, the skilful technique, but of the soul of the picture, the artist's true conception—nothing ! His own limitations are his hindrance. The same in a far deeper and wider sense is true with regard to the ideal and the manifested creation. God's Ideal is perfect even as He is perfect ; but we that are but parts, can see but parts. Our utmost seeing cannot embrace the whole. We are not straitened in God, but we are straitened in ourselves and we do not see creation even in its human aspect as it is to Him. Yet the indestructible hope burns in us that this will not always be so, that though now we see "through a glass darkly" we "shall see face to face," and indeed our hope has a sure foundation, as will presently appear. First, however, it is necessary to consider another aspect of our partialness.

The Creation is not God, and that which is not God cannot be as He is—limitless, utterly independent, the source of All Being. So far as we may venture to put these deep things in words, the very reason that the Creation is so much to God, is that it is *not* the same as Himself ; that it needs Him as a child needs its father—yet in an even deeper and more intimate sense. For of the human relationship we say that without, apart from the father, the child

would not have come into being, but not that if the father should now cease to be, the child would also perish. The relationship between the Creator and His Creation is not one which admits of this distinction ; it has nothing to do with Time, and we say simply that without, apart from God, the Creation would not *be* : so entirely is it dependent on Him. And yet, on the other hand, it is spiritual, composed of spirits, and a spirit is essentially independent, living as we have said, and as we each know by experience, an inner incommunicable life. How can the Creation be dependent as Creation must be, and at the same time independent as that which is spiritual must be ? The answer to this question takes us as far towards the understanding of the Divine Ideal as our feeble intelligence can compass, for it is contained in the words "God is Love." The Life of Love, even of finite Love, goes forth to give, spends itself and all its powers on that which it loves. Nothing can satisfy it but the bestowal of its very self. God is Infinite Love and as such bestows His own life, Himself on that which out of Love He brings into existence—His Creation. Apart from Him it would not be ; yet He so constitutes it, that each spirit forming part of it, lives an individual life of its own—a life which is derived from God, and without God would sink into nothingness, and yet which God *respects* as having its own independence, which He does not manipulate as an engineer his machine, but guides, disciplines, draws, as a father his child. Love needs reciprocity ; a machine cannot reciprocate, it is controlled by coercion ; therefore to love, it is of little value. A child can reciprocate ; coercion, if used, can never reach his inmost being, his self ; consequently his worth to love is great. Consequently also he can escape control ; by the gift of God, he is his own to bestow or to withhold. Here "as in a glass darkly" we are shown the relation of the Creation as a whole and of each created spirit to God. It is that most nearly expressed by Son-ship. That is the Divine Ideal, and just because it is the highest, the ideal of Love, its successful realisation (speaking in our human language under human limitations) depends not on God alone, but partly on that which is not God, on that which is to fulfil to Him the filial relation.

Here for a moment, we must turn our thoughts to an even deeper mystery than that of the relation between God and His creation. Love of the highest, deepest, most complete, most satis-

fying kind can only be between equals. The Creation is not the equal of God. God is all to it, but it is not all to God. There is in Him that to which it cannot respond; He is beyond, above it; yet *God is Love*. Infinite reciprocity is essential to Infinite Love. Within the Divine Itself can the Divine response alone be given. Christians will remember with gratitude and reverence the revelation of the Eternal Son, equal with the Father, with Him "perfect in Love, in Power, in Purity"; and those who hesitate formally to accept this revelation may recognise that it penetrates far into those things of God too sacred to be named.

Our present object, however, is to consider the relation not of the Uncreated, but of the created Son to God; and the deeper thought has been touched upon simply because it may help us to see that the Divine Ideal of Creation is indeed the spontaneous result of that which God Himself is, of His eternal Fatherhood. We could better realise it if it were not for the terrible defects which to us mar the manifested creation, and therefore our next consideration must be the relationship of the actual creation as made known to us in present human experience, to the perfect Ideal of God.

Before closing this part of our article, however, let us turn our thoughts to that which is beyond creation—God Himself. Perfect in Power, in Love and Purity; perfect also in Knowledge. Our notions of what this means are often very strange and poor.

Perfect in Power we regard as the capability of satisfying infinite caprice, so that God, if He chose, "could do anything," make wrong right, ignorance knowledge, experience complete without its being gone through.

Perfect in Love we take to be, or think ought to be, perfect good nature, which looks upon anything like pain, effort, unsatisfied desire, as cruel and useless.

Perfect in Purity. Perhaps here our thoughts are a little less inadequate, and we do stand with bowed head and heart before the Infinite Holiness of God. Yet the question arises, what then does Evil mean? We are but too conscious of what it is to ourselves. What is it to Him? Does He know it? We cannot doubt that. If He did not know it, He would not be perfect in knowledge, nor even in holiness; He would be innocent as a child is innocent but not holy. Were Innocence a synonym for the Infinite Purity, the

holiness of an earthly saint who has been at death-grips with evil and has overcome, would be greater than the holiness of God. This subject is rendered so perplexing to us because of our difficulty in dissociating the knowledge of evil from the defilement of evil. Yet even in man they are not inseparable. It is by no means the greatest sinner who knows most profoundly the nature of sin. The soul of "all but spotless whiteness" knows it far better; to him it stands out in its native hideousness, an object of loathing and repulsion. The sinner feels nothing of this until his better self awakes in him and he makes his first hesitating steps towards goodness. Then he begins to know evil as it really is, and in measure as he becomes less evil his knowledge increases. It is not commensurate with his defilement, but with his purity; to know evil is not necessarily to sin, but to have insight into what sin is. God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, has this insight perfectly; He knows Evil through and through, and knowing eternally repudiates and condemns it. Good He wills to be; evil He wills not to be; and this willing of good to be and evil not to be, enters into the Ideal of Creation, because Holiness is part of that Ideal. The clear vision of the nature of evil, the conscious hatred of it, its deliberate rejection, these are necessary to the reflection of God in His Creation, to its power of reciprocity. In creating, the knowledge of Good and Evil and the rejection of the latter are present to the Creator, and so that knowledge and rejection form part of the Ideal Creation which to God now is, and which creation, as man sees it so imperfectly, reflects.

IV.

THE DIVINE IDEAL AND HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

We must now come down from the high regions in which our thought has been occupied to the familiar scenes of the work-a-day world, the dusty highways and byways we know so well. Even here, however, we have to bear in mind that we are not to look upon them in the ordinary way, but in the light of the Divine Ideal, with such an insight as prompted those touching words of the dying Bunsen to his wife: "Love, in thy face I have seen the Eternal." So we, in the face of that life whose faults and demerits we know so

well, and in spite of them love so well, are also to behold the Eternal.

Under this aspect, how are we to regard all those limitations and restrictions, physical and other, which go so far towards making our life defective, which seem to us to narrow and cramp, often quite to obscure its true scope and meaning?

In the first place not as final. They enter into our experience at all because being finite, "partial," we must learn by parts. When the part of our whole existence represented by earthly and temporal conditions is mastered, then those conditions are no longer needed, and will be removed as the scaffolding of a building is removed when the latter is complete. They have no more intrinsic connection with our life than that. Yet they fulfil their own function; *they prepare us to do without them*. So far they enter into God's Ideal of Creation. And this is true of other and greater limitations than those entailed by physical conditions, of the restrictions laid on our spiritual vision, of the "hindrances" to faith, hope and love which press upon us so heavily and which we would fain do away with. They are needful to our attaining an understanding of what faith, hope and love really are, of the enormous power they wield in the universe, of their illimitable resource, their unconquerable life. These things the Infinite Spirit knows without learning, but finite spirits *through* learning, that is through experience. The experience complete, those restrictions and apparent hindrances through which it becomes so, are done with. They are among the "childish things" for which spiritual manhood has no use.

To some extent this reasoning applies even to the deeper and more perplexed question of evil. The lightning glance of the Divine Insight eternally knows evil as evil and eternally condemns it, but human beings even in this case must learn in order to know. Their learning is their experience, and in their experience they make evil fact and thus come to know it. For we must remember that experience is not made *for* but *by* the spirits who experience. They in their measure are creators and they have to learn how to create. That is one of the lessons set us in our earthly life, and we are apt to be sadly dull and slow over it. A consideration of this subject is of great importance for our present purpose, because it leads us to a clearer understanding of the significance of evil, and why it goes

deeper into our life than those bodily limitations and spiritual restrictions which vanish as we become strong enough to do without them.

God, we have said, has His Ideal of Creation as a Whole, and of each one of the finite spirits composing it. Each one is singled out by His love, fills to Him a special unique place which no other can fill. Each one then has to *realise* God's Ideal of him. He has delegated to us this creative power to use it if we will in accordance with Him. If we will not, He does not coerce, for coercion does not enter into His intention for spirits. He allows us in that case to repudiate His Ideal for our own, working against Him instead of with Him in Creation. *And this is evil.* By loving another, and striving after another than the Divine Ideal, we create amiss. In other words, we make evil actual. We cannot make it *real* (for it does not enter into God's Ideal of creation,* and only that which does so can become part of the perfect embodiment of the Ideal which we have called Real), but we can burden present conditions with it, make it here and now to and for ourselves and our fellow-men a fact. The results of this fatal choice our own history and the history of mankind abundantly show.

It is true, indeed, that ignorance is rife, that the purest, wisest and most distinguished among men see but little of God's Meaning in Creation, and consequently make dire mistakes in their attempts to reproduce it. That is the inevitable result of our present limitations. It will cease when they cease, when we have learned to use and not to abuse our Divinely-derived prerogative. We are not sinning against the Ideal in so far as we *cannot* see it, but in so far as we *will not* see it, when we turn away from it because it presents itself in the homely shape of duty, or when we encourage pessimism, low and worldly aims in ourselves or others—or make, as so many of us do make at one period or another of our lives, the "great refusal," made unconsciously at the time, perhaps because we have never trained ourselves to see and follow the Highest at any cost, and so at the crucial moment the Divine Vision fails us altogether.

Such mistakes as these do not fall under the category of ignorance; they are, in their essence, voluntary. And we know, alas! that there is worse than this, deliberate, purposeful selfishness,

* The repudiation of it does so, as has been above stated, the Willing of it *not* to be. The Willing of it to be is in exact opposition to the Divine Ideal.

conscious, unashamed acceptance of the world's ideals, nay, criminal acquiescence in wrong even among those who claim to be of the salt of the earth. And in the midst of all this the Ideal persists, flashing out upon us here and there where we least expect it, waiting to be recognised, never wholly obliterated in the worst and the lowest. Will it be attained in the end? Our hope lies in the fact that it is God's—our fear in the fact that unless it is also ours, it cannot be realised by and for us.

It may seem, however, that we are regarding this subject too exclusively from a human point of view, making man too much the centre of the universe. This error always needs guarding against, but we are very apt to fear it where there is least danger of it and to overlook it where there is most.

Of the universe *as man knows it*, he must inevitably be in one sense the centre, because it is *he who knows*, and all obtainable or even conceivable knowledge must to him be coloured with human idiosyncracies. Man, save as man, cannot know the universe because he is man. The important point is that he should recognise this, should allow that being but part, he sees but part. that he cannot be the true centre. Then it becomes possible for him to apprehend that though he knows but in part, still he does know, and though he sees through a glass darkly, still it is vision. Until he recognises his partialness, there is, not the danger merely, but the certainty that he will take the part for the Whole, and so distorted out of all proportion, it becomes that "wickedest lie of all," the "lie which is half a truth."

If it is not to be this, but to reflect in its measure, however poor and low that measure may be, the Divine Reality, then while no region of experience must be ignored or neglected, those regions of it which are the most penetrating and the most comprehensive, must be those by which interpretation is attempted. Not rounded systems, not inclusive formulæ, but the living spirit which no system can contain and no formula express, is that which must before all be sought and followed. The patient, reverent, humble pursuit of this course is the one and only way to learn, "by thinking the thoughts of God after Him," something of the glory and beauty of Creation and of the part assigned in it to human beings.

It is also the only way to learn what are practical ideals here

and now. They are not always those easiest to make actual, which most appeal to popular approbation or an ease-loving society. They are in the long run bound to be those which are most in accord or (as perhaps under present conditions it would be more reverent and truer to say) least in disaccord with the Divine Ideal. Not those men and women who in any region of human activity produce the greatest immediate results, but those who with a single eye and heart strive for the highest result, are in God's sight, *i.e.*, in reality, the practical workers.

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HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE PERMANENCE OF THE BRITISH INDIAN EMPIRE.

THE world has always been ruled more by sentiment than reason. Why should the old class of people in India regard all Europeans as Mlechhas, whose very touch is pollution, and why do Englishmen of the present day follow the needless conservatism of the East without even understanding it? Why should the so-called conquered race be considered inferior, though in countries that are independent or semi-independent even defeat goes for brave resistance? Why should a miser be abused right and left and a man of generous impulses extolled to the skies even when he happens to be penniless and cannot help anybody? Why should the biological laws be ignored in dealing with questions of inter-marriages and why should people prefer dwarfed, crippled and often idiotic offspring, predisposed to disease, to healthy, intelligent and robust progeny? Why should not toleration make room for bigotry and prejudice? Why should there be such a crusade against what are called the coloured races even in British dependencies like the Transvaal?

Is this not unfortunately the victory of sentiment over reason, of the emotional side of man over the rational? Next to sentiment traditions have a great weight, and yet what are they? Are the principles upon which they have been founded always sound and worth following? Thus we see that emotions govern the world more than the intellect, and it is because of emotions gaining the upper hand that we make so many sacrifices in the world every day and are for the most part losers: but in order to bring about a healthy change for the better, nothing stands in the way of progress as the emotional side of man which cries and clamours against

changes, but does not give any reason for it. Everything is traced to instinct, and blunders are made in the name of custom, traditions, etiquette and what not ; but if we probe the subject to the bottom and boil down all arguments *pro* and *con*, what remains after the evaporation ? Sentiment, pure and simple, though disguised in various shapes, customs, traditions, etiquette and sometimes, as among the Hindus, religion and orthodoxy—that terrible name which always associates the ideas of the poor thinker with all the horrors of hell for any breach of even a foolish rule made and established by his compeers as wise as himself, or fostered by their ideas and sentiments in the growth of its evolution towards perfection.

Though a Hindu has been a butt of ridicule since the time he has ceased to rule himself and his country, yet the world and human nature do not change by the changes of dynasties or empires, nor much even with the times, though the ways and means of concealing the latter depend for their success on the same methods which in highly developed persons give birth to discoveries and inventions in science and art. The question is one of degree, not of kind. We can hardly believe that the accidents of a victory or defeat which sometimes turn the tide of the fortunes of nations have the effect of moulding the human nature in a way different from what it is and has been without them. A year before Japan waged war with China, Europe and America had never thought what the Japanese were like in private life, and now everywhere, after the defeat of the Russians, the dwarfish Japs are the wonder and admiration of the civilised world. People from all parts of the world are sending their men to learn their system of civil and military administrations. Was the change in Japan, which may justly be called the British Isles of the East, brought about after the Chinese war and more particularly after the Russo-Chinese War ? No sensible man could say that it was. It must have taken the Japanese generations to be what they are, though the accident of a war has brought them to prominence. It very seldom happens in the race of men or nations that we watch the potentiality of a man or nation. We neither have the interest nor time nor opportunity to do so. It is only after the man or the nation has shown something remarkable that our attention is directed to him or it at a time when he or it is not in need of watching or care or help, and when people are not in need of being

watched and taught by him or it. Such is the law of reputation and fame. Nobody takes any note of the man who is on the ladder of fortune and fame, but the moment he is at the top and has imbibed the habits of carelessness and luxury which success brings in its train, he is respected and admired because he has established his reputation, no matter whether he possesses the means of success now or not. Instances are common in the East of people being actually deified after their success, though hero-worship in Europe and America also manifests itself in more ways than one, and is not free from instances of the ridiculous extent to which people of all grades of reason and intelligence are led into it. Probably, all this is due to the inner workings of nature in which, according to the laws of evolution and involution of every entity after a studied drudgery full of disappointments and hardships, there comes a time when nature also helps him and introduces him into the world through the cheap process of reputation and fame. Under these circumstances, reason demands that a man or race, as the case may be, should be judged by the rules of justice and fairness, but such is not really the case. We are always influenced by the bugbear of reputation. Look at the terror the white Bear had for ages struck into the hearts of all civilised nations, including even the greatest and the wisest and most powerful, before the Japanese, depending on reason and not sentiment for their guide, taught their enemies a lesson which they are not likely to forget soon, and paved the way for us to believe that there is no fear of our ever being ousted of our hearths and homes as we are, under the decree of Providence, enjoying the protection of a Power which for its extent and resources has no equal even in ancient or modern times. Practically speaking, the British have got under their sway the whole of the waters on the earth's surface and about one-fourth of the land. Adding to it what their cousins in America have got, what is left as the share of the rest of the Powers that boast of their strength, intelligence and resources? According to this calculation the rest of the world does not possess even one-eighth of the world, while England owns about six or seven-eighths. Is this not enough to show to a close student of history that such a thing has not been achieved simply by accident or sheer force of circumstances? Those who have the faculty of watching the events of life justly and fairly, come to the conclusion

that for the rearing of such a mighty fabric, there must have been many important factors working, and had it been based on principles of iniquity and not on the constitution as it possesses, it would not have progressed to such perfection by such leaps and bounds in course of a few years. We do not say that people in charge of it are angels. They are men, but is it not the greatest honour in this world to deserve the term "man" in the strict sense of the term ?

The whole secret of the British administration lies in its constitution, which is unique in the world, and people have begun to appreciate it. It has neither the terrors of despotism nor the vagaries and trickery of republicanism ; it has a monarch with limited powers who is at the head of it, a thing very much liked by Asiatics. नाविष्णु पृथिवीपति : (a monarch is God incarnate on earth) is a principle of their religion. That was the reason why the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was liked by the people, and it had a soothing influence upon them when they had been suffering from the effects of plague, pestilence, famine and other disorders. One need hardly say that Royalty is worshipped in India and the people have always wished that a member of the Royal family could manage to live in India in some way or the other, either as Viceroy or visitor. The doctrine of Divine right of Kings is a doctrine dear to them, but it must not be supposed that they had nothing like a Council to guide the monarch and that the Panchayat and other systems of old had not in them the effects of the Parliamentary system of the present day. It is a mistake to suppose that Indians do not and cannot appreciate such a system ; on the contrary, the Panchayat system is nothing but Parliament in its embryonic state. The idea of an institution can be formed better by noting the connection of the lower and illiterate orders with it. Look at the classes of mehtars, chamars, dhobis and other illiterate castes and you will be surprised to find that they refer all their disputes to arbitration and never have recourse to the assistance of courts and other authorities so long as they can help it. Any class in India can understand the spirit of the British constitution, and they will hail it with delight when it is given them, even though it be in a very modest form.

Some English people remark that the administration of India is carried on under the principles followed by Moghul Emperors. The

admission has not created any surprise. But why should Aurungzebe whose bigotry and intolerance sowed the seeds of the decline and fall of the Moghul Empire, be followed as a model, and not Emperors like Akbar who established the Moghul Empire, who preached toleration, gave the largest share of the highest public appointments to the Hindus, and—what is the greatest achievement of all—had intermarriages in the families of the Hindu ruling chiefs, a fact which seems to have escaped the attention of the English people entirely. Had the nobility in England been guided by Akbar's principles in this respect and had intermarriages with the ruling chiefs of India taken place, the union would have been remarkably good and strengthened the Empire immensely. At present there is no sympathy between the nobility of India and that of England, nor is there any between the middle classes of England and the class that is below that of the ruling chiefs in India. How can they understand each other in the sense in which Akbar and the Rajput chiefs could understand, and trust each other as was done in his time? The enclosure for the worship of the *tulsi* plant for Jodh Bai at Fatehpur Sikri in Agra, is a clear indication that Akbar had no objection to the Rajput wife following her own religious creed even after the marriage.

Was not this the height of toleration about the time when Englishmen were just thinking of getting a Charter from their Sovereign to carry on trade with India? Had any of the English nobles courage to do anything of the kind, though the English race, collectively speaking, is far more tolerant and educated than all the Moghuls put together, and could the standard of those days when religious reformers and preachers in England and Europe were tortured and burnt alive, be used under the most constitutional and tolerant rule in British India of the twentieth century?

People in India, Hindus especially, seem to have such respect for the name of Akbar, that most of them are thinking of raising monuments in remembrance of the most tolerant reign of the Great Emperor who did not observe the least difference between Hindus and Musulmans either in domestic, social or political matters.

Had English people taken Indians into confidence like Akbar who had Birbal, a Hindu, as general of his army, it would not have been difficult for them to conquer or annex the whole of the world, if they had so desired, and the task of defending India, the brightest

jewel in the English crown, from the aggression of Russia or other European Powers, who have admittedly grown jealous of them, would have been quite easy. In a continent inhabited by three hundred millions of people, is it difficult to raise a militia of six millions of fighting men who would be glad to fight under the banner of the King-Emperor in the very heart of Europe itself, provided they could get an opportunity of doing so ? But the world, as we have said already, is guided by sentiment more than reason, and things will go on as usual, pampering sentiment, favouring popular fallacies and defying all reason and good sense.

How happy would the warlike races of India be in securing for their King-Emperor a *Chakravarti* Raj over the whole world, a Raj which has been the dream and realisation of India on many occasions before the times of the *Mahabharata* ! It can very easily be achieved if the *six millions* get a proper training without any remuneration worth the name. The best fields of corn in the world would be ours, the best mines ours, the best navy ours, the best machinery ours, the best markets ours, as the best army would be ours. Where would be the necessity for thinking out Indian problems connected with the mean and grovelling cares of bread and butter and miserable cares of self-defence, when we can by sheer force of numbers, if not anything else, make the whole world tremble under our shoes. This would no doubt be looked upon as poetry, but, my dear friends, it is the poetry of reason *minus* sentiment against which so much has been said at the outset.

We shall see to England being prosperous and to our being prosperous too. One nation's loss is another nation's gain. So doing, we shall fight for the two countries, England and India, which are one, and get enough to support ourselves. We see every day that members of a family, as long as they live at home, go on quarrelling with each other over small and trifling matters, but become extremely attached to each other when they return home after having made their fortunes : similarly, as long as we do not learn how to earn a living outside India, as warriors and conquerors under the banner of our King-Emperor, we shall go on grumbling and murmuring for the simple reason that the means of subsistence as available in India are a constant quantity, whereas the population and the necessities

of the age have been increasing by leaps and bounds. What is to be done ? While other nations like Russia and Germany are outwardly preaching the Gospel of Peace, but quietly increasing their armaments and strength, we have been sitting idle, murmuring and grumbling and fouling our own nest. Can we not get permission to fight under the banner of our lord, the sovereign, and begin work in right earnest, first of all by crushing his avowed enemies and then seeking a living anywhere outside the British dominions that might suit us best in the world ?

Who can deny that as in determining beauty, smallness and symmetry are the recognised standard, in determining power and strength, largeness and even unwieldiness carry great weight with them ? Has any country in the world a larger population than ours and fighting classes who have all the advantages of health, courage, endurance and, above all, heredity in their favour ? What has been the stumbling block in our way all along ? Sentiment in us, sentiment in our rulers, sentiment ingrained in our laws, manners and customs and sentiment crystallised into the recognised policy of the Government. Who is to blame for it ? Do what we may, as long as sentiment is allowed to rule, there will be patchwork, and patchwork merely, and no real structure. So let us wait till the dawn of reason and common sense, and then everything will go on quietly and smoothly, as has been the case with all really pro-

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VEDÂNTA AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE central teaching of Vedânta is that God and the soul are one. Human consciousness is too narrow to recognise their identity until ahankâra (the limitations of the ego) is overcome by jnâna (self-knowledge). Vedânta abounds in homely similes to illustrate the meaning of ahankâra whence all egoism springs, and of jnâna without which there can be no salvation. The air in an inverted cup is separate from the surrounding atmosphere, but once remove the cup, and all distinction ceases. One air remains—one element boundless and undivided. Ahankâra is like the cup, and those who make a constant effort to deny themselves will break the shell of their hardened nature, and succeed in the end in getting rid of the illusory self. No sooner is the mainspring of selfishness destroyed than âtma (the individual soul) is set free, and mingles with Brahma (the universal soul) who is all in all.

As rays issuing from the sun are not different from the sun, as billows rising on the sea are the same as the sea, as sparks flying from the fire are nothing but fire, so the soul coming from God is God. God is Love, and love alone is the true nature of the soul.

Vedânta means literally "End of the Veda," its final lesson. What is taught in that last lesson is discrimination between soul and personality, which is like a veil thrown over the soul. Each individual is born and has to die after his course is run, but âtma is unbegotten, unchangeable and immortal. Atheism is defined by the Vedântic theologians as unbelief in the divinity of the soul, but knowledge has saving power: when God is known, the heart is at rest, and the weary round of Sansâra or transmigration ends in eternal peace. Vedânta declares that a righteous life and meritorious acts, though promoting godliness and preparing the

heart for moksha (spiritual liberty) cannot directly save ; the soul has yet to learn that it always has been, is now, and ever shall be divine, and nothing but divine.

However strange the doctrine of the identity of God and the soul may appear to the Western mind, there can be no doubt that Vedânta has been a blessing and a source of strength to untold numbers of Hindus who, without that guiding star, might have suffered moral shipwreck, tossed about as they have been in the contending waves of religious strife which has agitated India for over two thousand years. Vedânta seems to us a practical creed which, if taken in earnest, cannot but enrich and ennoble life, in the most exalted station as well as in the humblest position. Yet we cannot altogether agree with the band of enthusiasts who, at present, make propaganda for Vedânta in the West. We have a strong feeling that Vedânta will never take the place of Christian principle. Such endeavours are creditable because they mean well, but must of necessity fail, for the simple reason that they entirely ignore religious évolution. They can have no more success than a possible attempt to replace the English by the Italian language because of its softer sounds to some ears ; the tongue of Dante could never be natural, but at best an artificial growth in the drawing-rooms of New York and London. Again, the intrinsic merits of Vedânta are all to be found in Christianity if people will only take the trouble to search the Scriptures and their own hearts. The star of Bethlehem is but a humble flower in the garden of the soul, but like the shame-faced violet is rich in hidden beauty. The weight of religion lies not altogether in philosophic depth, but even more in a pure and simple faith which can be made a practical standard in the manifold relations of every-day life. Such a faith, we believe, is Christianity. Yet, these reflections cannot blind us to the moral excellence and religious truth of Vedânta, and we sympathise with the Hindu people who look upon all missionary efforts to make them converts to Christianity as a national insult.* The Russian Church does not interfere much with the beliefs of the Czar's Asiatic subject-races, and the result is that there is far less dis-

* We are far from underrating the excellent work done by Christian missions in India, inasmuch as they provide instruction for the young, relieve the poor, and endeavour to raise the social status, especially of Indian women.

affection among them than in British India. Moreover, the Hindus need no foreign preaching ; they have religion to the fullest in their own Upanishads and Bhagavad Gita. But what they do need is better scientific training, to the end that they may not be pushed out of their own markets. India may yet be saved from economic ruin if technical village schools, subsidised by the Government, could be opened in every district of importance. At present, her industries have fallen into decay, and to make matters worse, the people are heavily taxed without being politically represented. The Roman Empire was held together by coercive laws and military force, and, for this very reason, tottered and fell fifteen hundred years ago. But the English ideal of Empire, far loftier and truer, is extension of local self-government and Imperial Federation. Great Britain has no desire to rule a crowd of slaves in her vast dominions beyond the sea, but rather looks forward to that "diviner day" when all her sons, independent of race, faith and colour, shall be free members of the Empire, taking an adequate share of its responsibilities and, at the same time, making their own national laws.

Secular education of the masses and just Government in India, together with a living faith in Vedānta, are the best means we can think of for securing the future welfare of the people of India.

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VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.*

"Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"—*Tennyson*.

IN this paper I have attempted to describe the main features of Vedântism, one of the famous Six Systems of Hindu Philosophy. My aim has not been so much to give a critical account of the subject, as to present a general sketch of Vedântism, in as clear language as it is possible to employ in dealing with a foreign and abstruse system of thought. Perhaps in justice to myself I should add that I do not accept all the Vedânta doctrines, nor do I stand as an apologist for the System in general.

Indian Philosophy, especially Vedânta, has so long formed a favourite study with distinguished scholars in the West, that there is little need for many words of commendation. Schopenhauer's famous verdict, "In the whole world there is no study so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Upanishads. It has been the solace of my life, it will be the solace of my death," has been endorsed by those who have been attracted to the Vedânta Philosophy. Schlegel spoke of the noble, clear and severely grand accents of Indian thought, and said, "Even the loftiest philosophy of the Europeans, the idealism of reason, as is set forth by Greek philosophers, appears in comparison with the abundant light and vigour of Oriental idealism like a feeble Promethean spark in the full flood of heavenly glory of the noonday sun—faltering and feeble and ever ready to be extinguished." Professor Max Müller shares Schopenhauer's enthusiasm. "For fitting men," he says, "to lead contemplative and quiet lives, I know"

* An essay read before the Moral Science Club, Cambridge, some time ago. The essay is here published, with a few verbal corrections, in its original form. The reader will keep in mind that the paper was written not for an Indian audience, in which case the treatment would have been different in several essential respects.

no better preparation than the Vedānta." Professor Deussen was so attracted by the Upanishads that late in life he began the study of a difficult language like Sanskrit and visited India to come into direct contact with Vedāntic ideas. He has recorded his appreciation in his admirable work "The Vedānta System."

The aim of philosophy in India, as in Greece, was essentially practical.* Philosophy was more than a system of argued thought about the problems of knowledge and reality. It was no mere exercise of speculative reason. It was in essence another phase of religion. Knowledge was not for its own sake, but for the deliverance it brought. "Knowledge of the divine dissolves all bonds." Philosophy distinguishes true from false knowledge, or in the language of Vedānta "knowledge" from Nescience (Avidyā), and makes the "life eternal" possible. Here we may also note what is perhaps a distinguishing trait of all Oriental philosophy. The object of philosophy is to enable us to reach the essence. We seek not the agility of spirit, nor the quickening of mind—for these are the very fruits of sin—but the rest that comes from true knowledge, from the recognition of the sublime truth that we are one with the Lord.

The Vedānta philosophy aims at solving the problem of the "One in the Many ;" it is the search for the truly existent, the sole reality. Thus it at once grapples with what may fairly be called the central problem of all philosophy. The fundamental position is laid down in a number of brief formulæ. The best known are : *Tat tvam asi* (That art Thou), *Tad ekam* (That One), *Tad ekam Advitiyam* (That One no-second), *Eko Brahm Dvitiyo n'asti* (Brahman is one, there is no other reality). We have in these formulæ an unmistakable assertion of the non-duality of reality. The One Brahman is emphatically the sole reality, the only existence. What then about this manifest variety all round us? It is all an illusion. In half a verse a writer expounds what has been told in a million volumes : "Brahman is the Truth, the world is false, man's soul is none other than the Brahman." This short formula enunciates the three fundamental Vedāntic propositions :—

1. The Unity and Eternity of Brahman.

* Cf. S. Epistle Moral 4. "Philosophy is not a theory for popular acceptance and aiming at display. It is not in words but in deeds." Note the whole drift of High Education in the Republic of Plato.

2. The non-reality of the world.
3. The fundamental identity of the individual soul and Brahman.

The three propositions are closely related. The unity of Brahman, when most rigorously conceived, implies that the existence of the universe in any final sense is impossible ; also that the several individual selves (Jivâtman) should be interpreted as seeming to disguise the One true reality, because of certain limitations of experience. The multiplicity of souls exists only for experience, and only so far as *knowledge* does not supervene. This introduces us to the Vedânta doctrine of Mâyâ or Avidyâ (Illusion, Nescience).

The several Vedântic positions may be taken in order.

1. Brahman is the only reality. Brahman is also called Parmâtman, a word that might be rendered by "The Highest Self" (but not in the sense in which it is used by T. H. Green). Brahman is without any qualities. Being *Nirguna* Brahman admits of no qualifications. It is therefore impossible to define Brahman except negatively. This is what is meant by saying that Brahman is *negatively determined*. All we can say about Brahman is : "it is not this, it is not this".* Free from *Upâdhis* or limiting adjuncts, such attributes as infinite, permanent, omnipotent, etc., are really not applicable to it.

The only attributes ever applied to Brahman are those of *Existence, Thought* and *Bliss* (Sat, Chit, Ananda.) Here, too, it is important to note that Brahman is not conceived of as a Being that thinks but thought itself, pure intelligence. How Bliss is to belong to Brahman, it is difficult to understand, and Vedântic writers are not very clear upon this. They either evade the difficulty by simply ignoring it or seek shelter behind their unfailing metaphors. Perhaps it means that Brahman is "thought unto itself," and "bliss" is the result of this identification of subject and object. Contemplating but itself, Brahman is all bliss. A kind of *pure internality*, Brahman is all repose.

2. *The Unreality of the World.*—If Brahman is the sole reality, and if nothing truly exists besides Brahman, how do we account for this external world ? The undeniable multiplicity of

*अथात आदेशो नेति नेतीति । Brihad.

the phenomenal world, and the apparent fact of the existence of distinct individuals, must be explained. The explanation is found in the famous doctrine of Mâyâ or Avidyâ. The world is an illusion, it does not exist. We see this phenomenal variety because we are enthralled by Nescience. True knowledge will dispel this cosmical illusion, and show the unreality of things. This Avidyâ has spread everywhere and has hidden truth from us. The sage must wake up to the unreality of this external world, this manifold of selfs and things, and recognise his true being in the original essence—the One Self.

What is this Avidyâ, how does it arise, and how does it project this illusion? The doctrine of Mâyâ presents in some respects the most obscure part of the Vedânta theory. Mâyâ is spoken of as neither an entity nor a non-entity. It is not real because Brahman alone is so, but it cannot be called unreal since at any rate it produces what appears to be real. It is, in fact, an undefinable principle of illusion *assumed* to account for the phenomenal reality of the world. To know "nescience" would be a piece of self-contradiction. The attempt to know it is described as in its very nature absurd—to use the favourite illustration of the Vedântist, it is like trying to see darkness by means of a far shining torch.

The "rational" temper of the Vedânta thinkers forced them, like Parmenides, to deny reality to the many. Multiplicity is purely a matter of sense, variety exists for consciousness alone. Reason is always in search of unity. To use the words of the Eleatic, "only Being is, non-being is not, and cannot be thought." This unreal manifold is not an object of thought. The truly existent is eternally so, or in the words of Parmenides "undividedly present."

I will now quote from Shankara, the great commentator of the Vedânta Sûtras, a passage in which he sets forth the meaning of Avidyâ—a passage which is a good illustration of the method of his argument, and the nature of the assumptions he makes in his subtle logic. The passage runs: "It is a matter not requiring any proof that the object and the subject whose respective spheres are the notion of the Thou (the Non-ego) and the Ego, and which are opposed to each other as darkness and light are, cannot be identified. All the less can their respective attributes be identified. Hence it follows that it is wrong to superimpose upon the subject—whose Self is intelligence

and which has for its sphere the notion of Ego—the object whose sphere is the notion of Non-Ego, and the attributes of the object, and *vice versa* to superimpose the subject and the attributes of the subject on the object. In spite of this, it is on the part of man a *natural procedure* which has its cause in *wrong knowledge* not to distinguish the two entities (object and subject) and their respective attributes, although they are absolutely distinct, but to superimpose upon each the characteristic nature and the attributes of the other, and thus coupling the Real and the Unreal, to make use of expressions such as “That am I,” “That is mine.”*

“This superimposition (*i.e.*, ‘apparent presentation of the attributes of one thing in another thing’), learned men consider to be ‘Nescience,’ and the ascertainment of the true nature of that which is (the self) by means of the discrimination of that (which is superimposed on the self) they call knowledge.”*

Shankara does not deny a kind of relative reality to the ordinary world; only he does not allow it to possess the highest kind of reality that belongs to Brahman. The entire complex of phenomenal existence is considered as true so long as the knowledge of the identity of Brahman and the Self has not arisen, “just as the phantoms of a dream are considered to be true until the sleeper awakes.” The sphere of Nescience is for all practical purposes assumed to be real. The world of illusion constitutes the reality for the unenlightened. This is a sort of concession that all rigorous philosophies have to make to common sense. But Shankara goes further, and in his refutation of Buddhistic nihilism he would seem to occupy the position of almost a realist. Buddhists carried the Vedanta doctrine of *Mâyâ* to its extreme consequences and held that all that we have and know are merely our perceptions. In fact, the Buddhist position sometimes verges on the extreme presentationist views of to-day. Reality is sometimes defined as nothing but individual present perceptions, the fleeting presentations in consciousness, the individual sensations as they come and go. Shankara argues strongly against this “idealistic nihilism.” He holds that in perceiving, we perceive some object, and not perceptions only. Between dreaming and awaking there is this to be said, that dreams are found unreal on awaking. Percep-

* Thibaut's translation. The italics are mine.

tions are perceived as perceptions of some thing. Perceptions and what is perceived are evidently not identical; the mental process differs from its content—an *ipso facto* admission of the existence of such perceived objects. Phenomenon implies a reality behind, and phenomenal reality is so far real.

The sphere of "nescience," however, possesses no absolute reality, because it can be annihilated, while truth and real existence are of ever and cannot be destroyed.

3. *The Identity of the Individual Self and Brahman.* The apparent separateness is the result of ignorance on the part of the individual, caused by the universal cosmical illusion. True knowledge will discover the absolute identity of Self and Brahman. The identity is a real and actual identity, and "not a mere lifting up into divine sonship."

This identification is expressed in two brief formulæ: "*Tat tvam asi*," and "*Ayam Atma Brahma*." Professor Max Müller remarks: "This fearless synthesis embodied in the simple words *Tat tvam asi* seems to me the boldest and truest synthesis in the whole history of philosophy." This synthesis forms, no doubt, the highest reach as well as the most characteristic feature of Vedânta. It is this synthesis which stamps on Vedânta its rigorous Advaitâ character.

Moksha (Deliverance) comes by throwing off the bonds of ignorance, by awakening from this illusionary dream and rising to the higher knowledge of Brahman. "He who knows the highest Brahman becomes even Brahman" (Mu. Up. III. 2, 9).

Knowledge brings release from metempsychosis, the pains of *Samsâra*, the endless series of births and deaths. The unending prospect of misery being over, the spirit enjoys bliss, and in the light of true knowledge being one with Brahman, is both perfect and free. One who has reached this higher knowledge is in some respects like the Wise Man of the Stoics. The Paramhansa (the usual name for one who has in himself realised the identity with Brahman) or the perfect sage is subject to no moral law. He is lifted above the fictitious conventionalities of this world. He is one with nature on whom nothing is binding. He is a portion of the principle of reality with no limitations imposed. He is perfect beyond all fear. *Karman* binds

him no longer. Evil touches him not, nor need he lay by capital for a future life. Rid of *Samsāra* he is truly eternal.

It is interesting to note that this wise man receives deliverance at once even while he continues his life in this world of Upādhis or limiting adjuncts. The fire of spiritual intuition burns away the consequences of whatever he seems to do, and when death comes, even this seemingness disappears. In fact he does no acts, we deduced ascribe them to him. "What good have I left undone, what evil have I done?" The thought no longer tortures him. He has outsoared the shadow of our night. A higher gift than grace, God's presence and very self, has taken possession of his soul. "The mortal limit of the self is loosed, and he has like the Ancient Sage of Tennyson passed into the Nameless, even as cloud melts into Heaven." He is thought unto himself, he is pure bliss and pure intelligence.

Ethics in Vedānta. A few words may be said on the position of Ethics in the Vedānta system of philosophy. It would seem that for a real Vedāntin who has achieved the supreme realisation "I am Brahman," any ethical code must be superfluous. But the Vedāntist takes the world as real for all practical purposes; besides, there is to be gone through the necessary discipline, intellectual and moral, before one can stand in the presence of the dazzling truth, and reach the higher knowledge.

The doctrine of Karma, a doctrine that finds almost universal acceptance among Hindus, itself affords a peculiarly attractive sphere for a code of morality. The doctrine of Karma, stated briefly, is simply a rigorous application of the well-known law that all acts are necessarily followed by certain consequences. Our human actions, therefore, bear fruit which we have to enjoy and suffer in the lives hereafter—hence the unending series of lives and deaths. Now "desire" is the chief cause of activity and desires are notoriously known to perpetuate themselves. These desires, therefore, render immortality (*Amṛtatvam*) i.e., *moksha* impossible. Hence the teaching of the Upanishads: "The good is one thing, the agreeable another. He who attaches himself to the supreme good reaps the highest bliss; he who pursues the agreeable is cheated of the real object of existence" (*Kāthopanishud.*) The ideal of deliverance is missed by one who is led away by pleasure; through desires arising

out of pleasure he will be all the more involved in Samsâra. In the same Upanishad we find the "agreeable" identified with "Avidyâ." In a later popular work on Vedânta we read: "I am convinced there is no condition higher than that silence which comes of the abandonment of all latent desires."* The prospect of a long transmigratory existence gives an intense significance to Vedânta ethical teaching. The necessity of true knowledge becomes in the highest degree imperative.

Pessimism. The charge of pessimism is often made against all Indian philosophy. This vulgar opinion is in the last degree superficial; it implies a total misapprehension of the true spirit of Indian thought. Speculative activity, no doubt, had its origin in the unrest of mind at the sight of the crying miseries of life. The attempt to find comfort by solving the enigma of life led to philosophic thought, but this would far from justify a charge of pessimism. Hindu philosophy has attempted to face boldly the fact of evil, and crude as the conclusions of some schools may be, it has never been guilty of either explaining it away or shutting its eyes to it.

Indian philosophy contains no crying out against the heavens. "There is no outcry against divine injustice nor does it encourage suicidal expedients." The sight of unmistakable suffering gave the initial impulse to thinking, but as Professor Max Müller acutely remarks, "Considering that the aim of all Indian philosophy was the removal of suffering which was caused by nescience, and the attainment of the highest happiness which was produced by knowledge, we should have more right to call it eudæmonistic than pessimistic." The truth is, that the spirit of quiet contentment and of resigned contemplation earnestly striving for casting away the idea of spurious evil, is mistaken by some hasty writers† for a sentiment of despair and conviction of the inevitableness of misery. Pessimism would be contrary to the whole spirit of Vedântism. Suffering and evil do not attach to our true self, but pertain to this unreal matter that seems to cling to us somehow. The very sorrows of mind do not affect the soul, which remains pure, unsullied, aloof. The good alone is truly existent, evil is illusory.

* संत्यक्त वासनान्मौनादते नास्त्युत्तमं पदम् । Yogavashishtham.

† Among whom Mr. Gough stands prominent.

The common doctrine of Karman itself is a strong protest against any charge of pessimism. The popular view that evil results from our own previous acts is universally accepted by the Hindus. We can ascribe no evil to the essential constitution of things. Injustice is unthinkable of God. We may also remember a fact, not without considerable significance, that the word Ananda (bliss) is constantly on the lips of a Hindu. A Yogin is said to enjoy unmixed bliss.

Charge of Esotericism. While it would be hardly right to say that Vedānta is an esoteric system or a kind of mere philosophic faith, it is only fair to recognise that such true knowledge as it contemplates is not to be acquired by the man in the street. Like all knowledge it requires in the learner the capacity of assimilation, a capacity that can come from application and practice only. The way to true discrimination of the real from the unreal or the merely phenomenally real lies through a course of mental discipline. The faculty of abstract thinking must be considerably developed before we can dwell on such abstractions as "characterless being" or reach the notion of the pure indeterminateness of thought. We read in *Kāthopanishad*: "He who has not given up the ways of vice, he who is not able to control himself, he who is not at peace within, he whose mind is not at rest, can never realise the self, though full of the learning of the world." Again: "The sense of this, *i.e.*, Brahman, can never be gathered by ratiocination alone; it leads to knowledge only when used by one who knows." The importance of an unimpassioned mind, the cultivation of a quiet receptive spirit, is over and again emphasised, but whatever *mystery* attaches to the Vedānta system is due purely to its accidental historical connection with Yoga, an extremely artificial system of physical and mental discipline.

Conclusion. The orthodoxy of Vedānta appears to be merely a historical accident. The system in its essence, at least as interpreted by Shankara, is terribly liberal. The rigorous non-duality that it teaches is most uncompromising, and this alone would in a large measure account for its charm for the thoughtful and subtle mind. Vedānta is truly the philosophy of the bold thinker who chafes under orthodox sophistications and breaks through the

chains of depressing tradition.* A conspicuous result of this has been that Vedânta, in the form taught by Shankara, has never found much popular acceptance in India. Shankara's abstract and subtle logic was intelligible to professed students of philosophy alone. The impersonal, characterless Brahman—pure intelligence, pure existence—is too cold a conception for the needs of the human heart. Few think it sweet to be “wrecked on the ocean of the Infinite.” No doubt Shankara tempered the rigour of his doctrine of the unreality of the manifold, and introduced the distinction between higher and lower knowledge as also between the Higher Brahman and the Lower Brahman, but this was not enough. We find another great interpreter of Vedânta who teaches a form of qualified non-duality. Ramanuja teaches a kind of “theistic pantheism.” The Lord is not characterless, but possessed of all *auspicious attributes*; He even admits the existence of individual souls.

I have confined myself in this paper to Shankara's interpretation for a double reason. One is that Ramanuja's teachings are not as yet available to a western scholar. The second and the main reason is that Shankara's version is the one that has been most widely accepted by Brahmanic students of philosophy. It is also the one which has fascinated men like Emerson, who was fond of the philosophic rhapsodies of the Upanishads. Emerson often spoke pure Vedânta, and never more truly than when he said, “We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree, but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. From within, or from behind, a light shines through us upon all things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.” The light is only the self-luminous subject of Shankara.

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* My reference is primarily to the multiplicity of Hindu faiths.

A VISION OF PROGRESS.

IT is well to walk in the proper path, but we needs must know where the proper path lies. If we wish a nation really to progress, we ought to see what possibilities are open to it. Extravagant views and hasty methods are to be avoided, for they lead to inevitable reaction. At no time in human history were loftier ideals and finer maxims in vogue than during the French Revolution, and no time was one of greater tyranny. The crudest brute force was the determining motive, and the despotism of Napoleon in which it resulted came as a relief and even as comparative freedom. I confess I do not believe in the essential nobility of human nature ; I think that the Calvinistic doctrine of original sin is founded upon some sadly prominent facts of life. In many ways the civilised man is a wonderful product and greatly in front of the savage raw material from which he has been evolved, but there is always a danger of his slipping back. You can never assume any point gained. Nay, if any age raises itself above those that went before, the next age inevitably sees a reaction. The glory of " the spacious times of great Elizabeth " was swallowed by the lax ideals of the Stuart period. The literary poverty of to-day has followed, as it seems inevitably, on the splendour of the mid-Victorian era. Indeed, ideals that seemed realised as accomplished facts presently appear as far off as ever. Take for instance, war. All would admit in the abstract that nothing can be so deadly to human progress. There is the direct appeal to brute force under whatever religious or other forms it may be cloaked. Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions. Then there

is the destruction of property, enormous unproductive expenditure, interruption to commerce, -loss of the very best raw human material. Of course, all commonplace moralising! And the European nations are as ready as ever to fly at one another's throats! Once the dream of universal peace was a reality, but that was under pagan Rome. The whole civilised world was her territory and her soldiers were merely a police force protecting the Empire against barbarous tribes. A universal peace will not come this way, but the civilised states have not succeeded in establishing international tribunals or international police, and the whole of Europe is kept poor to provide elementary protection to each national existence. Let us not, then, despise the progress made already or even assume retrocession from it impossible.

Although I must always speak of Indian matters with diffidence, it would seem that the *pax Britannica* and the settled government it implies is *the* one great advantage which Britain has given to India, and without it as yet it seems clear enough the country could not proceed alone. This is a non-political essay. Opposing parties never seem to me to touch the main question. Then what great and useful reforms are possible? I should say let the Government look for sample at the life of a prudent private individual, and copy his acts. If Governments did so, half the evil that burdens them would disappear. But not merely do they not do so, but no Government will attack the main questions at issue. Private citizens in the most elementary community remove force as a settler of disputed questions, but States do not conduct themselves in the same way and submit their quarrels, as a matter of course, to tribunals with the irresistible force of all the nations combined to support their decrees; and we cannot be at all sure that they will ever do so, or that having done so they will not fall back to the present condition of things. Indeed, though war is looked on with increasing terror, it is not because of growing humanitarianism, but because of the ever-increasing deadliness and costliness of the machinery employed, and its extinction is, according to our present outlook, only to be looked for in that direction. Put this aside and let us ask what next the prudent citizen or average careful man will do. Surely, free himself from debt at the earliest possible moment! We are so used to enormous national burdens that it never seems to us as strange that

every nation should be more or less heavily in debt, that many sink deeper and deeper, and that none makes any determined effort to free itself. Yet, rightly looked at, a nation has more inducements to be free from debt than an individual. Its life is for centuries, whilst an individual only in very rare cases completes one. Thus he has but a few years to enjoy his freedom, just as it is only for a comparatively short time that he bears the burden. During its existence a nation pays the principal over and over again, returns every penny paid to it a hundredfold, and in the end is more heavily in debt than ever. It certainly would not be a matter of insuperable difficulty for Great Britain to pay off her national debt. This has been recognised from time to time. The late J. S. Mill, when in Parliament, made a fine speech upon the subject over 30 years ago. He urged that the argument "Why should we do anything for posterity since posterity has done nothing for us?" was futile, for the idea of posterity, the desire to assist the generations that come after, had animated great thinkers and great workers in all ages. The idea had its little day of popularity and something was done, but in far too trifling a manner, or the nation at present would be absolutely free of debt. Indeed, an eager strenuous effort is required, something like raising twice the amount of interest each year and thus reducing the amount owing with comparative rapidity. Of course, India is not in the same position as England, and the above arguments do not apply with equal force. She is not like a prosperous individual who from laziness, improvidence or selfishness, does not keep himself financially clear, but like an unfortunate debtor whom hard fate has forced to borrow without the hope of paying off. Yet it is a curious light into the state of national morality that every nation has its debt and that to pay it off, if not a castle in the air, seems a mere counsel of perfection. An individual without debt is in the best position to fight his way. There is a moral strength in the fact itself.

He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

This ought to be as true of the nation as of the individual, but international morality is low, and an enormous debt is not thought a reproach to any people. Again, the old world was before us in this

respect. The Romans had no national debt. If we suppose what, at present, alas! seems impossible, that the more advanced nations could show a clean financial sheet, the next step in progress would be in the same direction. Again look at the private individual. If he is careful he saves, and he goes on doing so until he becomes wealthy in relation to his fellows. But again, a people has a greater reason to save than an individual, its collective life being (in comparison) endless; it reaps through what is practically all time the fruit of a few years' self-denial. Take the case of England, and suppose not merely its debt paid off, but that it is the proprietor of funds to that amount, then a great and thoroughly healthy impetus would be given to industry, because the load of taxation would be greatly reduced, all sorts of beneficial national undertakings, things too great not only for an individual but for a minor community, could be done at the national expense. Then in every strife with rivals, the wealthy nation would be at an enormous advantage, in fact, the very same advantage that the millionaire has over the pauper. I have already spoken of the low state of international morality. I cannot help thinking that a great deal of this is connected with the bad state of international finance. Almost the oldest and simplest definition of morality is to tell the truth and pay one's debts. I will not here discuss the relation between truth telling and diplomacy, but as regards the second, nations do fail in this elementary rule of right acting. Poverty and debt are not crime, but they are powerful incentives to crime. When a man goes wrong in money matters, he goes wrong in everything else. I do not wish to press my parallel too far, but the plain fact ought to induce serious reflection. But supposing this Utopia realised, in what ought the nation to invest its money? An enormous amount of English capital is placed abroad with the practical result that all over the world, people are toiling and working in order to supply material for the fortunate inhabitants of these small islands. It is, however, impossible that government can make those investments, but there is one thing that ought to be in the possession of the nation, and that is the land. It is dangerous to argue from nature, from what ought to be in a natural state of things, but in the original practice of this country at least the soil belonged to the head power. The small unredeemed remains of the land tax is all that is left to

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recall this ancient ownership. Some too eager spirits would violently resume possession without recompense ; when it is pointed out that in process of time land has become an ordinary investment, they reply that those who have bought it, have bought it at their own risk. This is by no means conclusive, and confiscation is advocated by no reasonable man. But for all sorts of purposes and through a long succession of years, compulsory purchase of land is permitted, and it may be fairly said that those who acquire that species of property are, as the lawyers say, affected with notice of possible purchase. It might be prudent to purchase the reversion of tracts after a period of years. A very small sum paid down would secure an estate which is not to come into possession for a long period, just as a comparatively small sum paid in early life brings in a comparatively large sum at death, but one need not to go into those details.

It may be said that all these ideas are Utopian. I grant it. But how strange that they should be ! That elementary steps in well-being and the mere suggestion to pay off debt should be considered Utopian ! The public conscience must be educated ; unfortunately, there is nothing inspiring in commonplace things like a clean financial slate. The pomp and triumph of war strike the imagination ; the lust of conquest fires and corrupts the national mind. But to pinch even for a little, to enjoy in the future, even in the near future, does not seem attractive, though in every way its effects are beneficial. The wealth thus acquired would, I not only admit, but insist, require to be guarded with a stern hand. Charity, if given at all, must be strictly limited. Indeed, the conditions of life even in England are so hard for a great number of people, that they must desire to escape from them if possible. When proper pride is once gone, a gift of money is eagerly sought after. It does seem hard for a nation full of wealth to refuse bread to people who are starving, in many cases through no fault of their own. Nor is it any consolation for famished people to be told, that to relieve them would in the near future cause still greater amount of distress. On the other hand, it is just as true that the most worthless and hopeless class of the community will be found naturally dependent upon what charity they can get, and that anything like indiscriminate giving will enormously and permanently increase that class and make it a

perpetual drag upon a nation's progress. But I will not pursue that subject further here. I have tried to indicate possible and reasonable lines upon which, I think, progress may be attained ; to call them impracticable, is merely to say that all elementary progress is impossible.

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LOVE AND LIFE

Faery flights of the rose-leaf lights vibrate through the silver mist
Out of the close of the briar-rose in a rhythm of amethyst :
Day grows tense with a sweeter sense as the fields of the air above
Thrill to the brush of soft wings whose flush transfuses the track of
Love.

Herald hosts touch the Autumn's coasts and the death of the year
proclaim,
Through the glades go the golden shades, and their feet are a
twinkling flame,
Where they pass on the leaves and the grass the glow of the wood
expires
Love has lit in the heart of it the light of immortal fires.

So Love's wand shows the light beyond the light of our human ken,
Adds the bliss of his emphasis to the happiness known of men,
Points the ways through the tangled maze to meanings above our
reach,
Makes us one in a unison that passes the power of speech.

ETHEL WHEELER.

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London.*

THE STUDY OF INDIAN SOCIAL HISTORY.

III.

THE USE OF THE STUDY OF SOCIAL HISTORY.

THE divorce of *jāti* from religion, as we have already noticed, has not altogether secularised the Indian social institutions. There are ties that have survived the wear and tear of three millenniums of reaction and still serve as connecting links between ancient Vedism and modern social life. There are ceremonies that play as great a part in the life of the family as do religious devotion and meditation in individual life, and that still partially maintain the old religious supremacy of the Brahman and keep him at the top of the social edifice. These are the Vedic Grihya or household rites, also called *Samskaras* or sacraments, such as garbhadhana (the ceremony of conception), pumsavana (the ceremony to secure the birth of a male child), namakarana (naming the child), annaprasana (feeding the child with solid food), chaula (tonsure), upanayana (investment with the sacred thread), marriage, and the various sraddha rites (ceremonies of ancestor worship), in the performance of which the *jāti* of the performer has to be taken into account.

Even the Buddhist Sramanas—the bitterest enemy of the Brahmans—left these rites untouched and thus practically left the social leadership with the Brahmans. Udayanacharya, a writer on Nyāya or Indian logic, in his *Atma-tattva-viveka*, puts it forward as one of the arguments against Buddhism :—“There does not exist a sect, the followers of which do not perform the Vedic rites beginning with the garbhadhana and ending with the funeral, even though they regard them as having but a relative or tentative value.”* In the beginning of the fifth century A. D. the Chinese

* R. G. Bhandarkar, “A Peep into the Early History of India,” *Journal of the Bombay Br. R. A. S.*, Vol. XX, p. 363.

pilgrim, Fa Hien, found in Ceylon that "the king practises the Brahmanical purification."* And although the Brahman class among the Sinhalese population has long been absorbed by the Buddhist priesthood, *jati-bheda* still exists among them and some of the domestic ceremonies still survive in modified forms.

The same phenomenon may be observed in other Buddhist countries that were originally colonised by Indian emigrants. We are told of Siam and Cambodia in Indo-China: "The Kings of this empire (Siam) show special favour to the Brahmans in their districts who cling to the old beliefs. They alone are allowed to prepare the holy water, and play a predominant part in many palace ceremonies. The aristocracy of Cambodia still lays claim to privileges which remind us of the Brahman caste system (Kshatriyas)."[†] The tonsure ceremony is still performed by the Siamese population, and mourning is observed among them by shaving the head and putting on white garments.

The usages and rites, therefore, that go to the making of the social life of the Hindus may be said to form a religion apart from and unconnected with the creed or creeds in which this spiritual life finds its full expression. This peculiarly detached character of Indian social life, which makes it follow a course of its own independently of the main current of religious life, on the one hand, and political life on the other, renders its separate historical treatment possible. But by claiming for it an independent existence I must not be understood to imply that Indian social life has not been in any way modified by religious, political, and economic influences during the various phases of its history; or that its history can be studied by itself without any reference to the other divisions of history. All that I endeavour to establish is that the social aspect of our national life may be and ought to be made the subject of special historical study, and that the social history of India is entitled to an independent place among the other departments of her general history.

I need hardly say that the study of social history is of as great practical value in its own sphere as the other departments of histori-

* Legge's Fa Hien (Oxford 1886) p. 104.

[†] *The World's History*, Edited by Dr. Helmolt, Vol II. English Translation, London, 1904, p. 520.

cal study in the other departments of life. The present has its root in the past and is pregnant with the issues of the future. We are likely to make fewer mistakes in our future course if we can equip ourselves with a sound knowledge of the past and guide our footsteps in the light of its wisdom and its warnings. It is held by eminent authorities that the knowledge of history has had as great a share in determining the progressive course of civilisation as the knowledge of nature. Both these branches of knowledge have proved themselves equally powerful as instruments of liberating the human intellect from the bondage of hereditary superstitions. If natural science has shaken the faith in alchemy, astrology, and witchcraft, and has opened the path of material progress by revealing the hidden laws of the physical world, historical science has proved itself equally serviceable to social and political advancement by emancipating the human mind from such old-world notions as the golden age, the degeneration of the human race, the divine origin of the prerogatives, privileges, and disabilities of the different classes and races, and by revealing the laws that govern the moral world.

It is admitted by all that if the Indians wish to survive in the fierce struggle of commercial competition they should devote themselves to the cultivation of applied sciences. But unfortunately, in our zeal for the natural sciences we are liable to forget the claims of history. Mr. James Bryce suggested to the late Mr. Tata that historical research should also find a place among the other branches of original research institute. In moulding national character natural science and history may be regarded as forces that are complementary to one another. A knowledge of both these divisions of study is equally necessary for enabling man to gain mastery over his fate and control over his destiny. The stagnation and retrogression of Indian civilisation are due to a blind faith in the doctrine of *daiva* or destiny divine and *prarabdha karma* or the irresistible influence of past actions in the present life. If the Indians desire to emancipate their intellects from such demoralising faiths and develop a genuine spirit of *purushakara* or self-help, they should devote themselves with equal earnestness and zeal to the cultivation of both the natural and historical sciences.

But of all the main branches of Indian history the study of no other branch is of such paramount practical importance as the social

history, and in no other sphere of life is the historic method of action likely to be more useful than in social life. Patriotic Indians and the genuine friends of India among foreigners find their reforming energies obstructed at every step by the dead wall of rigid social customs that pass current under the name of *yugadharma*, "the usage of the age," or *desachara*, "the usage of the land." While it is admitted that some of these usages, like enforced widowhood and restrictions on connubial and commensal relations between the different *jatis*, that appear inhuman and repugnant to the progress of national life, did not exist from time immemorial, any proposal for their modification meets with very strong opposition. The Puranas indicate their inviolability by attributing them to sages who laid them down for the preservation of mankind in the Kali-yuga or the iron age. Here we have the faith in the Golden Age and its corollaries appealed to in support of some of the most retrograde social changes. In Europe this belief has long ago disappeared before the light of historical criticism. But it still dominates the Indian mind, and the Pauranik account of social origins is still devoutly believed by the great mass of the Hindus.

How reluctant even the Indians who have received modern University education are to shake off the Pauranik prejudices and adopt the methods of historical criticism in their treatment of the problems of social origin, is best illustrated by the copious literature produced by the most widespread of modern social movements which, in the absence of any definite name, I shall call by the name of "Neo-Aryan movement." Some of the Hindu *jatis* treated by the Brahmans as Sudras for ceremonial purposes have for a long time past been trying to elevate their social position by investing themselves with the sacred thread and adopting the usages of the twice-born. This movement has entered on a new phase with the introduction of text-books on Indian history in our schools and colleges. Early European Sanskritists, finding *Arya* and *Sudra* contrasted in the Vedic texts, came to the conclusion that the latter were non-Aryan aborigines who submitted to the Aryan conquerors of India. It may be added that in these texts *arya* means master and *sudra* means serf or slave, and that the relation between the master and the slave does not necessarily imply difference in social origin. But this very misleading account of the origin of the

Sudras was copied by the compilers of text-books on Indian history and crammed by the Hindu students. To the educated members of the non-Brahman *jatis* observing Sudra rites the non-Aryan origin indicated by it naturally appears very repugnant. They are, therefore, driven to vindicate their Aryan descent by tracing the origin of their respective communities from ancient Vaisyas, Kshatriyas or even Brahmans and adopting the corresponding usages. But in their eagerness to prove Aryan descent these "Neo-Aryans" throw the canons of historical criticism to the winds, and seize upon legends and Sanskrit stanzas (*slokas*) that seem to support their pretensions from all conceivable sources without any inquiry into their authenticity and origin. Their pretensions, however, are not allowed to pass unchallenged. But the opponents of neo-Aryanism, actuated by much less justifiable motives, show equal disregard for the methods of criticism.

The same reluctance to view social questions in the light of history is shown by some of our educational reformers. In December, last year, a *vakil* of the Allahabad High Court announced a munificent donation of five lakhs for the founding of a Hindu University. The scheme of the proposed University, as prepared by the Sanatan Dharma Mahasabha held at Allahabad, has been published in the newspapers. One of the main objects of the University is stated to be, "to train teachers of religion for the preservation and promotion of Sanatan Dharma which is inculcated by the *Srutis*, *Smritis*, and *Puranas* and which recognise *Varna* and *Asrama*." The proposed University will comprise, among other institutions, "a Vaidik College where the *Vedas*, *Vedangas*, *Smritis*, *Darsanas*, *Itihasas* and *Puranas* shall be taught." The following rules have been laid down for the management of the college :—

(a) That the Vaidik College and all religious work of the University be under the control of Hindus who accept and follow the Sanatan Dharma as laid down in the *Srutis*, *Smritis* and *Puranas*.

(b) That admission to this College be regulated in accordance with the rules of the *Varnasrama Dharma*.

(c) That all other colleges be open to students of all creeds and classes ; and the secular branches of Sanskrit learning be also taught without distinction of caste or creed.

The most striking point about this scheme is the supreme

indifference shown by its authors to some of the most patent facts of modern religious and social history. They seem to have lost all touch with the present and are moving in the dreamland of Brahmanic Utopia as conceived by the compilers of the Smritis. Now, what are the teachers of the Sanatan Dharma trained in the Sruti and Smriti that recognise Varna and Asrama to do? Of course they would make good house-priests. But how are they to promote what the great bulk of the population of Upper India regards as their Sanatan Dharma, which is founded upon the teachings of religious reformers like Ramananda, Kabir, and Dadu, who do not recognise Varna-bheda in the sphere of religious life, without sacrificing some of the most essential principles of *Smartism* (i.e., the religion of the Smritis)? The idea of reforming the Hindu religious life on the basis of Smriti may commend itself to many. But it must not be forgotten that for the last three or four hundred years the spiritual life of the population of Hindustan had drawn its nourishment not from the Sruti or the Smriti, but from the noble lyrics of Kabir and Sur-das, Nabha Das's *Bhakt Mala* or "the lives of the saints," and the monumental *Ramayana* of Gosain Tulsi Das about which work Dr. Grierson writes :—

Pandits may talk of the *Vedas* and of the *Upanishads*, and a few may even study them; others may say they pin their faith on the *Puranas*; but to the vast majority of the people of Hindustan, learned and unlearned alike, their sole norm of conduct is the so-called *Tulsi-krit Ramayana*.*

And as regards regulating the admission to the Vaidic College "in accordance with the rules of the Varnasrama-dharma," I would ask, where are the old Varnas to be had? Of course there are the Brahmans, and the scheme is the work of the Brahmans. But who among the non-Brahman *jatis* are to be held eligible for admission and who are to be excluded? A consistent follower of the *Puranas* cannot recognise any jati as Kshatriya in this age. For has not the Kshatriya Varna been exterminated at least three-and-twenty times according to the *Puranas*? Out of these twenty-one times stand to the credit of Parasuram; once again the Sudra Parasuram Nanda-Mahapadma destroyed the Kshatriya race; and it was exterminated for the twenty-third time by a king of the Magadhas who is called

* *The Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindustan*, Calcutta, 1889, p. 43.

Visvaspatika in the Vishnu Purana (4.24), Visva-sphani in the Vayu (37.371), and Visva-sphurji in the Bhagavat (12.1.34). Again, if the Sudras are to be excluded, whom are we to class as Sudras ? A Sudra is thus defined in the Sruti शूद्रकल्पस्ते प्रजायामाजनिष्यते अन्यस्य प्रेष्यः कामोत्थाप्यो यथाकाम वध्यो *—“One like a Sudra shall be born in thy line, the servant of another, who may be expelled or slain at pleasure.” With the abolition of slavery the Sudra or the menial “who may be expelled or slain at pleasure” has been extinct in India. The English officials are the only Kshatriyas in British India ; and viewed in the light of Varna-dharma the Indians are all Vaisyas whom the Sruti describes as—अन्यस्य बलिकृदन्यस्याद्यो यथाकाम-इयेयो *—“One who is tributary to another, who is to be used (lit. eaten) by another, and who may be oppressed at will.” Any attempt to revive the *varna-dharma* at least three-and-twenty centuries after its subversion by the Buddha and Nanda-Mahapadma cannot but lead to serious social dissensions.

Brahmanic Varnasramism and non-Brahmanic Neo-Aryanism are sure to find advocates among those educated Hindus who are not disposed to call a spade a spade ; and the mischiefs that are likely to follow from such movements can only be avoided by the dissemination of the knowledge of social history gained by researches made in accordance with the methods of historical criticism. A sound knowledge of social history alone can enable us to steer clear of the two opposite extremes of opinions—a revolutionary spirit that would totally destroy, or a rigid conservatism that would preserve intact, all that has come down to us from the past. Institutions and usages only gain a footing when they satisfy some real wants of those who adopt them ; and those among the institutions that have existed for long must be presumed to have continued to satisfy ever-recurrent wants. But when these wants are found to have disappeared with the change of circumstances, the best thing to do is to reject the old remedial measures. For the conservation of social institutions that no longer meet any real wants is as injurious to social life as is the use of medicines to an individual who has fully recovered from the illness for which those medicine were originally prescribed. History, which gives a true picture of our

past life with its varying wants and their remedies, can alone indicate with authority which among our heritages from the past are to be rejected and which are to be retained to adapt our social life to modern conditions.

Hitherto two different methods of action have been followed by two different schools of Indian social reformers. The more advanced school has based their reforming activities on the abstract doctrines of equality, fraternity, and liberty. The other school has been endeavouring to bring about reform by re-enforcing those obsolete Shastric injunctions that are suited to modern ideas and requirements. But both the parties have been spending their energies in futile efforts. It is as impossible for the Hindus, rightly proud of their ancient civilisation that has triumphed over so many dangers and has so long dominated the eastern world, to break free from their past, as to recall or revive that past in the twentieth century. The proper course to be adopted by the party of reform is the historic method of social action. By a scientific study of the social history the fundamental elements of social life, on which the social continuity had hitherto been dependent, should be carefully separated from the accidental ones; and all our reforming energies should be concentrated on the endeavour to realise the modern progressive ideas through those historic elements of social machinery. In adopting such a course we shall not be following an untrodden path, but shall have the advantage of the luminous example of Japan to guide our footsteps.

RAMA PRASAD CHANDA.

*Rajshahi,
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HUMOUR AND RELIGION.

All who speak truth to me commissioned are ;
 All who love God are in my Church embraced.
 Not that I have no sense of preference—
 None deeper !—but I rather love to draw
 Even here, on Earth, on toward the future law
 And Heaven's fine etiquette, where "*Who ?*" and "*Whence ?*"
 May not be asked ; and at the Wedding Feast
 North shall sit down with South, and West with East !

THE statement that a sense of humour is a natural accompaniment of a truly religious character seems perhaps at first sight a new heresy—an out-crop of this present irreverent and shallow generation. And yet it is to my mind a fact, though one seldom allowed to assert itself.

To start with, what *is* a sense of humour ?

We are told it is the sense of the relative proportion of life, just as perspective is a sense of the relative proportion of objects. And this is a very fair definition. Again, a German paints us the word-picture of humour as having lips wreathed in smiles and eyes the while brimming over with tears. And that too is a very fair picture, for it gives an idea of the two-fold side of humour.

Some more insight into what a sense of humour can be, is arrived at by putting it in one or two other ways. A person may have a fine vein of sarcasm, or an unfailing sense of the comic side of life—and yet lack humour. For humour will always laugh *with* its audience, never *at* it. True humour will cheer and amuse, it will never wound ; it will always be ready to see the quaint and amusing part of a situation, and yet never lose sight of the graver and possibly pathetic side of it. Perhaps

a true unquenchable sense of humour can only arise out of a thorough knowledge of the gravity and tragedy of the world ; certainly, it can only live in a heart that knows how unavoidable the many aches of life are, and that abounds in the love of humanity.

It seems to me that a sense of humour is the outcome of the lesson : " God is immeasurably great and I am immeasurably small ; my small self and the concerns that seem to me so all-important are but one little unit with its tiny little circle of joys and pleasures, and each little unit that surrounds me has just the same sorrows that hurt as keenly, hopes and aspirations that seem as golden, disappointments that are as bitter, and a few joys that have to cover all the trouble, all the pain, and all the disappointments which in life are somehow inevitable. Having learnt my own little lesson of disappointment, having to hear my own little burden of trouble, let me take what cannot be avoided cheerfully and watch all the movement and life around me. Let me rejoice in the sunshine and pleasure that comes my way, and let me try to make one or two of my brother-units in this vast tribe of humanity do the same. When I chance to notice in one of them that his burden galls a little, my heart may brim with sympathy, for I too know or can guess the feel of that gall, but my lips *must* smile and cheer him over the small distance we happen to tread together. It is the only thing I can do for him."

And that is why I say a sense of humour is a natural accompaniment of a religious character, for it means appreciation of all the beauties of life and sympathy and cheer for all its troubles. Perhaps it is not an absolutely necessary accompaniment of a religious character, but it would seem a very natural one, whether in a Brahmin, Buddhist, or Mahomedan—but more especially it would seem a natural trait in one who has studied and absorbed the teachings of Christianity. Yet how seldom a devout and faithful follower of religion possesses any inkling of this sense, how seldom he even allows that there is anything but demerit in such a sense ? And this seems the case especially amongst Christians, individual Christians and Christians as a whole community. All the many sects and partitions into which Christianity is at present divided, show that a sense of humour is considered most unfit and is very carefully quelled and extinguished. Why ? Because it is just owing to this sense of

humour being rigorously excluded that so many sects and partitions have arisen in this one religion of Love and Unity of "peace and goodwill toward all men." Had there not been a total lack of this sense of proportion, how could one who has decided to believe in and be guided by the teachings of Christ, turn upon a brother who has also so decided, because perchance he puts a little more emphasis on one portion of his Master's behests and a little less on another? If it is his way of reading it, let him honestly abide by it, even as the other can but honestly abide by his own version, and the great Christ will no doubt show both in due time where each was a little mistaken. Meanwhile, let them shake hands with toleration and goodwill and wish each other the best of success in stepping out faithfully in the footsteps of the Master, as best each can discern them. "He that is not against me, is for me," we are told; therefore a sense of humour which in no way hinders, but rather endorses the doctrine of the smallness of self and self-interest, can but be a help to the religious character, be it of a Buddhist, a Hindu, or a follower of Christ. It seems to me that the more the representatives of a religion teach their followers to quell all sense of humour, the more apt are they to lose the relative sense of proportion of the various questions of dogma and ritual that accompany each faith as against the first great principles of truth that faith shows forth; and that most of all they run the danger of losing sight of the just proportions of all religions towards each other and towards the great final aim and object common to them all, *i.e.*, to know *Truth*, to see *God*.

The Buddhist buries himself in abstract impersonal contemplation, the devout Hindu in a dream of mysticism, the Roman Catholic priest in a fervour of religious devotion and self-abnegation. Each in his way seeks an antidote to the enslaving cares and worries of life, of "the thorns that grow by the way-side." Each in his own way tries to instil into his mind the smallness of his individuality, the utter insignificance of his particular cares and troubles. And do they succeed, do they quite escape the thorns? Perhaps a few of them do; I do not know. But it seems to me that a cultivation of humour, this sense of the proportion of their own small circle of cares and troubles and temptations in relation to that of each of their neighbours, would help them greatly. For in viewing the greater

number of similar circles it is more difficult not to lose sight of the one small circle that comprises self.

Mr. Harold Begbie (in *East & West*, for Jan. 1903) says : " Without humour the finest spirituality in the world is apt to run amuck. We must cultivate a sense of the proportion of things." And further :

If we take ourselves too seriously we shall never realise the greatness of God. If we drive laughter from our lips we shall forget our humanity. God has not made us human without a reason. Is it irreverent to think that there is a spiritual equivalent of our mortal mirth and that to all the innumerable creations of His majestic power God has given the gift of smiles ?

And he advises India in particular to cultivate this sense of humour in conjunction with patience and self-control, not only with reference to the various religions of her own, but especially in watching and judging the many forms under which Christianity is being laid before her. A sense of humour will help her to put in their proper rank of relative unimportance the " teachings of men " in variance of dogma and ritual and to give to the actual words and instructions of their Master, so few and so great in their simplicity, the chief and foremost place when she considers whether and how far to adopt and to adapt any part of this religion of her rulers. It is, I fancy, this sense of humour, if India will cultivate it sufficiently, which is to help her to separate her judgment of their religion as apart from her judgment of how its teachings are carried out by many of its followers.

Wordsworth tells us :—

Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath ;
Expose the countless springs of countless good ;
So shall the truth be better understood :
And thy grieved spirit brighten strong in faith.

These " countless springs of countless good " that arise in and flow through each and every religion, do they not all originate in the one " great current flowing underneath ? " When the many canals and covered waterways fashioned to contain each by the hands of men are annihilated, will each of these countless springs not show to be a pure spring of " living water "—in every way the same as all the others ; arising from the one great current under-

neath and only changed for the time in outward semblance, according as each was differently collected and conducted by the hands of different men—some through marble facings, some through stone or brick or wooden ways, and some not gathered in and conducted at all but allowed to pass on into stagnating, marshy ground or dry all-absorbing desert sand ?

These springs are countless and each spring is cherished and tended and followed up by countless human beings. In the full evolution of time they will no doubt all flow out into the great ocean of eternity, and we, if we have but bravely followed after, will perhaps arrive there too ; and perchance we will be surprised to find how many have arrived at the same great goal following, we so firmly believed, an adverse stream in adverse direction. We know so little, we can even gauge the just proportions of things so slightly ; let us, therefore, humorously smile at our own small ignorances and tolerantly bear with those of our neighbours, and let us cheerfully offer encouragement to each other faithfully to persevere, and perchance some day we shall learn the “ spiritual equivalent of this mortal sense of humour.” It was Ruskin who said :—

At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them. .

BARONESS ROSENBERG.

Deviculam, S. I.

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

NOTHING could be more remarkable than the indignation evinced by Europe at the supposed burning of the Alexandrian Library by the Saracens under Amron-bin-il-As, and the assiduity with which it has spread the tale. We are prone to attribute this sympathy to its general love of literature and its regard for ancient manuscripts; but on closer examination we find that something more than a mere love of literature is at work in the present instance. Who has bemoaned with equal vehemence the loss of other libraries, such, for instance, as the destruction of the Persian libraries by Alexander, or other similar acts of vandalism? Who has expressed such indignation at the political fanaticism of Cardinal Ximenes in consigning to the flames the labours of the philosophers, mathematicians and poets of Cordova, the literature of a splendid dynasty of seven hundred years on the plea that they were "Alcorans."

The age of the Crusades, a time when, "instead of prayer and acts of benevolence, the slaughter of human beings was inculcated as an expiation for offences," was eventful, at least, in one respect; that many of the misconceptions about Islam and its followers that are current in Europe date back to those days. Any hypothesis that was considered likely to throw odium upon Muhammad and his followers was most welcome. The promoters of the Crusades were utterly unscrupulous of the means they took to excite popular wrath against the Saracens: nothing was too low for them. This was a time when Europe lay under deep intellectual lethargy. Anything and everything was believed. The seeds of enmity and hatred that were thus sown bore fruit immediately and during the succeeding centuries. It is to one of these effusions of, as it were, the inherent hatred against Islam, that we owe the tale under review.

That modern men of note and culture are to be found still repeating this myth is the more surprising, since the historian Gibbon has thrown doubt upon the story, on account of its own improbability and the absence of contemporary authority for it, either Christian or Mussalman; for he has said that even, "if the ponderous mass of Arabian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may

allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind."

The honour of being the first to disclose the real facts about the supposed burning of the library belongs to Edward Gibbon, whose researches and those of Irving and others trace the origin of the story to Abulfaraj, who was born about 1226 A.D., and was the son of a Jewish physician Haroon, who had become a convert to Christianity. Abulfaraj was brought up a Christian and very early showed an inclination towards Greek and Arabic. He very soon became a thorough scholar in those languages and wrote a history in Arabic, in which, in connection with the conquest of Egypt by Muhammadans, he says: "Yehya Nahvi, a Christian philosopher, asked Amron to hand him over the books in the Royal library, which were not likely to be of much use to the conquerors. Thereupon, Amron wrote to Omar of the request of Yehya Nahvi, and awaited the orders of the Caliph. Omar wrote to him stating that if the contents of those books were similar to those of the Holy Koran, there was no necessity of preserving them. Should the contents be different from or opposed to the teachings of the 'Book of God,' the sooner they were destroyed the better. Amron, then, distributed the books among the public baths and had them destroyed." A Latin translation of this book appeared in the year 1662 A.D., since which time the myth has formed part and parcel of the European literature.

Since Gibbon's time there have been two parties, those who believe in the story of the burning and those who discredit the tale. The former cite Mukhreezi, Abdul Latif and Hajee Khalifa as the writers from whom Abulfaraj has borrowed the story. The latter merely deny the authority of the above authors. We shall proceed to examine what these authors have written upon the subject. Mukhreezi is no independent witness as he merely quotes Abdul Latif. The words of Hajee Khalifa are as follows: "During the early days of Islam no other books were much cared for by the Arabs except treatises on medicine and books dealing with the Islamic tenets. They were so careful lest the study of books other than these should prove injurious to the beliefs of the new converts that they are said to have destroyed the libraries found in the conquered countries." There is nothing referring, in particular, to the Alexandrian Library in the passage just quoted. Hajee Khalifa speaks of the carelessness of the Arabs during the early Islamic days and makes mention of a belief that was then common. It is impossible to see how his statement can serve as evidence of any weight to the detractors of Mussalmans.

The evidence of Abdul Latif alone remains to be examined. He

wrote a history of Egypt in 603 A. H. and while describing the pillage called "Amood-us-sawari," says :

"It is said that this is one of those pillars which supported the roof under which Aristotle taught his disciples and contained also the library which was burnt by Amron at the instance of Caliph Omar."

The words "it is said," clearly imply that Abdul Latif does not accept the above facts as historical truths. Another interesting thing to note is that the other fact mentioned by Abdul Latif is also not true.

This is all the evidence relating to an event upon which so much has been written. Granting that Hajee Khalifa had in mind the burning of the Alexandrian Library when he speaks of the negligence of the Mussalmans in the early days of Islam, and that Abdul Latif believed what he wrote, their statements can have no value as they are not recognised historians. It would certainly be strange were we to believe them and neglect the more reliable evidence of noted historians who are silent upon the point. In his account of Alexandria which Amron sent to Caliph Omar, on its fall, he gives the most detailed account of its inhabitants, its baths, its places of public recreation, etc., but says nothing about the library, which would certainly have had a place in his report had it existed at the time.

Blazari, Tabri, Ibn-e-Asir and Ibn-e-Khaldoun, the most noted Muhammadan historians, have given no account of the occurrence. Even the Christian historians of the tenth century make no reference whatever to the affair. The library of the Ptolemies had ceased to exist long before Mussalmans had anything to do with it, part of it being destroyed by Julius Cæsar and the rest by the Christians themselves. Anything that had outlived the ravages of western vandalism was most carefully sought for during the reigns of Haroon-al-Raschid, Mamoons and Mutawakkal Billah and transferred to their libraries. What had been destroyed, Mussalmans could not have possibly replaced.

Having shown that there is not a scrap of historical evidence in proof of the alleged charge, we shall now discuss the possibilities of the situation. That the books of the library should have served as fuel to warm the public baths of Alexandria, whose number is definitely known to have been four thousand, for a period of six months, is on the face of it a myth. Besides, if Abulfaraj were to be believed, Christians cannot disclaim participation in the deed, for, had the bath-keepers, who were all Christians, cared to preserve the manuscripts, they could have easily done so, as Amron did not stop all the while in Egypt to see that his orders had been properly carried out.

After the conquest of Egypt, the inhabitants were classed among "Zimmis," non-Mussalmans, who had come under the protection of the Caliphate. They enjoyed the same privileges as Muhammadan citizens and were, perhaps, better off in some respects, as military service was not compulsory upon them. The life and property of the "Zimmis" were secure. Omar was so considerate towards the "Zimmis" that at the time of his death he especially enjoined his subordinates to be mindful of the rights of the "Zimmis," and his word was law. Even the most prejudiced writers, however uncompromising they be upon the hard-heartedness of Omar, have admitted this much, that his words and deeds were never at variance. The library could not have been more odious to the Mussalmans, than the Churches and the Persian Fire Altars, for the protection of which special orders were issued: "That no church or fire-place of worship should be demolished either within or without a city."

Abulfaraj himself owns Amron to be a man of very amiable qualities and a lover of literature. He had great regard for the learned. He held in high esteem Yehya Nahvi, the Christian philosopher. Is it probable that so tolerant a man would have been guilty of such an act? 'It would not be correct to say that he committed the deed on the motion of Omar, for the Caliph had great faith in the prudence and ability of his lieutenant and had practically left everything in his hands.

Carlyle says: "The lies which well-meaning zeal had heaped round this man (Muhammad) are disgraceful to ourselves only." Europe has held these beliefs about Islam and its followers too long. It is really time to dismiss all that. To hold it any longer would be unfair to a people who were the pioneers of civilisation in Europe and the "Fathers of European Philosophy," a people from whom it has always received humanity and protection. To believe in such tales any longer would be ungrateful to a nation to which Europe owes its political and religious liberty, "the abolition of the onerous parts of the feudal system and the destruction of the aristocratic despotism on the ruins of which have risen the proudest bulwarks of modern liberties."

"Europe is to be reminded that she is indebted to the followers of Muhammad, as the link which connects ancient and modern literature; for the preservation during a long reign of western darkness, of the works of many of the Greek philosophers; and for the cultivation of some of the most important branches of science, mathematics, medicine, etc., which are highly indebted to their labours."

John Davenport says: "A short digression is here necessary for the purpose of refuting the charge brought against the Caliph Omar, of having, in the year A. D. 641, ordered his lieutenant Amron to destroy

the Alexandrian Library, by making its valuable MSS. serve as fuel for heating the public baths of that city; a charge the more preposterous, as it is well known that the *library of the Ptolemies*, with its four or seven hundred thousand volumes, was burned during a military operation of Julius Cæsar. That this accusation so confidently repeated by one historian after another, is wholly unfounded, is moreover proved, firstly, by the fact that such a deed would have been a violation of the law of Muhammad, which expressly enjoins that the religious books of the Jews and Christians acquired by the right of conquest, should never be destroyed, and that the production of profane science, history, poetry, philosophy, etc., may be lawfully made use of for the benefit of the faithful; secondly, that Abulfaraj,* from whose "dynasties" the relation of the burning is taken, lived six hundred years after the alleged event, while annalists of a much earlier date, Christians and natives of Egypt, have been perfectly silent on the subject; thirdly, that Saint Croix, who published his learned researches upon the libraries of Alexandria, pronounces it to be a mere fable, for the oldest and most considerable libraries at Alexandria did not exist further back than the fourth century.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote the closing remarks of Shams-ul-Ulema Shibli, in his famous pamphlet in Urdu, entitled "*Kutub Khana-i-Iskandria*," a verbatim rendering of which in English reads as follows:—

"We have proved historically and logically that the tale of the burning of the Alexandrian library is a mere fabrication, and it is perfectly a matter of indifference to us whether European historians agree with us or not. To those who are led away by the achievements of Europe into believing anything that originates there, this consolation we offer, that the belief which held universal sway once has been slowly losing ground. The majority of modern European writers regard it as a fable, and it is to be earnestly hoped that a day will come when further researches will compel Europe to unanimously and openly declare that we were blaming them though the fault lay with us."

S. ABDUL WAJID.

Bangalore.

* The tale of Abulfaraj would not have been so industriously circulated, had it not served the purpose of those who wished to impute to the barbarians of Rome the guilt of darkening the world. (See Gibbon, Vol. vi, p. 66. Note by Editor. Bohn's edition.)

THROUGH SEVERED SCANDINAVIA.

A DULL grey platform at King's Cross, and a crowded train. Masses of luggage moving fitfully about; visions of anxious proprietors of the same, nervous as to its safe disposal, nervous also about their seats. Places at a premium in the luncheon car.

A thoughtful porter has long since settled us in a slip-carriage for Retford, assuring us that it is the "through" carriage for Hull. Undeceived, we escort our multitudinous wraps and packages to another compartment with blessings on the thoughtful porter. Our precious belongings squeeze in with us; they have to be stowed in racks, sat upon in corners, poked under feet. But by great good luck we find ourselves in seats at last, Theresa, Lena and I.

Surely, there never was a duller route than this same Great Northern of England! It lies through a flat district; and this gives it a huge advantage in the matter of speed over its enterprising rivals, the North Western and the Midland Railways. But it is absolutely without scenic attractions. And to-day the level land exhales a dank mist. The flat fields are green-grey; the sky is leaden-grey. There is not even the cheerful undertone, which the consciousness of busy prosperity gives to the smoke-grimed towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire—we pass no cities as we rush northwards through the heavy air. The only refuge is in newspapers and bananas. It is generally sinful to read newspapers in a train. To-day it is meritorious.

And at Hull is it any better? The gipsies have a proverb—"From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, Good Lord, deliver us!" and we do not venture to question its wisdom. The drive to the docks is the gloomiest experience on record in the life of one of us. The sea is invisible.

Our ancient cab pulls up in a shed. We should think ourselves arrived at the World's Edge: but here are actually smart officials; a gold-braided purser whisks our luggage up a broad gangway, another uniform

demands to see our tickets, and in a moment more we are on the deck of the *Leonardo*.

Theresa is a Celt; Lena confesses to being a good deal of an Anglian; I am neither the one nor the other. Celt, Teuton or nondescript, however, we unite, like all islanders, in the possession of something which makes us thrill and dilate when we set foot on the white decks of a ship (especially when in dock). The *Leonardo* is no beauty—none of her sisters are, with their low sterns, and funnels sticking up somewhere above the screw. But she is as roomy and luxurious as money can make her. Her wide hurricane deck shelters long, broad promenades on either side the dining-saloon. Further on, steering carefully past the spot where a huge threshing machine from Lincoln or Norwich is moored on the open deck, you reach the ample fore-castle, where the foremast rises with Norwegian mail-flag fluttering at the truck. We shall meet that red Norwegian flag again many a time in the next few days.

"Do you know it is just the Danish flag," says Theresa, "with a blue cross along the centre of the white one, so that the white looks just like a border? This is the mail-boat, too; so we have the crowned post-horn in the middle."

"And what is the reason," asks somebody, "that the Union Jack has disappeared from the corner?"

"The Union Jack!" laughs Lena. "You don't expect our Union Jack on a foreign flag!"

It is explained that Sweden and Norway rejoice in the possession of a Jack—rather a pretty composition of the Swedish blue and yellow, and the Norse red, white and blue. But it appears, from the conversation of the nautically wise, that some years back Norway summarily cleared it out of her ensign, except in the Royal Navy. Without it, the Norse flag, especially when drooping in folds, continually reminds us of our own Union Jack, and deludes us into a belief that Norway is an outlying province of Britain.

For the present, we stand at the forward break of the hurricane deck, and watch the slow process of the vessel as she moves out of dock, drifts down on the tide, and finally casts off the tug. Then our first sea meal claims our attention. It is a tender and lingering attention, for besides being our first meal at sea, there are indications that it may be our only one. And we have paid for our victualling. Nevertheless, the long stream of the Humber is quiet as a pond. Passengers gather on the lofty deck, silent enough, and bring their coffee up to drink in the dark starlight. But what are all these tiny single lights into which we are sailing? Goole

lies, by authentic report, a nebula of glimmer behind us to the right. Moving coloured lights to port and starboard are recognised as passing vessels. These single dots, however, which grow more and more numerous, what are they? The mystery requires professional elucidation. Lena interrogates a deck-hand, and discovers that we are passing through the fishing-fleet. So we fall to moralizing on the Dogger Bank. That historic ground we shall pass in the early morning.

The smoking-room, high up on the topmost deck, is lively with repartee and dim with tobacco as we grope our way to the upper deck, and deeper still to the main deck, where a bright cabin is waiting for us. We begin to entertain expectations of a smooth passage. Inconsiderately, we unpack our *toilettes de nuit*.

But the next morning? We dress somehow, and stagger to our old lofty outlook. We tell each other it is beautiful; and we go below to breakfast. Alas! the saloon's side slides about before our gaze; our eyes weakly refuse to see things straight; and there is no help for it but to have tea and toast in the open air.

"The ship's rather lively this morning!" cheerily observes one of the passengers.

"So am I!" said Theresa, as she left the saloon. She told me that, at the time, she considered it rather a brilliant repartee.

Lena decided to remain below. Theresa and I possessed ourselves of deck-chairs, and spent the day heroically contemplating the wild ridges of dirty brown water which swept past the *Leonardo*, as her funnel swayed from side to side. Few vessels passed us. A deep-laden boat crossed our bows close, in the afternoon. Later, we passed a strange, foreign-looking craft, dipping her bowsprit into each wave and raising clouds of spray. But we were too far to the north to be in the track of much shipping. Luckily, there was little rain. The north sea is really a shallow pond, which any disturbance stirs up into a shallow sea of muddy brine—brown, dismal and prosaic. The dingy sky and sea are not enlivening. We attended grimly at luncheon and dinner. Then, feeling we had conquered, we committed the fatal mistake of writing letters in the saloon.

But, on Sunday morning, we awakened to quite a different picture. Very early, rattling sounds had been heard; and (correctly) interpreted to mean that we had rounded the stormy Naes, and were discharging cargo at Christiansand. And when we appeared on deck, behold, the olive brown, surf-trimmed waves and gloomy sky had vanished; and around us spread the clear blue waters of the Skagerrack, flecked here and

there with foam, and reflecting a deep azure sky. Over to the left stretched a long line of distinct brown rocks—which was Norway. It was a day to remember. The vessel's motion was still considerable, but we found it agreeable after the previous day's restless tossing. We began once again to take an interest in the *menu*. A learned society was crossing in our vessel: they were as lively as learned, though unluckily they occupied their own side of the saloon, and did not radiate the wit or the learning across. Still, our less distinguished company found plenty of conversation, particularly at lunch, when we were rapidly nearing the point where the Skagerrack narrows to a mere passage between rocky islands, which leads to the Christiania Fiord. All the afternoon we steamed up this entrancing waterway, as it broadened out to the place where the Drammen Fiord branches off from it, and where a wall of sharply outlined mountains smiles down across the wide water, shimmering in the autumn sun. Then through the narrows: past green slopes which we were told were forts, but which looked like gardens: past pleasure-villages formed of brightly painted houses—maroon, blue, green and yellow, mingled with happy disregard of M. Chevreul and his theories of colour: so near the shore were we that we could have thrown the proverbial biscuit in at the front doors. Hardly a house or villa that did not fly the Norse colours—*without* the Swedish Canton!

A last reckoning with the alert, small steward in the cabin: a final cup of tea, and a sudden rise in the exchange against London in Norwegian small coin. The big *Leonardo*, beautifully handled, picks her way through tortuous channels leading between hilly little islands, the fiord broadens again, and we draw alongside the quay.

The crowd on the wharf! Surely, two-thirds of Christiania's two hundred thousand must be there! Marshalled back by helmeted and sworded policemen, they survey the arrival in a solid lump.

Lena rushed up breathless.

"Here's a porter, Ione; and I can't talk to him, and he will persist in hanging on to me! What on earth am I to do?"

"We *will* want a porter," said Theresa, judicially, "so why not engage him."

"The Customs are on board!" replied Lena, in an awestruck voice. "And if I tell him to take the heavy things, I can't show the Customs my hand-bags: and what will I do if I can't get them off? And he catches hold of anything I point out to him," she concluded, dismally.

"Give me your keys," Theresa, "and I'll see to the little things for you."

"But you're not me! They won't believe your things are yours and mine yours, too! And the porter will get the big things off, and I shall have to go with them, and we will get separated! Why in the name of all that's sensible are there such things as Customs? Porters are bad enough."

The tall, bearded Norseman glared on Lena with a glistening eye. She fluttered feebly away in the direction of the hold.

But thereupon the Customs appeared, alert, brisk and anxious to give no trouble. The Norse customs officers are instructed to make things easy for tourists, I believe. Our only complaint was that they left prominent chalk hieroglyphics on our belongings. Was it not the wise Morgiana who objected to chalk marks?

I am not clear how we left the *Leonardo*. I know I found myself passing down the ample gangway, contemplating the ampler crowd who appeared to be only restrained from falling upon the travellers whom they devoured with their eyes, by the brass-tipped police at the foot. Really, they were the most harmless and friendly crowd in the world. But their steady stare and babel of comment were disconcerting. We struggled through them to a fly, and drove off to our hotel, where it was with grateful astonishment that we identified the whole of our packages, down to the uttermost parcel. It had seemed as though they and we were severed for ever.

All's well that ends well, and we made our way to our bed-rooms. There was the air of a sitting-room about them. The centre-table, with its handsome chenille cover, was not what one would have expected in England. Neither was the large sofa. The explanation, as we found later at Stockholm, is, that public rooms are a modern innovation in Scandinavia. Thus the "liveable" bed-rooms are a survival from days when bed-room comfort was a necessity. The vast China stove, a ponderous half-cylinder towering from floor to ceiling, is a reminder that one is far to the north of northern Scotland.

Theresa, after a few minutes, put her head into the room where Lena and I were settled.

"I can't understand this electric light at all," she plaintively remarked "Lena, did you ever see such a thing? I can understand a tap that works on and off, but these things you can twist round for ever and ever! And if you once get the light off, you can't get it on again. At least, I can't."

We investigated the machinery. But, being tired and unmechanical, we gave up the attempt to grapple with its inner meaning, and Theresa undressed in the dark.

Christiania is a neat, clean capital, reminding one of an enlarged and Germanised Perth. One is accustomed to think of Norway as democratic and independent. It is with a mild shock, therefore, that one encounters not a few signs of officialism and militarism. The uniforms, the civilian salutes, the soldier-like police, all play their part in producing this impression. The German aspect of its streets is partly due to the extensive use of German lettering in the signs; that unmistakeable narrow, square type which we know so well in toyshops. And there is something of the pretentious, unsubstantial nature of the German toy about the façades of the buildings. The most recent, such as the Bank of Norway, an impressive mass of dark grey granite, are quite different, and display a true Viking solidity. But there is a crude German pinchbeck look about the older ones.

Apart from the shore, where the fortress of Akershus separates two little bays, crowded with shipping, the interest of Christiania centres in Carl-johangaten, leading practically from the market place to the palace. We strolled down in the morning to the market, which was just what a market should be; the country-folks standing with their fruit, berries, vegetables and flowers in the open square by Our Saviour's Church. In that church (which we did not enter) King Hakon and his British Queen were, not many weeks on, to attend their first service in their new kingdom. Turning westward from the market, and passing between good shops, one comes to the main artery of Christiania. The Parliament House stands in the middle of the way, at this end—a dull light grey building, much like the factory of a merchant with a *penchant* for art. Past it, broad green gardens fill the centre of the light, cheerful street; and if we traverse the lengthy stretch of them, with the classic pillars and pediments of the University to the right, and the Opera on the left, we come directly to the plain but roomy Palace, which occupies the finest site in the North. Its yellow front commands the whole thoroughfare, down to the Parliament-House.

Of museums, hotels, courts, cafés, why should we speak? Or of the great domed church of the Trinity, on the heights away from the sea? But we must say a word of the environs before we leave for Stockholm. The Christianian's pleasure-ground is called S. Hanshaugen; and the tram-cars which sweep at alarming breakneck speed through the town, land the holiday-maker there in little time.

For a more distant excursion Holmenkollen is the favourite. Electric cars fly with you past pretty villas, through rocky pine-woods to the top of an elevation from whence one sees the fiord and its islands mirrored

before one, hundreds of feet below. Here, too, there stands a great building constructed in the old Norse style, entirely of wood, with a fine banqueting-hall that Olaf Tryggvesson or Harald Haarfagre might have envied. You don't know who Harald Haarfagre was? He was the first sovereign of united Norway, in its old days of dominion, before the union of Kalmar drew the country into union with Sweden and Denmark. Like what the chemist terms "unstable" compounds, the union has constantly displayed disruptive tendencies. Norway and Denmark held longest together. And it is a fact not generally noted that to Denmark there belonged a goodly cantle of south-western Sweden. Now, at last, the pre-Kalmar days are come again; and the work of Queen Margaret the Great is finally undone. Accustomed to think of the Peninsula as a solid, homogeneous entity, the natural destiny of which is to be ruled as such, we usually fail to recognise the irreconcilable jealousy which subsists between the Swedes and the Norwegians. No barrier of sea or language divides them. Yet their character and aspirations are absolutely contradictory. The Swede looks back to the mighty days of Gustavus, when Sweden was the arbiter of Europe. She is intensely loyal to her landed aristocracy and to her throne. She prides herself on the French suavity and grace of her ways. The Norwegian affects to despise the superficial delicacy of Paris and Versailles: he is proud of his blunt independence, and is persuaded that it covers more real goodwill than the courtly manner of the Swede: he treats his King as an upper servant, and cultivates the simple virtues. For all that, bureaucracy is written large on the face of Norway. Governmental, and still more irritating, municipal, interference with private life and business is quite as obvious in Norway as in Sweden. Of the genuine cordial goodness of heart of the Norwegians there is no room for doubt, nor of their frank hospitality.

We met none of Dr. Ibsen's phantoms, and began to suspect their non-existence. We have not come across Judge Brack, nor Nora, nor Hedda Gabler. We grew more and more openly assertive of our belief that "there ain't no sich persons." Nobody produced the fatuous George, nor the more fatuous Lorberg, nor the tipsy Torwald. The Norse population seems, in fact, to resemble ordinary humanity in a quite surprising degree. They enjoy the inestimable advantages of practical immunity from the glaring advertisements which transform an English town into a sort of mad patchwork quilt. On the other hand, they have conscription.

Now some people, sitting comfortably over a glass of toddy, become exceedingly eloquent about the virtues of compulsory military training. They expatiate on the benefit it does one's health to be forcibly exercised,

and on the good it does one's morals to be drilled. One would think, to hear their demonstrations, that if there exists a little heaven on earth, it exists in the barrack-square: and that that will be the likeliest place to look for the millennium. There is another side to the picture, all the same. Theresa was talking to a young diplomat to whose family we had an introduction, and I overheard the following scraps of conversation.

Said Theresa: "And you have conscription in Norway?" The young diplomatist smiled and bowed. "Well," she pursued, "I wish you would tell me—do all classes mix together? I mean, the doctor, navvy, ploughman, and so on; all mixed up?"

"Yes!" with another pleasant smile.

"Then do you sleep and have meals together?"

"Oh, yes. But the different classes keep a good deal to themselves."

"Ah," said Theresa, in an unmistakeable tone of relief, her British notions of propriety having sustained a severe shock. "The lower classes don't treat the more cultivated to horse-play and rough treatment?"

The diplomatist laughed.

"Oh! yes. There is a good deal of horse-play."

"That's what I can't understand, then," said Theresa, speaking very fast, and hardly coherently, "how refined and cultivated men can be herded with a lot of rough fellows—you must please forgive me," she went on, eagerly, and smiling her best smile (Theresa's Celtic smile, which half laughs, half cries in bewilderment at this mad world), "I am not saying a word against Norway or its ways; but I have so long wondered about this very thing, and I never possibly could understand how it could be. And you can explain it; so please don't mind my asking!"

Her interlocutor bowed again, and smiled, this time a little less light-heartedly. I fancy he took Theresa for a lunatic.

"I have heard the same of barrack-life in France," she proceeded. "But I dared not believe it! That it was so bad that no one of cultivated habits could bear it. . . Is it a fact that the lowest stratum sets the tone?"

"Well, yes!"

"How can the better classes stand it?"

"They sink to the level of the others. They throw it off again, afterwards." Here he was carried off by an acquaintance, much, it is not to be doubted, to his relief, leaving Theresa standing with flashing eyes, and a curve in her lower lip which suggested that she contemplated returning to Great Britain by the first available steamer.

"Can you fancy it?" she said to me. "How can a nation expect to do itself any good by crushing all the best elements out of its better

classes ? How can it be any use to it, to grind down the best to the level of the worst ? It's simply committing moral suicide ! And it isn't even good business. It's such a childish, simple, idea, that by mere pig-headed massing of more and more units together you must necessarily get a more effective fighting machine. Do you get a better sword by pouring more and more stuff into the mould—"

"Swords are not made in moulds, Theresa."

"—steel, and butter, and lead, and silver ? Anyone with a spark of sense can see that efficiency means specialisation and selection. The Spartans should have given Tyrtæus a pike in his hand, I suppose, and told him to stop singing ! Efficiency means specialisation, and setting everybody to their proper work, and not spoiling them by trying to turn them all into warriors. Any one can see that. And it means diligence and devotion—which you can't get by compulsion. An army of lovers, as Plato said, would be irresistible."

"Just look," she went on, "at the rigid, wooden way the tram-men salute, every few yards. A Militia Captain crosses the street—up goes the pump-handle ! You can see they have been through the mill. If there's one institution that dries up the heart and brain of a nation—"

Fortunately, at this juncture, someone—we were at Holmenkollen—came to point out the principal features of the landscape : and Theresa was thus prevented from continuing her remarks, which if overheard might have given offence to many worthy Vikings.

But it is time we left Christiania, with the pleasantest recollections of its sunny gardens, whirling tramways and lovely fiord. There are only two trains daily from the capital of Norway to that of Sweden. We chose the night express, and left the little station at Christiania about sunset. Until dark, the chief feature of the landscape was the great river Glommen, along the left bank of which our railway ran, after crossing its course. The scenery was oddly reminiscent of views of North America. The wide, silent stream ; the timber floats, the gaunt wooden frame houses, the rough, unfinished look of things, and the ever-present pine-woods, made one think at once of Ohio or Canada. After dark, at Charlottenberg, on the frontier, we huddled out of the train, and found in a waiting room (1) a central table, spread with hot and cold dishes, (2) a side table with tea and coffee, (3) a small table at which presided the money-taker. One made a dive for a cutlet or a potato ; helped oneself more leisurely to tea and excellent almond-cake (the Norse are splendid at cakes), and swallowed the prey in double-quick time, so as to pay the cashier and reach the train in fifteen minutes. Returning to our carriage, we found it fitted up with

comfortable beds, and enjoyed a good night's rest, passing the now historic conference-town of Carlstadt in blissful unconsciousness. Glimpses of soldiers moving in lighted bell-tents by the railway side—of dim, reed-edged lakes—of chilly wayside platforms—are among our scattered impressions.

The morning was beautiful as we steamed into Stockholm, and we felt at once (I hope our Norwegian friends, who were so kind to us that we shall ever be grateful to them, will not read this) that we had exchanged a provincial town for a great capital. The imposing square in which the railway station stands—the massive, stone-paved, stone-built, streets—the rich and tasteful shops, full of gold, and books, and costly fur—the magnificent group of buildings where the royal palace looks across a stately bridge, past the Parliament House,—the sea winding among it all, fringed with miles of shipping—the many harbours, more like yachting dépôts than vulgar commercial wharves—the naval arsenal, a park-like peninsula—and the fine sweep of esplanade away to the eastwards, combine to make the effect striking in the extreme. We found the city quite as imposing, if less picturesque, away from the water. There is n place quite like it. It is not exactly a "Venice of the North." Its interest is modern, not mediæval. It is its grandeur and its situation which make its charm. The narrow strait which joins Lake Mälär to the Baltic separates the work-a-day south side from the aristocratic north. Midway, an island enshrines the heart of Stockholm—its market-place, its palaces, its ancient churches and tombs.

We stayed at an old-fashioned hostelry; spotlessly clean and quite luxuriously comfortable. To our surprise, however, it was destitute of "public" rooms. We contemplated breakfast.

"Where is the coffee-room?" demanded Lena of the porter.

"There is no coffee-room."

"Oh, well! I mean, where is the *table d'hôte*?"

"There is no *table d'hôte*."

Blank amazement on all our faces.

"But you can have anything you order in your bed-room!"

"Anything? Eggs, and so on—?"

The resources of the establishment are explained to be quite equal to that, and more. In a short space of time, deliciously clean china appears, with plenty of coffee, fancy bread and eggs, also little plates of sliced ham and tongue. Gradually, it dawns upon us that the coffee-room of Britain and the *table a'hôte* of Gaul are not essential features of a caravanserai.

Turning out into Queen Street to explore the town, we meet not a few people dressed in the national costume. It is a point of patriotism with some to keep up this dress, which has been in danger of being swamped by the back-wash of belated Paris fashion. But those whom we saw wearing it did not seem by any means to be aristocratic *dilettante*. It is a dress of dark blue and black stuff (or, for special occasions, scarlet), with a long, straight apron in front, striped horizontally with red, white, green orange and black. The head-dress is a black velvet cap, shaped like a "cap of liberty," and more picturesque than pretty. It is an effective costume. After exploring the quays, and trying to identify the localities referred to by Miss Bremer in her classical novels, we turned northwards and visited the National Library. Then the question arose of lunch. We had just settled that, of all cities, Stockholm most resembles Edinburgh—that is, if you make the trifling alteration of removing the Castle Hill and the Mound, replacing them by an arm of the Firth of Forth. It naturally occurred to us that, in the latter town, we should have been able to order a meal without any linguistic difficulty. It was by no means so easy in the former: yet we duly discovered a "Damcafé" boasting an attendant who spoke more or less English. Later in the day we explored the marble caverns of the Parliament Houses, just completed: a wilderness of polished stone and cedar—splendid, though perhaps rather chilly, but we were not in the mood for criticism. From a window we caught a glimpse of King Oscar, driving out from his palace. He has not been well treated by his Norwegian people; and it has aged him. Their grievances were not those of the Poles, the Magyars or the Finns, or even the Irish. Life, property and honour were as safe in Christiania as in London. We pressed several to tell us what their complaint was. The answer was always the same. They felt that they were not treated as equals; that they were regarded by Sweden, not as a nation but as a province. It may be that that was enough to justify the threat of war. Possibly the opportunity of a successful revolt, Russia being occupied by a pressing engagement some miles away, would never have recurred. But Sweden had made great sacrifices for the Union. The price of it was the blood and groans of a million of Finlanders, handed over to Russia in 1814. The King's resistance to the Consulates Bill would have been over-ridden in the lapse of two years. Norwegian plain-dealing might perhaps have refrained from giving the venerable monarch immediate notice to quit. I do not think any of us felt any burning desire to fill the Norwegian throne. There is undoubtedly a widespread republican sentiment in the country: and if twenty per cent of my future subjects voted openly

for having a Republic in preference to me, I doubt if I should care to disappoint them.

We watched the carriage out of sight, with the respect due to a sovereign who has put through a difficult piece of work. After all, to be King of Sweden, assured of the enthusiastic support of a united nation, is better than to be King of Sweden and Norway when Sweden and Norway are pulling different ways. We walked round the square mass of the royal palace, and finding that a public way ran through it, across the open square in its midst, we passed into the enclosure. To our surprise, although the King was in residence, the state apartments were open; and a charming old custodian took us from room to room crammed with beautiful things—rare china, and plate, and lacquered cabinets, and pictures. We admired the show, to the good old man's evident delight: and told him, with equal impressiveness and truth, that it was a much finer sight than Windsor. I never think Ruskin's perspicacity was more clearly exhibited than when he compared Windsor to a jail, to which it bears a strong family likeness. Windsor is essentially Tudor. The harsh bureaucratic spirit of the Tudor despots, devoid of the chivalry and devotion that play about the grim realities of an earlier age, is fitly expressed in its hard, stiff stones and gravel.

Our next journey was on a fresh Sunday morning to a country palace. A little steamer takes one down to Lake Mälär, but before passing very far over its waters, it turns between two of the green, pine-clad islands, and lands one at the summer palace of Drottningholm (Queen's Island). The little Chinese pavilion in the grounds met with our warm approbation. We squeezed through the stiff, square rooms of the main building with their florid tapestried walls, and florid frescoed ceilings, in the stuffy company of fifty or sixty, or it might be more, sightseers from the capital. But we had the China palace almost to ourselves. Its dainty little hexagonal chambers, with their red and black lacquer and fine porcelain, its tiny stairway to the second story, with liliputian rooms, where Queen Eleanora's maids-of-honour slept when the Court rusticated in this Oriental retreat, all fascinated us. We advise the visitor to Drottningholm by no means to omit the "Kina Slött"—Eleanora's extremely handsome birthday present from her admiring consort.

Returning to Stockholm, we made the best of our way to the peninsula of Djurgården. The best of our way! It was not a good best. Steam launches labelled in commanding letters from stern to stern DJURGÅRDEN flew about the water in all directions, and we calmly boarded one. People were putting coins into a sort of letter-box in the stern. We

tendered fifty-öre pieces, twenty-öre pieces, ten-öre pieces, five-öre pieces, one-öre piece and finally (with some misgiving) a whole kröna each to the boy in charge. He refused them all. It did not occur to us that he was proposing to carry us without charge; and such was not his intention. He entered on smiling and voluble explanations. They left us still in ignorance as to what he wanted. We asked if he could speak English, but he couldn't. We several times repeated the word "Djurgården," but to no purpose. At last he left us, and we could only hope that he would graciously permit us to disembark. Our relief was great when he made his reappearance accompanied by a genial person who had a good command of our heathen dialect. It was then that we found that it was tokens, not coins, that were deposited in the pillars; little metal discs and triangles, which passengers purchase at kiosks on shore at about a penny the dozen. Our ferryman leapt ashore at Djurgården and invested in the due quantity for us, being immensely grateful for about two-thirds of an anna change, which we told him to keep. The speaker of English guided us to our objective, Skansen, and left us considerably cheered.

Skansen is the creation of the last ten or twelve years. It is a unique institution which Bombay might well imitate. The idea is to present a kind of Sweden in miniature, in a large park which covers the summit and sides of a hill. Living specimens of all the fauna of the country occupy roomy cages, where they are all but free. The quaint wooden houses of the various country districts are dotted about here and there. The keepers wear antique forester's dress: and, the day being Sunday, we had the opportunity of witnessing the troops of children in the national costume perform a series of musical games—one of the prettiest sights that a visitor to Stockholm, who is not a rigid Sabbatarian, can see. First came the musicians; three of them, with fiddles and guitars; then the string of children, two and two, followed them to a wide, low circular dais, where the games took place. The play was so spontaneous and natural, and the small performers evidently enjoyed it so much, that it afforded a most interesting spectacle. Far more so than the adult dancing succeeding it, which was rather too self-conscious to be agreeable. Dancing, as the poetry of motion, is all very well: but western dancing, from the minuet to the cake-walk, is not the poetry of motion, but simply the most open expression of flirtation which is permissible. The conventionalism of frivolity is little less tolerable than, if as tolerable as, the conventionalism of dull respectability; and every young intelligence is appalled, (for a longer or shorter time), at the eternal monotony of the Occidental evening entertainment, when the sole and only pleasure conventionally assumed to be possible to mortal men—with the sufficient

exception of eating—is that afforded by hopping about a room in sexually selected couples.

As a spontaneous exercise, it is dreary and silly enough. As a spectacle it is dismally ridiculous. Yet the quaint costumes flying about the stage redeemed it on this occasion. Then the gardens began to light up: supper and bands began to urge their claims to attention, and we were whirled home in the breathless trams. The next day we visited the regulation sights of the central island—the royal armoury, where they show you Gustavus Adolphus' blood-stained, lace-trimmed shirt as he lay in it at Lutzen—the square Jacobean House of Lords, disused now, but still displaying on the walls of its great chambers the arms of thousands of the Swedish nobility, Svén Hêdin's being pointed out as the latest by our genial guide. It strikes us—Svén Hêdin's shield—with a sudden sense of familiarity. For it is the same as that of the Scottish house of Graham, scallop-shells and all, with the addition of a terrestrial globe as an augmentation. But Scottish coats are not far to seek in the collection. "It's a far cry to Lochawe": yet here are army and portraits of Scottish Hamiltons, Scottish Douglasses and Scottish Keiths; Presidents, some of them of the Swedish nobility. To such a restless race do we belong. Near the House of Lords, up a steep incline, the Church of the Knights broods over the centre of the city. Internally it is barnlike, dull and cold. It is never used for any service. But in the side chapels are sarcophagi in which repose the dust of Gustavus Adolphus, of Charles John Bernadotte and of Charles the Twelfth. Dim clusters of mouldering banners droop from the heights above them: Turkish drums and German standards are piled around them; the passing tourist purchases a half-krone photograph, and, in the company of the mighty departed, feels inclined to apologise for the triviality of their surroundings. The principal feature of the church is its iron open-work spire, which is a landmark easily distinguishable from most quarters of Stockholm.

Here, at the back of the church, the streets are ancient, very narrow, and very confused. Decidedly it is not a good place in which to miss a turning. But if one keeps straight on past the building, one comes again to the water, looking across to the busy south side. In a minute or two more you reach the old market-place of Stockholm. This is indeed the cradle of the modern nation. For here the great Margaret's unworthy successor, Christian, ruthlessly slaughtered in one day hundreds of the best of Swedish patriots; whereupon Sweden, by favour of Heaven and the Vasas, broke free from Catholic Denmark and made Lutzen possible. It is impossible to stand without emotion on the spot—if you know the facts—which at the time we did not. Passing it, therefore, without undue con-

cern, we embarked for the Baltic, in a miniature steamer painted white, and so round that she appeared to possess the capacity of threading a stream of her own breadth, in whatever sudden turns, curves and windings it chose to run, with sublime indifference. There is an archipelago of large and small islands off the coast, and our little ship wound her way among their pine-clad shores until, crossing a wider water, she stopped at Saltsjöbanen.

We got an awful—literally, awful—fright on the way. The steamer stopped every few minutes at the primitive private landing belonging to some villa. On the shore there would be, at the lowest estimate, a child and a dog. Paterfamilias would jump ashore, generally without waiting for the empty compliment of a plank, wave a friendly good-night to the Captain, and stroll off with his bag, hand-in-hand with his smiling progeny. After a fair number of these domestic scenes, we began to doubt seriously when and whether we should ever get back to Stockholm. The sun was getting ominously low in the sky. Our passages were booked for the early morning.

Theresa asked three times in four minutes what time it was. I knew quite well what was in her mind, and Lena's: but, somehow, none of us wanted to say plainly what we were afraid of. It grew cold.

"Ione!" said Theresa, suddenly, at last, "let me see your time-table! It says a boat comes back from Saltsjöbanen at 6 and it's ten to six now!"

"Ten to six," I said, briskly but mechanically.

"Well—" she observed.

"Yes?"

"Well; I don't see Saltsjöbanen, and it must be long past six when we get there!"

I pressed the corners of my mouth into my cheeks—the nearest approach to a smile that I could produce. We approached a small pier.

"Shall we get off here?" I suggested. "Then we shall be sure to catch the return boat?"

Theresa looked doubtfully at me.

"I'll ask the skipper," said Lena cheerfully.

She stood on the foredeck, and hailed the bridge. But you must not talk to the man at the wheel, for he was busy extricating his steamer from the shore.

"It's no use," she said gloomily, "we'd better stay by the ship"

In due process of time, not much after six, we did arrive at Saltsjöbanen, where they insisted on putting us ashore. In vain we protested that we were going back to Stockholm with them, and showed the pleasant, capable mate the time-table. He told us the steamer was going to Gustafsborg, and though we surmised that she must eventually find her

way to Stockholm in the end, we judged it better and more becoming, three foreign damsels with the character of their country to maintain, not to argue with constituted authorities, but to pass on shore; and there we at once accomplished the startling feat of finding our way to the station, purchasing tickets and entering the first train for Stockholm, without possessing the least acquaintance with the Swedish language.

Late at night we traversed the damp pavements of Queen Street, crossed the bridges and the haunted squares of Riddarsholm, and reached the quay where our canal steamer was moored. We have the kindest feeling for that little vessel, which was our home for the next three days. Her crimson and white state-rooms, deep down,—her dainty little saloon with glass sides, above—her comfortable promenade deck over all—the tall and gracious lady who looked after us at night and sold us post cards—the smiling and assiduous concourse of stewardesses who found out our personal likings and ministered to them at table—the quiet, bluff captain—the sailor-like energy of the friendly mate—all these will long remain with us as pleasant memories. The boat, like all that use these sheltered seas and cramped locks, was short and stumpy. Her sides tumbled home, so that she suggested in some degree the form of a light-ship or a gas-buoy. But she was comfortable and fresh to admiration; and what would you have more?

Let me introduce the reader who has read thus far to the *smörgasbörd*. At every meal we partook of on board this fairy craft, we found the central table of the saloon spread with from fifteen to twenty small dishes, on each of which reposed a different kind of appetiser. One's eye roved in a bewildered fashion, from ham and tongue to fricassee, omelet, beetroot, pickles, cheese, brawn, caviare, anchovies and watercress. Bread and butter, with a selection of these, was taken standing: and after this ceremony we felt as though we had finished breakfast. The orthodox finishing touch we omitted. It is to imbibe a small glass of spirits from one of several decanters bearing mystic titles and all tasting, according to report, exactly alike. This institution of the *smörgasbörd* is common to the shores of the Baltic. The formal meals which followed were invariably excellent. Throughout Scandinavia, we never ceased to appreciate the genuine good butter, cream and egg. These we got to perfection on the canal-steamer: and they were supplemented by a thoroughly good *cuisine*.

The water-way from Stockholm to Göthenburg is more diversified than the Caledonian Canal, which is saying a good deal. Partly it traverses those inland seas, Lakes Wenar and Vettern (where the globular symmetry of her hull may make the little ship's motion the least thing

obtrusive)—partly the calm, island-sheltered fringe of the Baltic—partly long reaches of canal, passing through leafy avenues of spreading foliage—partly through smaller lakes, with islets, churches and castles in plenty. Vadstena, the first port of call on Lake Vättern, possesses one of the finest *chateaux* on the route. It is a great, square building, of renaissance work, whose beauty depends on the low dark-domed towers which flank it, and the characteristic curves of its wooden pinnacle. Partly, also, it owes something to its situation, close to the water's edge, where the steamer makes fast under its very walls. We strolled ashore here, and purchased some Vadstena lace, for which the place is noted. This castle is a relic of Gustavus Vasa and of Charles XII. Again, there is a solitary tower, standing dismantled and disconsolate, in the shoal water by the side of the navigable channel between the Baltic and Lake Vättern. This is all that is left of the royal castle of Stegeborg: we scarcely forgive Charles XI. for building Stockholm Palace with its stones, for here Gustavus Vasa spent his hard-earned times of summer leisure, and here Sten Sture the Younger, Dictator of Sweden, quelled the rebels who resisted his authority. Here, too, King John, the astute son of Gustavus, was born, who carried on for Protestant freedom the work which that great Vasa had begun.

Our first business after Vadstena is to cross Lake Vättern. Steaming into a dainty little bay on the farther shore we find a grassy hill to our left, which is Karlsborg—the first fortress in Sweden. On the passage, we busy ourselves, with the kindly help of a Finnish mariner on board, in learning the language of navigation. The word which remains in our memory till this day is "Sakta." It seems appropriate to every occasion: whether we are going ahead or astern or sideways, entering locks or coming out of them, calling at piers or meandering along the face of the Baltic, we feel comfortably assured of our immediate future when we hear the mate sing out "Sakta." "Haller min kûrs" is another useful expression, should you find yourself unexpectedly in command of a Swedish canal-boat.

Karlsborg and its blue uniforms are left behind and we pass through an exquisite series of lakes towards Töreboda which we reach as the sun is setting in a red-gold water before us. The Töreboda locks negotiated, the steamer makes her way through the silent moonlight along the canal. The mate is inclined to be communicative, and tells us stories of the lonely houses we pass. Then the conversation drifts to politics.

"We passed through Karlstadt the other night," says Lena, "where the conference is being held, you know."

The mate nods. "Yes, they have again adjourned."

"There seems no wish to go to war in Sweden?" suggests Theresa.
"In Norway, they seemed to be quite ready for it."

"Nobody wishes for war in Sweden!" asseverates the mate, sturdily,
"It is a stupid idea to think of it."

"I notice," I add, "that the Norwegian delegates are anxious to have arbitration."

"Arbitration?—yes!" says the mate, warming to the subject.
"Yes! But they want their fortresses too. All very well, 'arbitration'—but they must pull down their fortresses if they want it! *Sakta!*"

"That's precisely what they don't seem to want to do," interjects Theresa.

"No. But they'll have to! Where should we in Sweden be, if they keep their fortifications? No," he adds grimly, "they will have to give them up. Then we will arbitrate. Not otherwise."

As, in fact, they did.

The great event of the last day's journey is the visit to Trollhättan Falls. Spoilt as they are by a dismal grimy factory jutting out into their very midst, they are tremendously impressive. Imagine a sea, rather than a river, thundering over half a mile of rapids in great rushing masses of foam and boiling surge, and you have the leading character of the Falls. Most waterfalls of note are high and comparatively narrow—a thin sheet of water takes a sudden leap down a rocky step. But at Trollhättan, the river does not descend very far: it dashes in impetuous solid bulk first over this obstacle, then across that, so that one almost expects to see it grind away before one's eyes the everlasting rocks that rear their huge heads out of the confusion.

Why are machinery and factories ugly? They certainly spoil the Trollhättan. I am sure that if it had occurred to the Greeks to harness a waterfall, they would have done it, as Mr. Punch's *Pocket Ibsen* advises Pill-Doctor Herdal to burst—beautifully. Perhaps the reason lies in the money-grubbing spirit which permeates modern commercialism. Perhaps it is the helplessness of the lay observer before the mysterious intricacies of levers, cranks, valves and shafting. Yet a watch is not ugly, nor a steamer's polished engines. It is more likely that the ugliness comes of the work of blind old lame Plutus. The frantic haste to be rich pushes straight to its end, with no time for love or sympathy regarding the materials of its labour. Like a worm, it ploughs up the earth, throws up its shapeless casts, and eats its fill, careless of the gods.

Trollhättan has nothing to do with trolls. Halftroll, the unheroic hero of an old legend, is the name-giver of the place. The Göta river

after plunging down this declivity, emerges considerably sobered by its experience. It flows sedately on to the Skagerrack at Gothenburg, becoming a broad, navigable stream, which divides at K ngelf, so that, across the low, reedy fields, one may see other steamers sailing to all appearance over the land. One instinctively thinks of the Missouri skipper, who was prepared to navigate the *Palmetto State* "wherever the ground was a little damp." And is this a Yankee "notion"—this schooner which is coming gaily up the river against wind and current without a funnel? We observe with respectful astonishment that she is emitting clouds of smoke from her main-mast: imitating the economies of nature, her builder has created it funnel and mast in one! The only craft to compete with her as a weird imagining is a Netherlands collier with which we fell in the day before yesterday, at Oxel sund on the Baltic—a great turret-deck steamer with seven masts of equal height—which were not masts, but coal-derricks! The reader will liken us to Marco Polo, John Mandeville and Psalmanez: but we cannot help it. Bruce was right after all about the Blue Nile.

In the canal, small sailing craft may be very troublesome. On the way to T reboda, we suddenly slackened speed. The canal was narrow, and a masted barge had slipped in before us, and kept on in disregard of signals. For half-an-hour or more she had no further chance of letting us pass; she drifted at a snail's pace round corners and past the overhanging trees. Our steamer, meanwhile, poked anxiously at her, as a collie-dog devotes itself to recalcitrant sheep, but without the faintest chance of getting on. At last the canal widened; the crew of the obstacle got a rope on shore, and reluctantly sheered to one side. Our ship went ahead, and seized the opportunity of delivering a short but impressive lecture on the maritime law of canals to the deprecating barge-master. In the stern, as we passed, his lady sat, with a small infant, which regarded the spectacle as one got up for its especial benefit, and graciously responded to our salutations.

And now it is nearly the end of our inland voyage. The G ta slides past rugged, lofty hills to right and left; and we can see the smoke of G thenburg away ahead of us. The young passenger from South Denmark, who sat on deck in the starlight (and thick white haze) until one in the morning, has never seen a mountain, and gazes at the picturesque elevations as though they were the Himalayas.

I have said nothing of the smaller lakes—Viken, Boren, Roxen, Asplaongen—but shall any of us ever forget the breathless moonlight night when one looked out of one's cabin porthole, expecting to see canal-banks, and, instead, gazed on the glittering expanse of Roxen, silvered in rippling

lines of silent ecstasy? Nor have I dwelt on the charm of the myriad long islands of the Baltic shore, with their seductive creeks and rich mantle of pine-trees: rocks that would be brown and moss-grown patches in the Atlantic, are never without their gracious cluster of larch or fir. The long crescent lake of Viken—the busy little towns Oxelösund, Motala, Toreboda,—the beauties of Lake Mälär and Sodertelga—we have left unmentioned and undescribed.

We begin to be sentimental. Theresa's eyes are soft. Lena sends for Swedish punch—(a very innocuous liquid in moderation)—as a preliminary to tea. Whereupon one of us ventures a shocked remonstrance. She appeals to the printed notice in the cabin.

"Solid and liquid refreshments are obtainable at all hours of the day or night."

"That, I suppose," says Theresa, "is the Göthenburg system!"

She is surprised when somebody laughs immoderately, and promises to convey the information to some of the apostles of temperance. The subject needs changing.

"Well, I am glad," I remark, for my part, "that we are going home with the Swedish flag flying."

For to-morrow, when we go on board the *Lampedo*, there will still be the blue and yellow colours fluttering from the mast-head, though the Ensign of Great Britain and Ireland will float from the liner's peak.

London.

IONË.

THE MINARS OF THE TAJ MAHAL.

A PARAGRAPH at p. 730 of *East & West* for July 1906 about the "Taj Mahal" has reminded me of an incident that occurred to me in that building many years ago—an experience sufficiently startling to be worthy of permanent record. I had spent several hours with a local guide in seeing everything. At last I had to go up one of the *minars*, one of the marble towers at the four corners of the platform. The guide asked me, "Would you like me to make the *minar* sway?" Being an architect I knew what that meant, as I will describe further on in this note. I replied, "Certainly." He then walked with me to the top of the staircase of the North-West tower, and asked me to sit quietly on the seat under the *chhatri*, the umbrella story at the top of the staircase, and look at him while he was seated at the top of the corresponding South-West tower. The height of each tower is about eighty feet, its base seven feet in diameter, and the distance along the platform from tower to tower three hundred feet. In due time I saw him seated on the top of *his* tower. He swayed his body rhythmically towards and away from me, and in a few minutes I *felt* my tower sway in equal rhythm towards and away from him. The sensation was very wonderful, a unique experience I should think. I had no instrument with me by which I could measure the amount of vibration, but I should not think it exceeded half an inch. All high towers and chimneys are known to sway in the wind. But the wonderful thing about this vibration was the infinitely small weight of the man himself put into each rhythmical stroke, that so insignificant a man physically could move so great a mass, and through so long a distance. The weight of each tower of open-work marble would not exceed 50 tons or 1,000 cwt. The weight of the

brick foundations of the towers and of that portion of the platform between them would be 100,000 cwt. at least. The energy put forth by the man at each movement would not exceed five pounds, less than a millionth part of the inertia weight opposed to his, yet at each sway I felt the vibration increase till an intoxication seemed to possess me, and I was relieved when he stopped.

Some years after I revisited the Taj, this time with an English friend. Knowing the place so well, I did without a guide. Confident of my powers I sent my friend up to the further tower, and did my best to make them vibrate, but failed. I had not learned the trick. The guide knew more than me.

This brings to recollection an experience of my student days in London. One Saturday afternoon my class of the Architectural Association went with our Professor to visit St. Paul's Cathedral. Six of us at a time were admitted into the Ball below the Cross. Six permanent seats were ranged round the ball, each with arms to which to grip. For we found that, in the high wind blowing at so great an elevation, over three hundred feet, the ball was swinging violently backwards and forwards, and but for the arms we should have found it impossible to keep our seats. It felt as if the ball was swaying at least half a foot at each swing, but that is perhaps an exaggeration.

As I have said, every building that is firmly founded vibrates more or less, as do tall trees. Before rubber tyres were invented, it was common when on the top story of a house in Bombay to feel the vibration caused on the road by a rapidly driven carriage. But to my view, the power developed by that guide in a happy inspiration is much more wonderful; it is an exemplification of the triumph of mind over matter. The idea probably came to him by feeling the tower sway in a strong wind. He would first succeed in making it sway, and then find that the vibration started by him had set the other tower going.

D. GOSTLING.

*Bandora Hill,
Bombay.*

KING'S COURTS AND THE PRIVY COUNCIL.*

IF you look at this Map of India (Stanford's), you will notice a peninsula, jutting out on the western side, and marked as "Kathiawar," or the country of the Kathis. Its proper name is Sourashthra, or the land of the Sun, another form of which is Soreth, the name given to this tract of the country when it was part of the imperial domain of the Mogul Empire, and it is still used as the name of one of the principal divisions of Kattywar. The Kathis are a comparatively insignificant tribe settled in the heart of the country to which they have given the name Kattywar, because they were in olden times prominent marauders.

The Capital of Guzerat, the northern division of the Bombay Presidency, was and is the famous city of Ahmedabad. You will notice in the map that the British districts of Ahmedabad and Kaira, coloured purple, are almost entirely surrounded by tracts which are marked yellow. That means that these latter divisions of the country are not considered to be part of British India, that they are not part of the Indian territories directly under the dominion of His Majesty the King-Emperor. They are in one sense part of the Indian Empire, but that may be a very different thing from being British India, which was in 1858, after the Indian Mutiny, handed over to the Crown. Attention may be called to the vast extent thus shown in the map coloured yellow. One does not readily realise that out of the total of more than 1,700,000 square miles with a population of over 294 millions, no less than nearly 680,000 square miles with a population of over 62 millions belong to Native States. Of course there is a great diversity in these Native States. Take, for instance, the vast territory owned by the Nizam of Haidarabad, or the State of Gwalior under Sindia, who is a General in the British Army. They can be truly described as allies of the British Government. On the other hand, there are numerous petty States, the owners of which may not inaptly be called mere

* The substance of a paper read at a meeting of the Cambridge University Law Club.

Squireens. Between these two extremes there are various classes of chieftains, all acknowledging the Suzerainty of the British Crown, and all in more or less close connection with the Government of India. The peninsula of Kattywar, to which your attention is called this afternoon, affords an excellent illustration of this diversity. It contains numerous chieftainships, and these (under circumstances which will be alluded to further on) have for the purposes of the administration of justice been divided into seven classes. Thus, in Criminal matters, the courts of a Chief of the first class can try any person except British subjects for capital offences without permission from the Political Agent of Kattywar, who is the representative of the Paramount Power, viz., the British Government. In Civil matters the jurisdiction is unlimited. So also it is in States of the 2nd class, in which only subjects of the State can be tried for capital offences without permission from the Political Agent. In States of the 3rd class in Criminal matters the limit is seven years' rigorous imprisonment and fine to the extent of Rs. 10,000, while in Civil matters the jurisdiction is limited to the extent of Rs. 20,000. And so on in gradation, till we come to the lowest or seventh class, where there is no civil jurisdiction, and in Criminal matters the limit is fifteen days' rigorous imprisonment and fine to the extent of Rs. 25.

One naturally asks, what becomes of the cases, Criminal or Civil, occurring in States beyond the limits of the jurisdiction assigned to those States? The answer is that there is an elaborate system of graduated jurisdiction exercised by political officers all under the Political Agent (or, as he is called now, Agent to the Governor).

There is a "Principal Court of Criminal Justice" in which the Political Agent, or Assistant deputed by the Political Agent, presides, assisted by four chiefs, or their ministers or accredited agents. This Court is a general Court of Criminal Assize or Quarter Sessions, for the trial of Criminal cases beyond the jurisdiction of the States in which they occur, and requiring severer punishment than can be awarded by the Political Agent's Assistants who may be dealing with the cases magisterially. The Political Officer presiding in this Court and the four members associated with him all have equal votes in determining the guilt or otherwise of an accused person and in case of conviction in awarding punishment.

Further, allusion must be here made to certain quasi-civil matters, which are treated and disposed of as "political cases." They are, speaking broadly, any suits to which a Chief of any of the first four classes (described above) is a party, and cases affecting the interests of the

tributary Chiefs of whatever class in regard to sovereign rights, jurisdiction, tribute or allied payments, maintenance to members of the Chief's family, and similar matters. These are tried by the Assistant Political Agents, an appeal lying to the Political Agent.

Lastly, it should be noted that the Governor of Bombay in Council, under certain limitation fixed by Government, has always acted as an appellate authority in all cases, Criminal or Civil, decided by the political officers in Kattywar; and under similar limitations a final appeal has lain to the Secretary of State for India in London.

The above brief description enables one to understand the nature of the two cases from Kattywar which recently came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.*

The first was a "Civil" case. The suit was one to enforce a mortgage, made by a deceased Chief, against his successor. The suit was dismissed by the Court of first instance, the decision being based upon a notification of the Government of India to the effect that no suit should lie in an Agency Court in Kattywar against a Chief in respect of any debt contracted by the predecessor of such Chief unless the claim had been admitted by the Chief, or the debt had received the written approval of the Political Agent. This was in effect a republication of an old order of the Court of Directors that as these chieftainships are really life estates, incumbents cannot charge their estates beyond their own lives, and so there should be no recognition of any debt incurred by predecessors of a ruling Chief without his concurrence, and not subsequently recognised by himself. This was applicable to the case in question: as long as the Chief who had borrowed the money and put the mortgagee in possession of the landed property which was security for the debt, was alive, the transaction was valid. But that could only be good for the Chief's life: on his death his successor was not bound to recognise the transaction; and in the present case the successor was a minor, whose guardian-manager repudiated the debt.

Accordingly, the suit was dismissed, and on appeal the same view was taken by the Political Agent. Eventually, after some fruitless attempts to move the Political Agent the mortgagee came to the Privy Council. His ordinary course, according to usage, would have been to appeal to the Governor of Bombay in Council; but he made application for special leave to appeal direct to the Privy Council; and this was granted with further special leave to the Secretary of State for India to intervene and put in a case and appear. Of course it was understood that the appellant

* Reported in Law Reports 1906, Appeal Cases, p. 212.

was not in any better position than he would have been had he followed the usual course and had a decision against him by the Governor in Council.

The other case was in many respects very similar : it also was based on an alleged mortgage. The suit was instituted by the Chief of one of the petty States against a State of the first class to redeem and recover possession of a village said to have been many years ago transferred by way of mortgage to the latter State by the former. Being a suit against a first class Chief, it was termed "political." The suit was dismissed by the first Court (that of the Assistant Political Agent) and again on appeal by the Political Agent. Upon further appeal the Governor of Bombay in Council reversed that decision and gave a decree for redemption. The Chief of the first class State then in his turn appealed to the Secretary of State for India, who reversed the decision of the Governor in Council and restored that of the Agency Courts in Kattywar. The plaintiff then tried to obtain execution of the decision of the Governor in Council, ignoring the reversal of that decision by the Secretary of State. This was naturally refused, and against this order of refusal the plaintiff obtained special leave to appeal to the Privy Council.

The question common to both these cases, and the only question which was argued, was—whether an appeal lay to His Majesty in Council.

In one of the cases—the "Civil" suit brought to enforce a mortgage—when the plaintiff-appellant sought to obtain from the Political Agent's Court a certificate enabling him to prosecute an appeal to the Privy Council, his application was refused on the ground that the applicant was not a British subject, and that the right of appeal to the King in Council "is a birth-right and appertains only to British subjects, unless specially conferred by legislative enactment."

This view was not concurred in by their Lordships of the Privy Council. "They think," (the judgment runs), "that if a court administering justice on the King's behalf makes an order judicial in its nature, by which someone is unjustly and injuriously affected, the person aggrieved is not precluded from applying to the King in Council to redress his wrong merely by the fact that he is not the King's subject."

Thus the question in both cases came to this : was the action of the tribunals in Kattywar, and of the Governor in Council on appeal from those tribunals, judicial action ? Were the orders complained of judicial in their nature made by courts administering justice on the King's behalf ?

At first sight the question seems simple. We find an elaborate

system of "Agency Courts" presided over by British officers, passing decrees and orders which purport to be judicial in their nature. On what grounds, then, has it been decided that no appeal lies to the Privy Council? Fortunately, for an historical survey of the principles involved in a consideration of these cases, it is not necessary to go further back than the development of the Maratha power in Guzerat.* Whatever may have been the exact status of Kattywar under Mahomedan rule, it is certain that in the break-up of the Mogul Empire many of the local chieftains of the peninsula had been able to enlarge their petty holdings into extensive principalities by wholesale absorption of the imperial domain. During the Government of Guzerat by the Sultans and afterwards by the Imperial Viceroy at Ahmedabad, the Mahomedan authority was supported by garrisons, placed in fortified positions throughout the country, which ensured to some extent the regular collection of the tributary revenue, and rendered military expeditions for its enforcement, except in special cases, unnecessary. This course which with the Mahomedans was compulsory and exceptional, was with their successors congenial and regular. It was a prominent feature in the policy of the Marathas, that their sole object in almost every country to which their arms extended was the enforcement of a payment. It was not till after long experience that their thoughts were even directed to a regular administration of the countries which they had subdued. These expeditions, so peculiarly suited to the mercenary temper of the Marathas, were called "Mulukgiri," which means circuits of the country. Bodies of three thousand or four thousand predatory horse, without guns or equipage, pursued their plundering march through those parts of the country which were still possessed by Rajput chiefs, and adjusted the amount of their demands to the ability of the landholder to comply or their own power to enforce. As the Government of the country became more settled, the circuit expeditions began to assume more permanent features. The tributary country was divided into two districts, Kattywar and Mahi Kantha. This latter name means the banks of the river Mahi, but the district so denoted included parts of the country as far north as the Runn of Kutch. This, then, was the state of things at the commencement of the 19th century.

The Maratha power was represented by the Guikwar, who had

* The authorities from which quotations have been made are A. K. Forbes's "*Rās Mālā*" (A Garland of Chronicles), being the Annals of Guzerat with an introduction by Major J. W. Watson (Richardson and Co. 1878); Aitchison's *Treaties*, and important official documents, extracts from which were filed in a Supplemental Record before the Privy Council.

founded the State of Baroda to the North-East and South of Ahmedabad, and by the Peshwa, whose seat was at Poona in the Deccan. The latter generally acted through the Guikwar, whose circuit army collected the tribute, due to both. In 1802 the commander of the circuit force made such a successful expedition that he liquidated the whole arrears of tribute due from the country, and established it in a state of subordination and order superior to any that had been witnessed for centuries. There is no doubt that this was in a great measure due to the fact that the chieftains of the peninsula were fully aware that behind the Guikwar and his officials there were the greater resources of the British power. For about this time Major Walker had come as British Envoy to the Court of Baroda and eventually the allied British and Guikwar forces successfully broke up a rebellion in the Northern districts of the Baroda Kingdom which, if not checked, would have plunged the whole of the Baroda territories in a state of miserable anarchy and confusion. The result was a large cession of territory to the Company, and the establishment of Major Walker as Resident at Baroda.

This increased influence led to increased responsibilities. At an early stage of the British connection with the Guikwar Government it had been discovered that a considerable portion of the resources of the Baroda State depended on a punctual realisation of its tributary revenue in Kattywar. So diffident had been the Guikwar Ministry of their ability to recover the arrears of this revenue that they had stipulated in a treaty with the Company that one of the battalions of the subsidiary force which it was agreed should be raised should proceed to Kattywar whenever real necessity required it. The British Government thus found itself indirectly pledged to the realisation of an object which, if pursued in the mode expected by its allies, would have been contrary to its usual principles and policy. This led to the proposal that an amicable arrangement should be made with the several chieftains of the peninsula for the regular payment of their tribute without the necessity for the periodical advance of a military force. Accordingly, in 1807, Colonel Walker proceeded to Kattywar with a detachment of British troops and in co-operation with a Guikwar contingent took measures for the permanent settlement of the tribute. He had some difficulty in persuading the Chiefs that the action taken by the British Government was disinterested, and that the Company's troops were the allies of the Guikwar. At that time the Peshwa and the Guikwar were the owners of the tribute, the Guikwar holding a ten years' farm of the Peshwa's share. Eventually, satisfactory arrangements were concluded: the

amount of tribute in each case was determined: engagements were entered into by each Chief under the guarantee of the British Government, which assured to the Baroda State the punctual payment of the tribute upon the agreed rate, while they bound the chieftains of the country to refrain from those mutual aggressions and acts of depredation and violence which had formerly kept the country in a state of continual suffering. On the other hand, the mediating power pledged itself to protect the country from oppression, and to relieve it from the injuries which it had hitherto annually sustained from the circuit army. "

Such was the famous settlement of 1807-8, based upon the state of things existing at the time. It is the period to which all enquiries in disputes regarding landed possessions or hereditary rights in Kattywar are limited. In such cases the conclusive question always is, what was the state of things at the time of Colonel Walker's settlement? That was the status which was guaranteed by Colonel Walker.

So beneficial to the peace and prosperity of the country was it considered that a similar settlement was carried out in the Mahikantha in 1811-12 by Colonel Ballantine in co-operation with a high official of the Guikwar's Government. The permanent settlement of the tribute paid by the Chief was fixed and the same engagements and guarantee were established. Unfortunately, the high hopes which were entertained of the good results of these settlements were falsified. In both Kattywar and Mahikantha the British Government saw that it was not enough to fix the tribute and to allow the Guikwar's officers to collect it, because the latter caused great oppression in its collection and were moreover, by underhand transactions, gaining such a footing in many of the chieftainships in Kattywar that it was becoming impossible for the British guarantee to be enforced. No doubt the distress from which the country was suffering was partly due to the famine and pestilence which raged in Kattywar about 1813. In Mahikantha the Guikwar's authorities were unable to prevent the depredations and outrages of the marauding tribes, and when the troops were withdrawn on foreign service, the province relapsed into nearly its former state of disorder. This was the state of things when the Governor of Bombay (the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone) visited Baroda in 1820. He induced the Guikwar to sign an agreement dated 3rd April, which is the foundation of the direct British supremacy in Kattywar and Mahikantha. It ran:—

With the view of promoting the prosperity, peace and safety of the country, and in order that the Guikwar Government shall receive without trouble and with facility the amount of tribute due to it from the provinces of Kattywar and Mahikantha, it has been arranged with the British Government that the Guikwar

shall not send his troops into the districts belonging to the Zamindars of both the above provinces without the consent of the Company's Government and shall not prefer any claim against the Zamindars and others residing in those provinces except through the arbitration of the Company's government; further, the Company's Government engage that the tribute as fixed by the settlements of 1807-8 and of 1811-12 shall be paid by the Zamindars to the Guikwar Government free of expense.

As a result of this agreement British Political Agents were permanently established in Kattywar and Mahikantha.

It should be borne in mind that in 1817 the Peshwa had ceded his share of the tribute to the Company.

Since 1820, therefore, it may be said that the right to receive tribute in these provinces has been vested in a partnership, one of the partners being a sleeping partner, his rights being confined simply to receiving his share of the tribute the whole of which is collected by the active partner, to whom alone belongs the supremacy involved in that collection, and who, by the arrangements with the sleeping partner involved in the settlements of 1807-8 and 1811-12, had guaranteed the integrity of the estates of the various chiefs and landholders, and their status as existing at those dates respectively. Further, this active partner being the Paramount Power in India has certain prerogative rights in virtue of which he is bound to preserve the general peace of the country.

I have endeavoured to compress the above historical sketch as much as possible, but it is necessary not to omit some details, which are occasionally lost sight of, because they throw much light on the question whether Kattywar is part of British India. Perhaps the term which more correctly than any other meets the various facts is Protectorate, and there is this analogy between the African Protectorates and the States in Kattywar that in both cases the Chiefs are debarred from entertaining diplomatic relations with any other Power, but they differ in that in Kattywar, there was and is, speaking generally, some kind of organised government to undertake the functions of internal administration.

It will be noticed that the Peshwa had (in 1817) ceded the tribute in Kattywar of which he was owner: the Guikwar has never ceded his tribute: what he ceded was his right to collect and all that was involved in that right of collection: he bound himself not to interfere, directly or indirectly, in the administration of the province, and ever since that day the sole supremacy has, without question from any quarter, been vested in the British Political Officers in subordination to the Government of Bombay, the Government of India and the Secretary of State. But almost equally unquestioned has

been the proposition that Kattywar cannot, under the historical circumstances shown above, be part of British India. Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, and the two members of his Executive Council, in 1863, held the contrary opinion; but that was because these gentlemen did not realise that though there is in India only one independent Sovereign, namely, the British Government, the Native States in Kattywar had been guaranteed their enjoyment of several sovereign rights, which were in consistent with the idea that these were under the direct dominion of the British Government. The principal of these was the right to immunity from the laws of British India. No attempt was ever made to introduce the British Regulations and Codes. And it must be remembered that from the earliest time the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and the Secretary of State, have always consistently repudiated the idea that this congeries of States and petty chieftainships came under the direct dominion of the Company or the Crown.

So far the matter is simple enough. But the irony of the situation (if I may so term it) is apparent, when it is realised that the engagements made by the British Government to respect the independence of the Chiefs and to preserve the status as it existed in 1807-8, were apparently inconsistent with the engagements made by the Chiefs to preserve the peace of the country and suppress crime, or with the right of the Paramount Power to interfere for the better order of the States, and for improving the ordinary lines of administration.

This was the problem which confronted the British Government and which was gradually solved. The first step taken was the establishment of the Principal Court of Criminal Justice (alluded to before) for the punishment of serious crime. That was in 1831. As a matter of fact the Chiefs consented to this measure as indispensably necessary for the peace of the country and saw clearly that without some such arrangement the British Government could not fulfil their guarantee of maintaining order or promote the general improvement of the country. No doubt it was direct interference of the British Government in the administration of criminal justice in the peninsula. Public offenders were to be tried and punished in the name of the British Government; but as the Bombay Government wrote, it appears quite evident that we can only maintain the general peace of the peninsula by acting as our predecessors did: their interference to punish outrages committed by outlaws and insurgents which the injured parties had not power to do, formed a part of the existing usages of the country that we guaranteed, and to adopt another course appears contrary to the letter and spirit of our engagements.

But this measure was not sufficient to ensure the peace of the country, which was still full of outlaws and armed mercenaries. Among so many petty States there was no model of administration or recognised policy, and there was practically no magisterial control. The jurisdiction of the pettiest landholder was indistinguishable from that of the greater Chiefs. The problem was to infuse new life into the Native administration, and this was done in 1863 by a careful classification of the various States according to their powers of efficient administration of justice, as shown above, and the delegation of cases beyond the jurisdictions so classified to British magistrates and courts subordinate to the Political Agent and the Bombay Government.

Now we come to the crux of the whole matter. Are these courts administering justice in the King's name, and are the orders issued by them judicial in their nature? Kattywar is foreign territory, outside the limits of British India, but His Majesty the King by treaty capitulation, grant, usage, sufferance, and other lawful means has jurisdiction within divers foreign countries. This is the language of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act of 1843 (6 and 7 Vic. c. 94) and the same language is found in the consolidating Foreign Jurisdiction Act of 1890 (53-54. Vic. c. 37). The same language is used in the Indian Foreign Jurisdiction and Extradition Act, XXI of 1879, but the Indian Act can only regulate jurisdiction so far as it is competent for the Indian legislature to do so, that is to say, so far as it affects persons for whom that legislature can make laws. Subjects of foreign States are not in that category; and thus, as remarked by the Privy Council, the present cases are outside the scope of that legislation.

In the arguments at the Bar, Counsel relied on a paragraph of an Order in Council No. 466 of 1902 relating to Foreign Jurisdiction in territories of India outside British India. Paragraph 5 runs:—

"All appointments, delegations, certificates, requisitions, rules, notifications, processes, orders and directions made or issued under or in pursuance of any enactment of the Indian Legislature regulating the exercise of foreign jurisdiction, are hereby confirmed, and shall have effect as if made or issued under this Order."

As shown above, the Indian Legislature cannot pass any enactment in regard to subjects of Native States within the territories of those States. So far, then, the paragraph of the Order in Council which was relied on does not apply, and it was not mentioned in the judgment of the Privy Council.

But this jurisdiction in respect of foreigners, though recognised,

confirmed, supported and regulated by Acts of Parliament, derives its authority ultimately, not from the Parliament but from powers inherent in the Crown or conceded to the Crown by a foreign State. The first and most important section of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act 1890—quoted above—is in form a declaration as well as an enactment. The Jurisdiction is not created by Statute or by any Order in Council, and it is true that in practice it may not be usually exercised in disputes between natives of the country to which it is applied. In India we must remember the special relation in which the Government of India as representative of the Paramount Power stands to the Native States. The Governor-General in Council has in his executive capacity extra-territorial powers far wider than those which may be exercised by the Indian Legislature, and he can acquire and exercise within the territories of Native States (such as Kattywar) powers of legislation and jurisdiction similar to those which are exercised by the Crown in foreign territories in accordance with the Foreign Jurisdiction Acts and the Orders in Council under them, and extending to persons who are not subjects of the King. These powers and jurisdiction are recognised and confirmed by the Indian Legislature, which gives them its support to the extent of its powers, and can to that extent, but not beyond, restrict as well as regulate their exercise.

If these propositions (for which cf. Ilbert's "Government of India," Chapter VII) are correctly stated, it is interesting to consider the ground of the decision that in the cases above described no appeal lay to the King in Council. It is, briefly, that the action of the courts in both cases was not judicial but political. You may remember a recent application to the Privy Council in the case of the twelve men in Natal sentenced to death by Court Martial, the sentences being affirmed by the Government of Natal. Their Counsel claimed to come before their Lordships under the Statutes constituting the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and relied on the exercise of the King's prerogative. The answer was, of course, obvious.

So too in a recent case before the Privy Council, known as the Panna Case, (31, Indian Appeals, 1903-4, p. 239), in which the Government of India had appointed a Commission to try the question whether the Chief of a Native State was concerned in the murder of his uncle. The Commission, consisting of a Political Officer of the British Government and a Judge of the Judicial Commissioners' Court of Oudh, took evidence, heard counsel, and made its report to the Government of India. Mr. Haldane contended, in support of the petition to the Privy

Council, that the Commissioners were a judicial body appointed under the Indian Foreign Jurisdiction Act (21 of 1879), and that having regard to the Privy Council Acts (3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 41, sec. 3, and 8 Vic. c. 69, sec. 1) an appeal lay to the King in Council provided special leave was given. But their Lordships held that the Commission, if a Court, was not a Court from which an appeal lies to the King in Council.

The present cases are at first sight not so obvious.

•In the elaborate rules issued by Government for defining the jurisdiction (original and appellate) to be exercised by the courts of the Political Agency of Kattywar, in regard to "political" suits and appeals, the Rules of 1883 provided that in regard to appeals in cases classed as "political" the Political Agent should first consider whether their nature is such as to bring their disposal within the diplomatic or controlling function rather than the judicial function of his office. In the former case he should dispose of them as he thinks proper, being at liberty to refer for the report of his Judicial Assistant any point that he may consider to require judicial investigation. In the latter case he was to transfer the entire appeal to the Judicial Assistant, unless for special reasons he should think proper to hear it himself. The Rules of 1902 now in force simply provide that the Agent to the Governor shall not refer political appeals to the Judicial Assistant for disposal, but should dispose of them as he thinks proper, being at liberty to refer for the report of the Judicial Assistant either the whole case or any point that he may consider to require judicial investigation. The modification was apparently not intended to denote any difference from the previous regulation, though in "political" cases there may be points requiring judicial investigation, the final order is intended to be executive, just as in the Panna Case (*supra*) there was a judicial investigation followed by an executive order.

But the distinction between "political" and "civil" cases, which is so insisted upon in the various Orders of Government, makes it all the more difficult to lay down the broad proposition that the decisions in Civil Cases are really political and not judicial.

No doubt the decision of the Agent to the Governor as to whether a suit filed as political should be heard as a civil suit is, subject to the general or special orders of Government, final, and any party to a suit may apply to the Agent to the Governor for an order, that a political suit shall be heard as a Civil Suit.

But when once the forum is fixed, the distinction between the nature of the cases seems clear. Their Lordships of the Judicial Committee

think that the instructions from time to time issued by Government as to the disposal of cases suggest strongly that the exercise of jurisdiction both by the Political Agent and by the Courts below him, is to be guided by policy rather than by strict law, and that this is illustrated by the notification of 22nd June, 1900 (alluded to above) under which the Civil Suit was dismissed. But obviously the trying authority in following this notification has no discretion to be guided by policy rather than by strict law ; he has simply to see whether the debt had been sanctioned by the representative of the Paramount Power, just as he might have to see whether the Suit was barred by any Rules of limitation, which had been "applied" by the same Power.

And if this notification is regarded as an enunciation of the Common Law of the country, its nature is judicial rather than political, just as in the same way the right of Government to resume "Jaghirs" at pleasure is a right which exists as part of the Common Law of the country and is recognised by all Civil Courts (cf. the case of *Shekh Sultan Sani v. Shekh Ajmodin*, L. R., 20 I. A., 50). Moreover, there are scores of civil cases decided by the British Agency Courts which depend solely on the law made applicable to the Courts, and in which, apart from the source of the jurisdiction exercised by the Courts, the orders passed are purely judicial in their nature.

The distinction between the two classes of cases has been often insisted on, and yet sometimes the arguments used for retaining the political control of political cases have been unconsciously applied to cases which are "completely judicial in their character," to quote the language used by the Secretary of State (Lord Salisbury), when in 1876 he suggested that a general legislative enactment should be passed, giving the Local Governments power to call upon the High Courts to give their opinion as to any state of facts or law that the Local Government may desire to lay before them, a good precedent for such a measure being found in S. 4, 3 and 4 Will. IV. c. 41. The Bombay Government in their reply, deprecating such a step, concurred with a minute recorded by the Judicial Member of the Governor's Council, in which that gentleman called attention to "the fact that the cases which generally go to the Secretary of State are not cases between ordinary parties, but are cases involving questions of claims against States or boundaries to States, and other disputes between neighbouring Chiefs and Thakors (another name for Chiefs), or their Grassias or Bhayats (subordinate landholders or relatives), cases which seldom give rise to intricate legal questions, but are more generally dependent on local customs and local survey and

boundary enquiries or political policy. . . . As regards the really judicial cases . . . all is regular. A suit is filed in the Court of first instance, an appeal lies to the court of the Assistant, and a special appeal to that of the Political Agent presided over by his Judicial Assistant, an officer of judicial experience, and this is as a rule final; or if the suit is heavy, then the case is tried by the Assistant Political Agent, a regular appeal lies to the Agent (heard by his Judicial Assistant) and a special appeal to the Governor in Council. In such cases the special appeal lies only on a point of law or custom amounting to law, and Government have to take the facts as found by the Lower Appellate Court. These cases seldom go further, but the cases which do go further, *i.e.*, to the Secretary of State, are as stated above of a different nature, and would hardly be made plainer by being sent to the High Court."

The Bombay Government, while forwarding this minute, added some remarks. They said :—

"A High Court may be regarded as the last step in the organisation of Government civilised in the European sense, when extended to an Asiatic community. It is the custodian of certain principles which must be enforced, if necessary, even against the Executive, and its operation can only properly commence when the transition from a system of government according to the will of the ruler to a system of government according to law has been fully established. The cases which come before this Government for adjudication are cases which have arisen in States still administered on the former principle, or cases which have arisen from incompleteness or imperfection in the original definition of rights laid down by the British Government when the Native States first came under its control and were forbidden to settle their disputes by force. Such cases can only justly be disposed of on principles of equity in the fullest sense of the term, and not in the circumscribed sense which is familiar to the practice of the High Courts; and sometimes consideration must be given to the political expediency which underlies the relation in which the Government stands to the protected States."

It is questionable whether any sentence in the above paragraph can be applicable to the "residuary jurisdiction" exercised by the Agency Courts, for whom an elaborate system of law has been provided, (not introduced by the Legislature—that would not be possible—but applied by Executive Orders of Government), the cases being dealt with according to judicial principles. A suit against the Executive (either in the person of a Political Officer or an official of a State) would by its very nature be political, and not a suit "between ordinary parties."

The Government of India, when further addressing the Bombay Government, referred to the same distinction between the decisions of the Political Officers "acting in the exercise of regular Civil jurisdiction," the right of appeal to the Bombay Government being in certain cases restricted, and cases arising out of disputes between the numerous petty Chiefs and landholders possessing jurisdiction in Kattywar. And the Bombay Government in answering this reference drew attention to the "two broadly marked divisions of the judicial business," the first comprising the "political appeals proper," and the second "ordinary civil cases." The latter class, it was said, contributes nothing to the list of appeals to the Secretary of State. "For the appeals made in such cases are 'mere appeals from judicial decisions,' and it is within the discretion of the Local Government to decline to forward a second appeal to the Secretary of State. But as a matter of fact no such appeals to the Secretary of State are made, and it is by transferring to this class such of the political appeals as have not any well-founded claim to be treated diplomatically that His Excellency in Council expects to be able to further reduce to juster proportions the number of appeals on which the Secretary of State is asked to pass a decision."

An instructive illustration may be drawn from Bombay Regulation XXIX of 1827. That Act provided that suits against certain persons of rank in the Deccan and Khandesh, which are districts in British India, should not come under the jurisdiction of the ordinary Civil Courts, but should be tried by an Agent of Government specially appointed for the purpose.

In suits against persons of the highest rank the Agent is to have "reference in the most ample degree to the privileges of the defendant by former usage and custom enjoyed, and to other peculiar characteristics of the case conformable to like usage and custom"; the Governor in Council is appointed a special superior Court of Appeal, and he is to "pass such order as he may deem just and equitable," a further appeal to the King in Council being open to either party. Similar rules are laid down with regard to suits against persons of rank of the second and third classes, the rules for trial and decision of appeal, which lies in cases of the second class to the Superior Court of the Governor in Council, being the same as those prescribed for the original trial of the suit; and the same with cases of the third class, the Saddur Dewany Adawlut (at present the Bombay High Court) being substituted for the Governor in Council as a Superior Court of Appeal.

These chieftainships being in British India, the Indian Legislature

was competent to lay down Rules for the guidance of the courts which it established ; and the Rule that the Agent should be guided by political considerations rather than by strict law would not seem very different from a rule that he should dispose of the cases "as he thinks proper." But it is unquestionable that his "decree" is considered to be judicial in its character. Kattywar not being in British India, the Legislature has no power to establish Courts there or to issue Rules for their guidance. But the Governor-General in Council has in his executive capacity extra-territorial powers far wider than those which may be exercised by the Indian Legislature (Ilbert, p. 452), and though possibly those powers may not have been exercised as regards the King's Courts in Kattywar by valid notifications under the Indian or English Foreign Jurisdiction Acts, the powers exist independently of any Statutes.

Anyone who has served in Kattywar cannot fail to be alive to the fact that the Chiefs and landholders are keenly anxious that the present state of things should continue and that no appeal should be allowed to the Privy Council. This is in spite of the anomaly that a suit which goes through the regular hearing in open court in the province may, in its ultimate stage, come before the executive government, before which there is said to be no right of audience. The reason of this feeling is that it is feared that any recognition of the right of the Privy Council to finally dispose of the cases must end in Kattywar being absorbed in British India, and then the Chiefs and landholders would lose their most cherished sovereign right, immunity from British legislation.

Whether those fears are ill-founded or not, the practical question, and one of considerable interest, may be put thus : As regards the "ordinary civil cases" in which there are "mere appeals from judicial decisions," in which the action of the tribunals can only be regarded as judicial and not political, can the Paramount Power which established the courts exclude the final appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council and vest the same in the Executive Government ?

The following considerations would apparently admit an answer in the affirmative.

The prerogative right of the King in Council to be the ultimate Court of Appeal may be abandoned altogether or restricted by the Crown with or in pursuance of the sanction of the Legislature. Section 9 of the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, 1890, provides that His Majesty can assign to or confer on any court in any British possession or held under authority of His Majesty, any jurisdiction, civil or criminal, original or appellate, which may lawfully by Order in Council be assigned to or conferred on

any British court in any foreign territory. The court of the Governor in Council of Bombay is a court in a British possession, and is held under the authority of His Majesty. As shown above, it was recognised by the Indian Legislature as a Superior Court of Appeal in certain Civil cases. There is, therefore, no reason why the Executive should not recognise it as a superior and final court of Appeal from the decisions in purely Civil cases which come within the jurisdiction of the British Agency Courts in foreign territory (Kattywar).

To sum up in a few words: the source of the power of interference on the part of the Paramount Power in Native States in India is political; so too is the source of all extra-territorial jurisdiction; and the fact that the establishment of British courts of justice in Kattywar is an act of suzerainty (or, to use the words of the Bhownagar Act XX of 1876, "an exercise of certain powers of Government") would not necessarily prevent the action of those tribunals from being judicial. To hold otherwise would be to say that an ex-territorial court, which must have a "political" foundation, can never exercise purely "judicial" functions, which is absurd. The intrusion of British jurisdiction in parts of Kattywar was called for as the only means of avoiding annexation.* Apart from the settlement of interstatal disputes, or matters of a purely political nature, or from the establishment of a federal court (called the Rajasthanik court) for the protection of the Bhayads and Mulgrassias† under the presidency of a British officer, whose services are lent for the purpose, there is a mass of indigenous ordinary civil litigation, with regard to which the powers of various chiefs are held in abeyance by the Paramount Power, and on their behalf and with their tacit assent their jurisdictionary powers are vested in Agency Courts. The Chiefs can hardly be said to have delegated their authority, since it is evident that the classification of 1863 left them with, at the best, limited jurisdictional powers, and in some cases with none at all.‡ This is not the case with "substituted" jurisdiction. That term expresses the temporary administration of justice in a Native State by British officers on account of the minority or misgovernment of the Chief. In that case the courts are the courts of the State. But in the case of "residuary" jurisdiction the courts are not the courts of the States but of the British Agency officers, and the force of that fact is not weakened by another fact that the Chief of a State may be promoted or degraded from one class to another.

* Lee Warner's "The Protected Princes of India," p. 13.

† *Ib.* pp. 112, 297. The Bhayads are the relatives of the Chiefs, and the Mulgrassias are the ancient landholders.

‡ *Ib.* p. 361.

The residuary jurisdiction thus exercised by the Agency courts is, in its essence, like all extra-territorial jurisdiction, political; but the action of these tribunals when dealing with "ordinary civil cases," following the various orders of Government and laws, which have been "applied" for their guidance, there being no means of divergence on the ground of "policy," would seem to be more accurately described as judicial than political.

As to what authority should hear the "mere appeals from judicial decisions," the Crown, which by its duly delegated authority established the courts, can equally establish a superior court of appeal, and vest the appellate jurisdiction in the Governor of Bombay in Council.

E. T. CANDY.

*Whitefield,
Great Shelford, Cambs.*

APPENDIX.

The following is the operative portion of the judgment of the Privy Council.

Their Lordships are of opinion that Kathiawar is not, as a whole, within the King's dominions, and it has not been shown, or indeed contended, that the particular territories out of which these Appeals arise are in a different position in this respect from the province generally. The first ground, therefore, upon which it has been sought to sustain these Appeals fails.

The second ground upon which it was sought to base the competency of these Appeals was that, assuming Kathiawar not to be a part of the King's dominions, still the Courts of the Assistant Political Agents, that of the Political Agent, and that of the Governor in Council, are all the King's Courts and that the decisions of those tribunals in the present cases were judicial decisions by those Courts, and therefore subject to review by His Majesty in Council.

In the Court of the Political Agent this contention was disposed of in the first of the present cases upon the short ground that the Appellant is not a British subject, and that the right of appeal to the King in Council "is a birthright and appertains only to British subjects, unless specially conferred by legislative enactment." Their Lordships are unable to concur in the view thus expressed. They think that if a Court, administering justice on the King's behalf, makes an order, judicial in its nature, by which some one is unjustly and injuriously affected, the person aggrieved is not precluded from applying to the King in Council to redress his wrong merely by the fact that he is not the King's subject.

The real question is whether in cases like those now before their Lordships the action of the tribunals in Kathiawar, and of the Governor in Council on appeal from those tribunals, is properly to be regarded as judicial or as political. And at this point a distinction arises between the two cases under appeal; because the first of them has been disposed of as a civil, the second as a political, case.

As to the cases classed as political, their Lordships think there is no room for doubt. The rules issued from time to time for the guidance of the Political Agent treat the disposal of such cases as falling within his "diplomatic or controlling function," and direct him to dispose of them "as he thinks proper." And all the other provisions relating to such cases indicate purely political and not judicial action.

The question relating to cases classed as civil gives rise to more difficulty, but, upon the whole, their Lordships are of opinion that no substantial distinction can be drawn for the present purpose between the two kinds of cases.

There is not necessarily any inherent distinction between the nature of political cases and of those treated as civil. It depends in some cases solely upon who are parties to the suit. The two cases now before their Lordships illustrate this. The first of them was a suit brought to enforce a mortgage, the second was a suit to redeem a mortgage, yet one of the cases is civil and the other political, because in the latter a talukdar above the fourth class is a party.

The Political Agent is empowered to transfer political cases to the civil class, and dispose of them as such, and this power he is encouraged, and indeed directed, to exercise freely.

The instructions from time to time issued by Government as to the disposal of cases suggest strongly that the exercise of jurisdiction, both by the Political Agent, and by the Courts below him, is to be guided by policy rather than by strict law. This is illustrated by the notification of Government of the 22nd June, 1900, already referred to, on the strength of which the first of the present cases (a civil case) was decided. That notification appears to follow upon a series of earlier instructions substantially to the same effect. It lays down that "no suit shall lie against a tributary Chief or Talukdar, or against any sub-sharer of a tributary Chief or Talukdar, in respect of any debt contracted by the predecessor of such Chief or Talukdar, or sub-sharer, unless" one or other of two conditions is complied with, one of which conditions is the approval of the Political Agent. In the grounds of appeal before their Lordships questions are raised as to the construction and effect of the notification just cited. But quite irrespective of those questions, there is no doubt as to its validity as a direction by the Executive Government, to its own political officers in a Foreign State, and it may be used as an example of the kind of rules by which the exercise of jurisdiction is to be governed.

The Appeal from the Kathiawar Courts to the Governor of Bombay in Council might perhaps be regarded as a neutral circumstance. But the mode in which such Appeals have been disposed of has been political rather than judicial: That disposal is described in a Minute (dated the

11th October 1877) of the then Governor of Bombay, as being "done in the Political Department of the Government itself ; that is, by the Secretary to Government in that Department under the responsible supervision of the Member of Council to whom . . . the Political business is assigned."

- The further Appeal to the Secretary of State in Council is a fact of clearer import. In Lord Salisbury's despatch of the 23rd March 1876, the practice of such appeals is dealt with as a thing at that date already fully established, and it continues to the present day in civil as well as in political cases. The system of Appeal to the Secretary of State affords
- strong evidence that the intention of Government is and always has been that the jurisdiction exercised in connection with Kathiawar should be political and not judicial in its character.

What occurred in and after 1876 points to the same conclusion. In the despatch of the 23rd March in that year, already referred to, the Secretary of State, Lord Salisbury, suggested that an Act should be passed, general in character but intended specially for the case of Kathiawar, enabling the Governor in Council, when dealing with Appeals, to refer any state of facts or law to the High Court for its opinion. The Bombay Government opposed the suggestion, and in an official letter of the 22nd August 1878 stated their grounds of objection. After distinguishing between "a system of government according to the will of the ruler," and "a system of government according to law," it was said: "The cases which come before this Government for adjudication are cases which have arisen in States still administered on the former principle. Such cases can only be justly disposed of on principles of equity in the fullest sense of the term, and not in the circumscribed sense which is familiar to the practice of the High Courts ; and sometimes consideration must be given to the political expediency which underlies the relation in which the Government stands to the protected States." The objections so stated prevail. In 1879 Lord Cranbrook renewed the suggestion of his predecessor, but effect has never been given to it.

Their Lordships will humbly advise His Majesty that each of these Appeals should be dismissed.

There will be no order as to the costs of these Appeals.

A WREATH FROM INDIA

(TO KEDLESTON.)

You know, sore-stricken Mourner, how we watched with you and
 prayed,
 When Death stood by her bedside, but Hope fluttered in despair ;
 When mosque and *mandir* blended well with church and chapel
 prayer,
 And soul with soul in unison our silent blessings spread.

We thought not of Partition then—all India was but one,
 We talked not of *tamashas* in the land o'er-cast with gloom ;
 Our eyes and hearts were centred on that sad, impending doom,
 But heart to heart responding quick, we felt the fight was won.

And then, do you remember how we wept with joy with you,
 When Life had won the battle brave and Hope was bright
 again ;
 When Hindus knelt with Moslems in deep reverential vein,
 And smiling through our tears of joy we thanked the Lord anew?

But Hope and Life as well have flown—such was the Father's
 will,
 For she has lost the battle now and left us plunged in grief ;
 Our queen of seven summers bright—so bright but all too brief,
 Your partner sweet who made your labours lighter, loftier still.

To us were nought her millions—her wealth lay in her grace,
 We may forget her diamonds—but ne'er her radiant smile ;
 Or how she fed the famished and how helped the sick and vile—
 The mother in her child-bed with her child in cold embrace.

The rich may give their thousands, and the poor their humble
 best
 To raise her a memorial that's well worth her noble parts ;
 But we shall fondly chisel on the tablets of our hearts,
 A tribute to our Vicereine, of mem'ry ever blest !

EDITORIAL NOTE.

It was seventy-five years ago that the foundations of modern India were laid. If Lord Clive **The Maker of Modern India.** laid the foundation-stone of the British Empire in the East, it was Lord William Bentinck who first cherished and gave a definite shape to a vision of India, such as we see to-day, and such as shall be hereafter. It will require a great genius or a profound scholar to say anything original or new of that noble statesman who, in his early career, was recalled from the Governorship of a province, and to whom reparation was made in his later days by appointing him to rule over the whole of the Company's territories. Yet the problems that confronted him are, in a slightly modified form, the problems that we discuss to-day, and the difficulties which he foresaw, but by which he was not daunted, are the difficulties which his successors to-day still perceive, and which they think they must grapple with, because it is too late to endeavour to avoid them. Trevelyan testified "that to Lord William Bentinck belongs the great praise of having placed our dominion in India on its proper foundation in the recognition of the great principle that India is to be governed for the benefit of the Indians." What higher principle have the most up-to-date British statesmen of recognised eminence been able to lay down for the guidance of the present generation? There is much talk about self-government, but no one asks for it immediately, and no one knows when it will form part of practical politics. Self-government, in the real sense of the word, is a new ideal, which Bentinck might perhaps have conceived, if the Colonies were then what they now are. The possibilities of his ideal are not yet exhausted. They are illustrated and have been partially realised in modern India: the new ideal belongs to India of the distant future. Trevelyan summed up in a single phrase what

Macaulay had mentioned in ampler detail in the epitaph which he had prepared for the illustrious ruler with whom he was associated in the Government of India. According to Macaulay's testimony, Lord William Bentinck infused into Oriental despotism the spirit of British freedom ; he never forgot that the end of government was the happiness of the governed ; he abolished cruel rites ; he effaced humiliating distinctions ; he gave liberty to the expression of public opinion ; and his constant duty was to elevate the intellectual and moral character of the nation committed to his charge. The specific measures which bear out this estimate of Lord William Bentinck's work are the admission of the Natives into the public service, the adoption of English as the language of instruction in the educational institutions, and the suppression of the practice of *Sati*. The Charter Act of 1833 is often quoted nowadays in connection with the employment of Natives in the higher grades of the public service : it is forgotten that the clause which abolishes the distinctions of race, creed and colour in the public service was due principally to the advocacy of Lord William Bentinck. Notwithstanding Macaulay's reference to the "effacement of humiliating distinctions," it is instructive to notice how mixed the motives underlying that policy were. If the East India Company was to cease to be a mercantile body in India, and the Government of India was to be self-supporting, it was necessary to keep down the cost of the administration, and Lord William Bentinck maintained that this could be done with certainty if the public service was largely manned by the Natives of the country. The Court of Directors, indeed, laid down that there was to be no "governing caste" in India. At that time a wave of generous sentiment in favour of coloured races was passing over England, and not only Lord William Bentinck, but the Court of Directors also, participated in that generous feeling. But the ethical sentiment had to be bolstered up by considerations of economy. Following that venerable precedent one may even now hear the largest possible employment of Indians advocated on the ground of economy. The Government, however, is no longer in dread of deficits and bankruptcy, and the economy which is dangled before the public eye now is not that which would follow from the adoption of a lower scale of salaries, but from the stopping of a portion of the "drain" which is said to impoverish the people. It

is not the poverty of the Government, but the alleged growing poverty of the people that is now assigned as a reason for introducing a larger proportion of Natives into the public service. Apart from financial considerations, however, there were considerations both of policy and of justice advanced by distinguished public servants in favour of discontinuing the monopoly. Sir Thomas Munro, for example, discussing the prospects of the British Government in India, doubted whether the people would continue to appreciate the alien rule as better than the rule of their own princes, and remarked that there was perhaps no example of any conquest in which the Natives had been so completely excluded from all share in the government of their country as in British India. It was usual in those days for British administrators to ask themselves the question whether their rule could possibly be permanent in this country ; for it was believed that the majority of the people could not have much affection for rulers of a different religion and race from themselves, and the mainstay of the Government, the Army, was so largely native, and bound to be so from financial considerations, that some false step or unpopular measure might alienate the sympathies of the Army, and plunge the Government in disaster. The danger from the Army was illustrated after Lord Dalhousie's annexations : the affection of the people was secured by Lord Bentinck's policy of governing India for the benefit of the Indians, and the incidental measure of spreading English education. What we are particularly interested in noticing in our time is that Lord William Bentinck had less apprehensions of the danger from the Army : he acknowledged that he had "more reason to fear the changes incidental to our new position of peace and more enlightened state of mind." In his own time he did not apprehend any formidable resistance to the ruling power from the people at large. The defects of the native of India, he wrote in one of his Minutes, "are a want of physical strength and of moral energy." In his Minute on the abolition of *Sati* he wrote of the people of the Lower Provinces of Bengal that "so great is the want of courage and of vigour of character, and such the habitual submission of centuries, that insurrection or hostile opposition to the will of the ruling power may be affirmed to be an impossible danger." He apprehended more serious danger from the spread of knowledge and the

operations of the press; for these, he thought, must result in weakening the respect entertained for the European character and the prestige of the British nation, and in elevating the native character and making the people alive to their own rights and more sensible of their own power. It is precisely this result that has now come about. The ethical superiority of the British, generally acknowledged seventy-five years ago, is not now so implicitly accepted, while faith in the native character is more largely avowed, at least for the requirements of the public administration, and a consciousness of the rights of the people is gradually spreading. Bentinck did not specifically portray the manner in which the danger from these causes might manifest itself. But he was convinced that the effects of a higher elevation of character and of the spread of knowledge of one's rights must be dealt with "by a very different philosophy from that which has hitherto obtained." When the new era was just being ushered in, it was as unnecessary to set forth with anything like fulness the new philosophy of government as it was to indicate the nature of the danger ahead. It is our privilege now to realise the prophecies and act upon the warnings of seventy-five years ago. The inability of the people to resist the will of the ruling power continues in much the same degree as in the days of Lord William Bentinck. But it is becoming more and more clear that the people, too, have a will of their own and they can manifest it in ways, not indeed affecting the Government, but affecting the interests of those from whom the Government receives its authority, namely, the people of the United Kingdom. The anxiety with which inquiries are made in Parliament regarding the effects of the Svadeshi movement shows that, although India may be governed for the benefit of Indians, it is retained by the United Kingdom for the benefit of the British also. If the people of India do not possess the physical qualities which put a Government in fear of any serious disturbance of the peace, they have the intelligence to aim a blow at what Carlyle has called the most vital part of a man, the pocket, of the Britisher. They may indeed not succeed, for they must care for their own pockets as well, and buy in the cheapest market. Yet the Britisher would not think it worth while engaging in a battle of pockets, when the question at issue does not affect him, but only the people •

in whose interests the government is to be carried on. Moreover, a civilised Government has to care not merely for its safety, but also for its reputation : its success is measured by the amount of protection it affords to its subjects from petty annoyances as well as from danger to life and property ; and even Lilliputians can cause trouble to a Gulliver. It may be that if the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal sneezes, a score or Bengalis may stagger and fall on one side, and a score on another ; but then will come the shower of arrows which will cause intense pain to law-bound Gulliver, who is unable to kick or to strike. Bentinck was called by some of his contemporaries an obstinate but weak-minded doctrinaire. Lord Canning was regarded by some in his day as a feeble-minded ruler. Lord Minto may, similarly, have to run the gauntlet of the heroic school, Sir Bampfylde Fuller, belauded as a strong man, has not been able to steer the ship clear of all the shoals. One cannot say he has been a failure, but he has deepened the conviction in the popular mind that there must be a distinction between strength and skill in government, and that to rely merely on strength is to court danger. One remarkable result of the elevation of character is that a ruler cannot speak of the native character nowadays in the disparaging terms which could with impunity be employed in the days of Bentinck. There was a gulf of seventy years between Lord Bentinck and Lord Curzon. The latter has been declaring even more explicitly than the former that India must be governed for the benefit of Indians. Yet he could not moralise upon character as his predecessor could, if occasion required it. Nothing illustrates more forcibly than did last year's agitation over the famous Convocation address, the effect of education, as distinctly foreseen by Lord William Bentinck, in weakening the respect for British and enhancing the respect for native character. The explosion that took place last year will for years to come, or perhaps for ever, make Englishmen cautious in perpetuating the traditional estimate of the character of the people of India. It may be doubted whether Bentinck himself fully realised what the ultimate effects of his policy must be. Macaulay has recorded that he "gave liberty to the expression of public opinion." Yet there was one occasion when the champion of the freedom of the press was tempted to write that in his opinion it was necessary for the public safety that the press in India should be kept "under the most rigid control."

The principal feature of Lord Bentinck's policy was to associate the Natives with the Government of their country. They would not be qualified for that task unless they learnt the English language, which supplied the key to Western knowledge and to progressive systems of government. The clause in the Charter Act of 1833, which throws the public service open to the natives of the country, is very cautiously worded, and so is the Queen's Proclamation of 1858. The object of both the documents was to throw the door open on certain conditions to new-comers, and not to vacate the building in their favour. The Act of 1833 provides that the natives of the country are not to be excluded from the public service *only* because of their race, creed or colour: there might presumably be other reasons to limit their numbers or to exclude them from any office. The negative phraseology of this document was subsequently supplemented by the positive declaration contained in the Proclamation of 1858, which, however, is not absolute in its promise, but still retains the tone of reservation and allusion to certain unspecified ulterior considerations. In politics it seems to be an accepted maxim that each party must overstate its case, and that if one party exaggerates a qualification, the opposite party must altogether ignore it. Otherwise there may be no fighting, and what is politics but fighting? The grammatical construction of the two documents is as clear as daylight: the question which admits, and which will always admit, of different answers is, what other considerations, besides those specified in the Proclamation, are to be borne in mind in regulating the composition of the public service? Neither Europeans nor Natives are entitled to any office merely by reason of character and abilities. Sir Bampfylde Fuller has character and abilities, but he cannot continue to rule over his province if he is not in sympathy with the policy of the Government of India and the Secretary of State. Among the Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament there may be some who, by character and abilities, would be entitled to be Governors and Viceroy, but they would not be sent out as such by any Cabinet. No Government can afford to be divided against itself, and one great hindrance in the way of giving a larger operation to the promises of 1833 and 1858 has been and will be the fear of discord and incongruity of aims. The story of the Universities Commission, in which the Native Member wrote

a minute of dissent from the conclusions of his European colleagues, cannot often be repeated in the history of an administration. As long as the rulers and the ruled do not look at things from a common standpoint, and do not feel their interests to be identical, there is always a danger of such conflicts, whose effect is to widen the gulf between the European element in the service, and the people, who would naturally side with their own countrymen. One essential condition of what is called a liberal interpretation of the Queen's Proclamation would be that the difference of opinion on public questions in India should cease to run along the lines of racial cleavage. Nothing is more mischievous and less calculated to advance the cause of self-government than the notion that the Anglo-Indian press is bound to support the action of Government and of European officials, as far as possible, and the function of the Native press is exactly the opposite. This policy of partisanship in politics keeps alive the fear of discord and of contrariety of aim in the employment of Natives in the highest grades of the public service. Though the policy inaugurated by Lord William Bentinck has received uniformly increasing effect during the last seventy years, its operation is retarded by causes to which both Europeans and Natives have contributed.

Bentinck's name has become even more famous in connection with the abolition of *Sati* than because he gave effect to the principle of governing India for the benefit of the Indians. Modern India is what it is, not because an increasing number of Indians have got into the public service, but because of their intellectual emancipation and social advancement. The administrative improvements and the signs of a material civilisation, like the railway and the telegraph, are due to the European agency—which statement does not involve the supposition that a trained native agency would not have attained to a similar distinction. From such external features of modern India, if we turn to modern Indians, we may say that they are distinguished from their ancestors of seventy years ago by their intellectual, moral and social advancement. Bentinck's name is associated with one great social reform, but he hoped that that would be the precursor of many others, and that the result of social expurgation would be a general national advancement. "When they shall have been convinced of the error of this first and most criminal of their

customs," he wrote, " may it not be hoped that others, which stand in the way of their improvement, may likewise pass away, and that thus emancipated from those chains and shackles upon their minds and actions, they may no longer continue, as they have done, the slaves of every foreign conqueror, but they may assume their first places among the great families of mankind ?" Did Lord William Bentinck exclude the Government which he was himself representing from the category of the foreign conquerors, by whom he said India had been enslaved ? Imperialism had not been born in the days of Bentinck. " Emancipation" was in the air, and the rights of the coloured races were everywhere receiving attention. Who knows that the Governor-General did not contemplate a self-governing India ? Since then new ideas have sprung up on the continent of Europe as well as in the United Kingdom. While " England's laws and England's tongue enfranchise half mankind," the enfranchised man has to take his place in a consolidated Empire. Would Bentinck have thought otherwise ? Not likely.

WELCOME TO KASHMIR.

TO SIR FRANK YOUNGHUSBAND.

The stern, heroic Nicholson,
 In captured Delhi lying low.
 The brief race run, the victory won.
 In fevered dreams remembered how
 The fresh snows gleamed, a year ago.
 The shade lay deep, the streams sang clear,
 When, in the last pause he would know,
 He ruled one summer in Kashmir.
 For fifty years none hither came
 In breed and stature such as he :
 You come, Younghusband, with a name
 That stirs the storied memory.
 In youth you wandered far and free
 From Hunza to Manchuria :
 Next, Chitral did your labours see,
 And crabb'd, golden Africa.
 But most, we cannot but recall
 That mountain march, unique and bold,
 Three miles in thin air, and the fall
 Of Lhasa's superstitious hold.
 No mystery now those wilds enfold :
 Grotesque Tibetan tyranny
 Has crumbled, and your coming told
 The first fair hours of equity !

CURRENT EVENTS.

MR. MORLEY, as Secretary of State for India, is a right man in the right place. There are times in the history of every country when the rulers must have a definite philosophy. The helmsman must know whither he is directing the ship : a mere pulling of oars, with ever so much vigour, fills men's minds with doubts and despair. Mr. Morley is a statesman with a philosophy, and his philosophy answers the purpose of the progressive party in India remarkably well. The full text of his speech on the Indian budget has not yet reached this country. Some friend of India will do us a favour if he suggests to the Secretary of State to make all his great speeches not later than Thursday night in a week. From the telegraphic summary it appears that his speech on the 20th of July was a great speech. Ever since he was placed in charge of the India Office he has been discussing Indian affairs with men of all schools of thought and of different grades of society. He has come to the conclusion that taking India as a whole, there is no general desire in this country for any radical constitutional reforms. Taking the Indian population as a whole, the general desire to-day is what it was in the days of the Vedas : the one incessant prayer everywhere would be for timely rains, abundant crops, and cattle giving plenty of milk. If we have milk and honey, who cares for votes and constitutional privileges ? There is, however, a numerically small class of individuals who long to shine in the national and provincial senates, and to hold high appointments. Mr. Morley is not afraid of them. Apart from the distinguished statesman's temperament, necessity is often the mother of courage. What harm can accrue if competent Indians are appointed to high places in the public service in larger numbers ? The Secretary of State sees none. The representative

element is to be extended in the Legislative Councils. He could not make any definite announcement, as the Government of India was only considering the subject. He hoped to make an early announcement. Meanwhile the curtain has dropped.

Mr. Morley's announcements regarding the reduction of expenditure and taxation were no less important than his announcement of a commission or committee to inquire into the best means of extending the non-official element in the Legislative Councils. A large saving will be effected out of the amount sanctioned for Lord Kitchener's reorganisation scheme. For this piece of good fortune and good finance we are perhaps as much indebted to the Russian Duma as to Lord Kitchener or Mr. Morley. Without professing to know how the reduction is to be effected, we may observe that the main object of Lord Kitchener's scheme was stated to be that the army should at any time be ready for war. This may be a sound doctrine from a military point of view if there is any chance of a war within the ken of practical politicians. When the scheme was put on the anvil, it is just possible that there was a reasonable fear of Russia trying to repair her lost prestige in the East. Now that country is so torn by internal dissensions that there is no human probability of our being threatened with a war in the near future; and the reorganisation of the army may proceed very leisurely. The revolution that is now progressing in Russia was precipitated by the Duma. We may, therefore, thank the Duma for the proposed reduction in our sanctioned military expenditure, and the Premier of England had very good reason to exclaim at the International Parliamentary Conference, "Vive la Duma!" The Government of India hopes, it seems, to reduce the salt tax as well, and Mr. Morley would like to see it abolished altogether. To this last procedure the Government of India would probably demur, because our Finance Ministers, every time the tax was reduced, have flattered themselves that it might be enhanced at any emergency. It is not all taxes that lend themselves to such rapid manipulation—certainly not the land tax. The Government, therefore, from its own standpoint, is rather slow to reduce the incidence of the land tax, while it is very ready to reduce the salt tax, as such reduction has the further advantage of being regarded as a great boon to the poorest of

His Majesty's subjects. It is always difficult to make a distinction between one class of tax-payers and another for a bounty. It is to be hoped, however, that the choice will not be made on purely sentimental grounds. One great charge against the British Government in India is that it has been anxious chiefly to place its revenue on a sound footing, and that it has been doing very little to develop the material resources of the country. Another charge is that sufficient encouragement is not given to primary education. In any scheme of reduction of taxation it is to be hoped that these two duties will be steadily kept in view, and the Government will not make it convenient to itself to plead want of funds when the extension of primary and technical education, and the development of the material resources of the country, are urged. It may also be remembered that the reduction of direct taxation is always appreciated more highly than of indirect taxation. With these reservations, if the Government will see its way to abolish the salt tax altogether, every one will be sincerely glad.



Sir Bampfylde Fuller's régime has come to a rather sudden, though not quite unexpected, termination. It is not likely that he would have recovered his reputation as a successful ruler, if he had continued in office, inasmuch as success is often measured by popularity. Yet it seemed that his Government had very nearly got into smooth waters, after a somewhat stormy experience, and he has resigned just at this happy juncture. It seemed as if his superiors were sympathising with him in his difficulties and were guiding him. Mr. Morley was careful to make it appear that the Lieutenant-Governor had a free hand, and even when the latter modified his original policy of prohibiting processions and rustivating students, he was acting not under pressure, but according to his own free, though perhaps assisted, judgment of what was expedient in each phase of changing circumstances. It has not yet transpired that his general policy was ever impugned in a manner which left him no choice but to resign. The only reason which has been publicly assigned for his resignation is that he insisted on the disaffiliation of certain schools by the Calcutta University, and the University, at the head of which is the Viceroy, did not see sufficient reason to comply with his request. If this be the real reason of the resignation, one can-

